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ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE

1880–1885

BY

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY, M.P.

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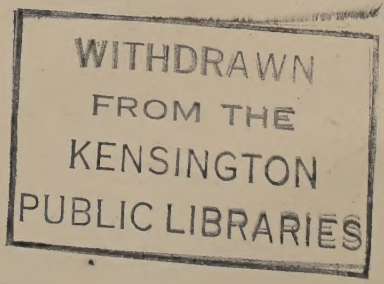

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TO

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, K.C.M.G.

GOVERNOR OF MAURITIUS

I Dedicate

THIS RECORD OF EVENTS

OVER WHICH WE HAVE OFTEN TALKED

AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND REGARD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Fall of Lord Beaconsfield	1
II.	The New Men	15
III.	Mr. Bradlaugh—The Fourth Party	38
IV.	Afghanistan	51
V.	The Boer War	68
VI.	The Irish Difficulty	91
VII.	Coercion	115
VIII.	Mr. Disraeli—Lord Beaconsfield.	136
IX.	The Land Act.	142
X.	Parliamentary Reform	173
XI.	Ireland in 1882	185
XII.	The Sixth of May	201
XIII.	Egypt	223
XIV.	Trouble at Home and Abroad	251
XV.	The Soudan	296
XVI.	The Reform Bill	325
XVII.	The Fall of the Administration	349
	INDEX	355

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England under Gladstone.

CHAPTER I.

THE FALL OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

On March 8, 1880, Lord Beaconsfield addressed a letter to the Duke of Marlborough, in which he announced his intention to dissolve Parliament and 'afford an opportunity to the nation to decide upon a course which will materially influence its future fortunes and shape its destiny.' Rarely in the century, the letter went on to say, had there been an occasion more critical. The peace of Europe and the ascendency of England in the European councils depended upon the verdict she would now be called upon to give. But it was not upon any question of foreign policy that Lord Beaconsfield avowedly appealed to the country. It was the condition of Ireland which prompted him: the condition of Ireland was the first topic touched upon in the last letter of political importance he was ever destined to write. The Home Rule movement represented to Lord Beaconsfield a danger 'scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine.' It had been insidiously supported by the Liberal party, who tried to destroy the 'imperial character' of England by a 'policy of decomposition' which Lord Beaconsfield called upon all 'men of light and leading' to struggle against. The letter professed to attack the opponents of the Government for their desire to disintegrate the empire: it really called upon the English people to set the seal of their approval on the whole course of that policy which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury delighted to style 'imperial.'

That same Monday, before Lord Beaconsfield's letter had yet been published, Sir Stafford Northcote rose to make a ministerial statement in the House of Commons. He spoke of the grave inconvenience that would be experienced by the members of that House if they went into the country for Easter without knowing the intentions of the Government with respect to the dissolution of Parliament. The moment that the leader of the House of Commons mentioned the word dissolution there was a literal flight of members from the chamber. Every man knew that the stroke had fallen, and every man was eager to send at once to his constituents the first news of the intended appeal to the country. In a few minutes the tidings were borne by a thousand wires to every electorate in the kingdom. It was computed, for the benefit of those who love the small statistics of great events, that some seven hundred and twenty telegrams were wired from the House of Commons on that night.

The dissolution, though sudden, was scarcely unexpected. The Government had lived an unusually long life; six years had gone by since it came into power, and it could at the utmost only have endured for another twelvemonth. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century only eleven had lived so long, and only four had endured for a longer period. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party had been arguing vehemently for some time before the dissolution that no Government ought to completely exhaust their mandate by holding office to the last syllable of their recorded time. Whether they ought or ought not to do so, it was clear that they had a perfect right to remain in for the rest of their seventh session if so they pleased; but it was scarcely less clear that they would not act wisely in so doing. Ever since Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury came back from Berlin to delight shouting multitudes with their stately phrases about peace and honour, the popularity of the Conservative Ministry had been slowly, steadily, dwindling away.

The Government could only live on success or the show of success. The fatal brand Althæa burned did not bear closer proportion to 'the prince's heart of Calydon' than did noisy triumph

and gaudy surprise to the wellbeing and the popularity of the Government. If Lord Beaconsfield had appealed to the country immediately after the return from Berlin the Conservative party might have come back to power with an undiminished majority, but in the year that lay between that more than Roman triumph and the opening of the session of 1880 many things happened, all of which told against the popularity of the Government. In Afghanistan the revival of the Afghan policy of 1840 brought with it a hideous repetition of the massacre of 1841. Sir Alexander Burnes had been killed in 1841 by an Afghan mob indignant at England's efforts to force a British envoy upon them against their will. For the same cause Sir Louis Cavagnari was murdered in the same way in the autumn of 1879. Once more England had a murdered envoy to avenge, once more Cabul had to be occupied by an English army. In South Africa there were even more serious troubles. We had got into a war with the Zulu king Cetewayo, and we had sustained one terrible defeat at Isandlana, where an English force was surrounded and literally cut to pieces by the Zulus. England was unaccustomed to such defeats, and the news of the disaster sent a profound shock of horror and dismay throughout the country. Of course victory could not be long doubtful or long delayed. Cetewayo was entirely defeated, his lands divided, and he himself captured and imprisoned. But the ministerial policy in Afghanistan and in South Africa did not increase the popularity of the Ministry. It was not perhaps so much the injustice of the policy itself that was condemned as its ill-success, and the bloodshed of English soldiers that accompanied it.

There were other influences of a more domestic nature working against the Government as well. Sir Richard Cross, the Home Secretary, had identified his name and the name of the Government with a Water Bill, in which an arrangement was made with the City companies which was by no means popular Their Water Bill helped to drive them to the country. Not that a Water Bill of some kind or other was unneeded. The London water-supply is very bad and very dear; perhaps at once the dearest and the impurest water-supply in the country.

Sir Richard Cross—he was then only Mr. Cross—proposed in the summer of 1879 to bring in a Bill which should enable the Government to buy up the water companies and distribute pure water to the metropolis. In answer to Mr. Fawcett, he announced that the Government, in treating with the water companies, 'would take the stocks as they found them on such a day—the last day of the half-year—and that no speculative change in the value of the stocks would have the smallest weight with the Government.' Nothing could be more comforting than these assurances; nothing more disappointing than to find in the autumn that, as a matter of fact, the Government were prepared to pay the water companies a very much larger price than the market value of the shares in August, from which they had very considerably risen in the ensuing months. A sum of nine millions was sufficient to cover the original cost of the waterworks; their market value in the August of Mr. Cross's reassuring speech was under nineteen millions. Yet Mr. Cross, on the basis of extraordinary calculations which wholly failed to impress not merely the public mind but the mind of the majority of his own party, proposed to pay the water companies very nearly thirty millions. The country railed and laughed at the new measure. Conservative adherents warned their leaders that they would not vote for it. This was bad; but it was not all. It was felt for some time that the Budget would be unsatisfactory, and unsatisfactory it proved to be. The preceding years had not been years of signal prosperity; the foreign policy of the Prime Minister had made many exceptional demands of the heaviest kind upon the resources of the country. Wars in all directions, and the ostentatious preparations for wars which never took the field, had swelled the total of the deficit to an alarming degree, while the revenue had not risen in anything like a proportionate measure. The receipts were only some eighty millions odd; the expenditure exceeded that sum by over three millions. An accumulated deficit of some eight millions of outstanding bonds and bills Sir Stafford Northcote proposed to meet by renewing bills for two millions, and creating terminable annuities to be

paid off at the end of 1885 to cover the remaining six millions. In order to liquidate these six millions during the five years, Sir Stafford Northcote required an annual payment of 1,400,000*l.* to cover principal and interest. To meet this annual payment the Chancellor of the Exchequer added 800,000*l.* to the National Debt, and seized upon the sinking fund which he had himself established for the purpose of slowly but surely reducing the National Debt. The Budget depressed the Conservatives and delighted the Liberals. It afforded Mr. Gladstone some of the best weapons with which to assail the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to increase the succession duties on personal property, and to leave the smaller duties on landed property untouched, was especially attacked by Mr. Gladstone. The exemption of land from succession duties had long been looked upon with fierce disfavour by the majority, who were not landholders. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that while under the old arrangement the tradesman and the farmer paid three times as much succession duty as the landlord, by the new arrangement they would have to pay four times as much.

Under such conditions, with shattered prestige and faded laurels, the Tory Government decided to make that appeal to the country which, one year earlier, might not have been made in vain. The more hopeful among the Liberals rejoiced in the prospect of the struggle. Mr. Grissell, imprisoned in Newgate for offence against the majesty of Parliament, rejoiced too, for the dissolution to him meant liberty. But it may be doubted whether there was much sense of rejoicing in many Tory bosoms. The more prudent among them must have regarded the election with doubt and dread. It is now certain that the Tory whips were much misled as to the prospects of the party, and that Lord Beaconsfield himself was unwittingly misled in consequence. However, the plunge was made. The Government hurriedly passed the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, which heightened the expenses of elections by repealing the provision which made it illegal for candidates to pay the cost of carriages employed to bring voters to the poll. Then they went into the field and faced their enemies.

The elections soon showed that the Conservative Ministry had indeed outlived its popularity: election after election went in the Liberal interest, constituency after constituency declared in favour of a new Government and against the old, seat after seat changed from blue to buff. Never before in the history of the reign had a Ministry remained in power so long to fall from power so disastrously. When the elections were fairly over, the Liberals were found to have the largest majority on record in our time—a majority of one hundred and twenty. The reasons for this great victory were plain enough. There was the inevitable law of political reaction, which always makes a large number of persons vote one way because on the previous occasion they had voted another. There were the misfortunes of the Conservative Government: they had taxed the temper of the country very severely; their 'imperial' bubble, when swollen to its biggest, had been pricked and shattered by some humiliating blunders and some bloody defeats; most of all, there was the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone. Months before the appeal to the country he had made his famous Midlothian campaign, pouring out speech after speech of scorn and contempt and invective against the Ministry; and every word he uttered was carried to every corner of English land, and carried conviction along with it to some minds unconvinced before. The Midlothian speeches were brilliant—almost, it may be said, too brilliant. Mr. Gladstone can hardly have counted upon carrying the country before him in the way he did when he poured forth speech after speech of glowing phrase and passionate denunciation. The speeches literally swept the Conservatives away; but it must be admitted that the occasional extravagance which lent them their value as artistic efforts, and perhaps even as political weapons, was often made the cause of considerable uneasiness to Mr. Gladstone when he was once again in office. The Midlothian speeches were a little like the famous memorial which Gil Blas drew up for that Count d'Olivarez whose melancholy face frowns from the canvas of Velasquez in the gallery of Madrid. It was the duty of Gil Blas to present the Spanish people with a very unpleasant account of the manage-

ment of affairs under the previous Prime Minister, the Duke de Lerma. 'It is necessary now,' said the Count d'Olivarez, 'to bring before the eyes of court and town the wretched state to which the monarchy is reduced. A picture must be painted which shall impress the people, and prevent them from regretting my predecessor.' Gil Blas, it will be remembered, acting upon these instructions, did paint a most alarming picture of the condition of the kingdom, with its finances dissipated, its revenues squandered, its marine ruined, the very monarchy imperilled by the faults of the previous ruler. After having drawn a sufficiently fearful representation of the evils which threatened the kingdom, Gil Blas proceeded to raise the hopes of the people by describing the Count d'Olivarez as a reformer sent by Heaven for the safety of the nation, and promised marvels in his name. It may be admitted by Mr. Gladstone's warmest admirers that something of the spirit of Gil Blas lingered along the lines of the Midlothian speeches. But for the time they were completely successful: they stirred the country from end to end, and shook Lord Beaconsfield's government to its very centre. When the elections came on, Mr. Gladstone went down into Midlothian again, of course, and made more speeches, no less vigorous, no less impassioned, no less eloquent than their predecessors; and once more they triumphed, not alone in Midlothian, but it might almost be said in every constituency which returned a Liberal candidate, certainly in every constituency which overturned a Tory representative and put a Liberal in his place. It would indeed be difficult to overestimate the effect of those Midlothian speeches upon the English people and, in consequence, upon the Tory administration. It must be admitted, however, that their influence afterwards was in more than one case injurious to the Government they had called into power, and embarrassing to the statesman who uttered them.

Some share of the victory was undoubtedly in many cases due to the influence and the assistance of the Irish vote. Lord Beaconsfield's letter to the Duke of Marlborough began with a direct attack upon the Irish Nationalists, and the Irish

Nationalists in the House of Commons retorted by calling upon the Irish voters everywhere to rally to the Liberal standards, and lend a hand to hurl the Conservatives from office. The appeal was eagerly responded to: in almost every case the Irish vote was all but unanimously given to a Liberal candidate, and in not a few constituencies the Irish vote was big enough to turn the balance one way or the other. Undoubtedly the sympathies of the bulk of the Irish electors in England was on the whole with the Liberal leaders; but they were now for the first time obeying a call to vote for the Liberal party, not so much because it was Liberal, as because it was not Tory.

The Liberals once in power, the question then came up who was to be their leader. In the popular mind there was no doubt at all. Through all the struggle that had resulted in the Liberal triumph, one man was as conspicuous on the Liberal side as Lord Beaconsfield was on the Tory side—the man who had been the peer and antagonist of Lord Beaconsfield for twenty years. Practically every one, friend or foe, felt that Mr. Gladstone was the chosen leader of the English Liberal party. But for a moment it seemed as if the great Liberal victory was to be followed by an absurd anticlimax. The great battle had been fought and won, and, lo! the wreath of laurel was to be placed upon the head, not of the conquering general, but of some respectable lieutenant, who had done his little share of the business very creditably along with half a score of others. It was hinted that Mr. Gladstone was unpopular at Court. Lord Hartington was sent for and invited to form a Ministry. The eyes of all England were metaphorically upon Lord Hartington, as he walked in the drizzling rain from Windsor Station to Windsor Castle in obedience to the royal summons, and walked back again, still in the rain, having declined to accept the responsibility of forming a Ministry. Lord Hartington may not unreasonably be accused of political ambition, for he has devoted himself with a patient persistence to a political life that must, it may be well imagined, have been exceedingly uncongenial, has conquered many difficulties and many defects, and has succeeded in earning

distinction, and in marking out for himself a career. It spoke well for his ability to play the part of a statesman that he was able to refuse the temptation to become Prime Minister, to see that a Hartington administration was not what the country was just then calling for. Lord Hartington being out of the question, the Queen sent for Lord Granville. Lord Granville, in all his long political career, had never been Prime Minister. In 1855 he had tried, and failed, to form a Ministry. Lord Granville was an able man who might in other times, and under other conditions, have made an excellent Premier. His sweet intellectual nature; his long political experience; his exquisite facility for understanding men and questions—all combined to make him an admirable candidate for the first office of the State. Sir Henry Taylor, in his essay on 'The Statesman,' urges the importance of general knowledge, 'if it were only to enable the statesman to escape the charge of general ignorance which men, perhaps more generally ignorant themselves, but armed with a specific knowledge, may otherwise be led to advance.' Lord Granville's statesmanship was of a kind which would deserve the approval of Sir Henry Taylor. He is one of the most cultured of statesmen; he is what the Prince Consort was, and what the late Lord Brougham wished to be, a man who excels in many branches of knowledge. Sharp, the Abolitionist, thought he had discovered in the great Napoleon the verification of the prophecy of the Little Horn in Daniel, and he tried to communicate his theory to Fox. 'Would you believe it?' exclaimed the indignant Abolitionist to a friend after the interview. 'He did not so much as know what the Little Horn was.'

It would probably not be easy to find a subject—even the Little Horn—about which Lord Granville did not know something. Indeed, at one time Lord Granville was thought to be almost too cultured to find himself at home in the rough field of practical politics. The impression was a mistaken one. In one of Eugène Sue's stories there is a slender delicate young man, so slender and delicate that he can easily pass in feminine garb for a woman, and yet, in moments of danger, he displays

tremendous strength, and fells practised bullies and bruisers to the ground with the ease of Ajax. Like Sue's hero, Lord Granville seemed too delicate, too gracious, for the rough and ready business of parliamentary life, but he soon showed that at the right time he had as strong a grip, and could hit as hard, as the best. Just now we seem to have passed away from that order of things in which exceedingly young men played the parts of Prime Ministers and leaders of Opposition. Our statesmen now are for the most part elderly. Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant saying about the world being made by young men would not hold good at all were it not for Lord Randolph Churchill. But among elderly statesmen Lord Granville is conspicuous for his youth. Some years ago, speaking of his youthful days, he prettily said, 'No one ever was so young as I was once.' Something of this air of unparalleled youth still clings about Lord Granville, and makes people feel that, if he has not yet been Prime Minister, there is still plenty of time. Lord Granville is certainly of the stuff from which Prime Ministers are made, and well made. But, in the early spring of 1880, it was obvious that there was only one possible Prime Minister, and that he was not Lord Granville. The inevitable had to be accepted; the inexorable was not to be argued with.

The task which lay before the new Premier was not over-easy. Had it been in his power to form a Ministry three times the size of that which custom and precedent permitted, he would have found it difficult to satisfy the crowd of politicians who thought themselves entitled to take office. There were, to begin with, a certain number of men who must obviously be included in any ministerial scheme that could possibly be formulated; men whose commanding position in the party, or whose signal services in former days, gave them the right to belong to the new Government. The names of Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Bright, and others leaped at once to the lips of every man in England who planned out—as who did not?—the *personnel* of the embryo Ministry. Then there were men who had been in office before, and who seemed to think that they had a sort of prescriptive

right to some position in the new Ministry. These were often respectable fourth and fifth-class men of average vestry ability, but who had given their full parochial measure on former occasions, and were not worth trying again. Then there were the *novi homines*, the new men, who had come prominently to the front during the long years of opposition, the free-lances from below the gangway who had marked themselves out as candidates for office whenever the Liberals should sit on the right hand of Mr. Speaker again. Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Fawcett, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice—these were among the most conspicuous of these free companions. From all these various elements a Ministry had to be combined and a Cabinet evolved. The task was neither light nor pleasant. A satiric poet, a Juvenal or a Churchill, might have found excellent material for pungent and pitiless raillery in the struggles, the intrigues, the heart-burnings, the hatreds, the jealousies, and the despairs, the hopes, and fears that animated the breasts of all the mob of candidates for each and every place that it was in Mr. Gladstone's power to bestow. Some politicians who were well known to have little love for Mr. Gladstone—who had indeed openly avowed that they would never again consent to take office under him—found the winter of their discontent melting away under the glorious summer of success, and showed themselves willing to waive their objections and enrol themselves once more beneath Mr. Gladstone's banner.

At first the process of Cabinet-making went smoothly enough. There was no difficulty in assigning the most important offices to the most obvious men. Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook, Lord Selborne, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Forster were easily apportioned off. Then came the critical question of the Radical strength. The Whigs as a matter of course did not like the idea of any Radical element being allowed to mix in the composition of the Cabinet. For them Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Gladstone himself were quite revolutionary enough, and they wished to have nothing to do with the fiery spirits below the gangway. Even Mr. Gladstone, while ready to recognise the Radicals by giving them places in the Ministry,

was said to be unwilling to allow men as yet untried in office to enter the Cabinet at once. But the Radicals were determined to have a representative in the Cabinet. Their leaders made a resolute stand. Some one of their number—it did not much matter which—but some prominent Radical must have a place in the new Cabinet, or they would know the reason why. They had a perfect right to make this demand, and to take their stand upon it. In the years that had elapsed since Mr. Gladstone went out of office in 1874 Radicalism had been growing more and more powerful every day. In Scotland, in the north of England especially, Radicalism and not Liberalism was the antagonist of Conservatism. The Radicals of Birmingham, of Manchester, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and all the great towns of the north had learnt to organise, had become by organisation the most powerful body of opinion in the country. Of these men Mr. Chamberlain was the chosen captain. Sir Charles Dilke was the champion in especial of the Radical working-men of London. One or other of these two must be given a seat in the Cabinet: so the Radical fiat had gone forth, and Mr. Gladstone could not, had he been inclined, have afforded to disregard that fiat. The idle gossip of the hour, the many-tongued rumour that ran during those eventful weeks through club-rooms and drawing-rooms and editors' rooms, said that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain had joined their fortunes, had packed cards together, had entered into a solemn league with a seat in the Cabinet for its object, and that each was pledged to support with all the strength of his influence and his following the one who should be chosen. Whether this were so or not, the strong voice of Radicalism had declared that one of its two chiefs should be chosen, and Radicalism was likely to have its way.

Sir Charles Dilke declined to accept any office unless some representative of the Radical members below the gangway found his way into the Cabinet. He himself suggested Mr. Chamberlain, as a man whom all the Radicals would be glad to see chosen. There was a distinct pause in the process of formation. Conference after conference was held; at the clubs intense excitement prevailed, rumour after rumour in turn took

possession of the public mind. The excitement was well warranted. The situation almost deserved the dignity of a constitutional crisis. Were the Radical party already strong enough with the country to be able to dictate to a Ministry and demand a place in the Cabinet? It was soon shown that they were. After some eventful days of expectancy and much going to and fro of ambassadors from the two camps, it became known that the Radicals had carried their point, and that Mr. Gladstone had accepted the situation and offered Mr. Chamberlain a seat in the Cabinet. It was judged wiser to risk offending the Whigs than to reject the Radicals.

At last, in the end of April, the Cabinet was formed and the Ministry completed; so many ambitions had been gratified, so many encouraged, so many more had been frustrated. Mr. Gladstone took the two offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Great Seal and the Lord High Chancellorship were intrusted to Lord Selborne. Lord Granville became Foreign Secretary, Sir William Harcourt became Home Secretary, Lord Hartington became Secretary for India, Mr. Childers went to the War Office, Lord Kimberley undertook the affairs of the Colonies, Mr. Bright accepted the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Forster was made Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, Mr. Chamberlain represented Radicalism in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. The Duke of Argyll as Privy Seal, Mr. Dodson as President of the Local Government Board, and Lord Spencer as Lord President of the Council completed the roll of the Cabinet.

Outside the Cabinet, the most important members of the Ministry were Sir Charles Dilke as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Fawcett as Postmaster-General, and Sir Henry James as Attorney-General. Mr. Grant Duff, a politician of brilliant promise and scant performance, of wide information which he seemed unable to turn to much account, of abilities which would have made the fortunes of half a dozen other men and of which he made little enough, was Under Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Adam, who had long been famous for

his services as Whip to the Liberal party, sought rest in the Department of Public Works, only to weary soon enough of what he called 'looking after flower-pots,' and, after seeking once more fit service for his energies in the administration of Madras, to die a too early death. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, an able politician, who knew something more about land tenure than most people, and was valued accordingly, became Secretary to the Admiralty; Sir Farrer Herschell was Solicitor-General. Mr. Mundella undertook the education department as Vice-President of the Council. One man whose name was conspicuously absent from the composition of the new Ministry, Mr. Stansfeld, was absent, not by omission, but by his own choice. His former services included him in the list of those to whom proffer of some place is inevitable, but the condition of his health did not allow him to enter once more into the harness of office. He remained outside the Ministry, and the Government, as some sign of recognition of his ability and his claims upon their consideration, afterwards nominated him as a member of an important commission to inquire into the working of the English land system.

Elevation to the peerage consoled or was expected to console some statesmen whom for various reasons it was not convenient to include in the Cabinet, or even in the Ministry. Foremost among these was Mr. Lowe, who was sent to the Upper House under the title of Lord Sherbrooke. Mr. Lowe was a man of splendid gifts, profoundly cultured, a brilliant and bitter speaker, of wide and original ideas, but he was not a man whom it was easy for any statesman, or any body of statesmen, to get on with. He was not to be relied on as an invariable supporter of his chief; he was crotchety, even eccentric, in some of his views; and he was incapable of sacrificing his own opinions, or abandoning his own ideas, to any one. So his fiery light was allowed to shine fitfully in the House of Lords—very fitfully and faintly indeed, for Lord Sherbrooke appeared to find the company of the Peers oppressive, and seldom roused himself to address them. Another and a very different man, for whom a seat was found on the scarlet benches,

was Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, now Lord Brabourne. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen had earned some deserved distinction outside the House of Commons as a writer of very graceful and pretty fairy stories for children; inside the House of Commons he had not made himself very conspicuous. He would, it was said, have much preferred a place in the Ministry to a peerage, but he had to take the peerage. He was afterwards accused of being ungrateful for the gift, of going out of his way as Lord Brabourne to attack the chief he had served as Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen. A silly squabble arose much later in the journals as to whether Lord Brabourne had or had not bound himself to Mr. Gladstone by ostentatious place-hunting. One who professed to know, writing under the name of an 'Old Whip,' said he had. Lord Brabourne fiercely retaliated that he had not. In the end the 'Old Whip' apologised. It was made clear that Lord Brabourne had not rashly committed himself in writing. He had been made a peer; but a man is not supposed to owe any servile gratitude to the Minister who gives him a title, at least not since the days of Sir Robert Walpole. But Lord Brabourne did undoubtedly become to the best of his ability a somewhat hostile critic of Mr. Gladstone's policy. If any reasons other than honest conviction need be sought for, perhaps being shouldered out of the Ministry into the House of Lords might afford an explanation. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen thought he was a statesman, and statesmen have not nowadays a very distinguished part to play in the Peers' Chamber.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW MEN.

THE Prime Minister who had just triumphantly returned to power might well be pardoned for a little human exultation over his victory. Six years before, acting on an impulse of political pique, he had dissolved Parliament and fallen hopelessly into minority and the cold shades of Opposition. Not long before the election *Punch* had a cartoon representing Mr. Gladstone as a

jockey urging his horse over the dangerous and difficult fence of the Irish University Bill. When the rejection of the measure had practically decided the fate of the Ministry, *Punch* completed its allegory by another cartoon, in which the horse and its rider lay thrown and prone on the other side of the hedge, with the legend 'Come a cropper.' Mr. Gladstone had indeed come a cropper. There is a story told in some of the Indian mythologies of one of the gods who was flung by some superior deity so high into heaven that though he has been falling down to earth ever since, he has never yet come back again. Conversely, Mr. Gladstone was hurled so far down into the abyss of defeat that for a time it seemed as if he would never scale his way to the upper air and behold the stars again. For a while he still remained leader of the Opposition. Then he suddenly took it into his head to retire in a measure from public life. He had got involved in a theological discussion with Cardinal Newman; all the fiery impetuosity of his nature appeared to be wholly wrapped up in the questions of Catholic and Protestant dogma; he announced that he would no longer lead the Opposition in the House of Commons. Some younger man must be found for that duty. His followers tried in vain to dissuade him; and then the younger man was found in the person of Lord Hartington. The career of the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire is a remarkable instance of what dogged determination to succeed in an ungrateful task may accomplish. A Roman gentleman of the pre-Cæsarian period, were he as wild as Catiline and his companions, was sure to take a hand in the great game of politics. Milo was eager for his consulship; Clodius took at least as much trouble to get his prætorship as to slip in among the women at the *Bona Dea* ceremony. The young patricians of the age of Anne and her Hanoverian successors took as kindly to politics as to horse-racing, and duelling, and beating the watch, and making the 'grand tour.' But, unless popular impression was even more mistaken than usual, Lord Hartington did not take kindly to politics or to political life. He had his own ideas of enjoyment; he was very fond of horses and theatres, and other bright and lively

pleasures; and he found, it was confidently asserted, the business of political life a dreadful bore. No sign of this whispered weariness was ever shown in Lord Hartington's political career. He entered Parliament very young; he was early put into the service of the State. Long before any minister dreamed of offering a place in his ministry to Mr. Bright, Lord Hartington had served his apprenticeship in the routine of office. A hard apprenticeship it must have been. Lord Hartington would have been infinitely happier, no doubt, if he could have passed his time in his own way in more congenial pursuits than in reading blue-books, and addressing Mr. Speaker. But he was the son of a great Whig Duke, and the political Parcæ had decided that he must play a part in the statesmanship of England. He set to work to learn his lesson with the same unswerving perseverance that he would no doubt have shown if he had been called upon in duty to his House to become a soldier, or a sailor, or a divine. For a long time he did not seem to possess any capacity for political life beyond patience. He was put through grade after grade of ministerial office, without manifesting more ability than nine out of every ten members of the House of Commons would have shown in his place. He was not at first, nor for long enough, even a moderately good speaker. But he had patience, and he had determination. Steady practice gave him in the end a certain distinct gift of speech, not indeed eloquence, or pretending to eloquence, but a debating facility that of late has approached to excellence in its kind. Long, however, before he had shown any skill as a politician, he had been looked upon as a future leader of the Liberal party, because, whatever his merits or defects as a statesman, he was the heir of the Duke of Devonshire. But in 1874 he had already shown sufficient signs of capacity to justify his party in choosing him as their leader, even if he had more possible rivals in the field than either Mr. Forster or Mr. Lowe. Lord Hartington became accordingly the leader of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons, and led it very well. His position was not altogether an easy one. Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his proclaimed retirement from the fervid courses of politics, in spite

of his apparent absorption in theological argumentation, was not altogether a Hieronymus in Bethlehem. He came out of his monastic retreat occasionally; he laid down the Fathers and took up blue-books; he was scarcely less in the House of Commons than of old, and he very often forgot that he had abdicated the post of leader of the Liberal party. Few things are more embarrassing to the leader of a party than the unexpected interference of an older and more influential politician than himself; and of this embarrassment Lord Hartington had his full share during the term of his captaincy. It soon became recognised that Mr. Gladstone had by no means gone into the wilderness; that questions of foreign and domestic polity were still to the full as interesting for him as the subtlest arguments deducible from the Council of Nicæa, or the weakest points in the polemical armour of the Angelic Doctor; that, in fact, Mr. Gladstone was still actually, if not nominally, the leader of the Liberal party. He gave very good proof of his leadership at the time when the Beaconsfield Ministry was declining to its fall, drifting from peace and honour to dispeace in Afghanistan and dishonour in South Africa. Mr. Gladstone made the famous Midlothian campaign. He went from town to town speaking against the Government with all his old eloquence and more than his old success. 'The pit rose at me,' a great actor once exclaimed, exulting on the conclusion of some great night of triumph. The country literally 'rose at' Mr. Gladstone. Wherever he went he was greeted with enthusiasm, with homage, with acclamation. Six years before, when he talked in the driving rain to his Greenwich electors, and, emulating the swan who dies in singing, composed his playful verses about the Straits of Malacca, most persons thought he had touched his zenith; he appeared to have reached his nadir a few years later, when he was hustled by a gang of jingo rowdies in Cavendish Square, and had to take refuge—he and his wife—from their brutal violence in the house of his friend Dr., now Sir, Andrew Clarke. The Midlothian campaign seemed to show that every one was wrong, that Mr. Gladstone had never been so popular before; the general election made it certain.

The most remarkable thing connected with the new Ministry was the way in which the Liberal *piquette* had been strengthened by an infusion of Radical grape-juice. The men below the gangway were represented by Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet, and Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Leonard Courtney in the Ministry. Mr. Chamberlain was a remarkable type of the advanced Radical. He represented Birmingham in company with Mr. Bright, who had at one time seemed so terrible a reformer in the eyes of the steady-going politician, but whose Radicalism showed wan and pale indeed by the side of the stronger colour of Mr. Chamberlain's ideas. Indeed, of late, Mr. Bright appeared little better than a Conservative by the side of the fiery young men and advanced middle-aged men who were guiding Liberal opinion in all directions, and who were now climbing into the Ministry; actually creeping into the sacred core of the Cabinet itself to frighten Whig dukes with their north country ideas and their transatlantic democracy. Most of the real political strength of England lies now in the sturdy northern manufacturing towns, which only came into political existence with the Reform Bill of 1832; and Mr. Chamberlain was the recognised exponent of north country opinion.

Mr. Chamberlain was not in the strictest sense a very young man when he first began to count as an influence in politics. He was born in 1836. He may be said roughly to have floated into the ken of those who watch the political heavens for the appearance of any new planet in 1874, when he retired from the business in which he made a fortune, and was for the first time of three successive times elected Mayor of Birmingham. He was forty years old before he first entered Parliament in the June of 1876, but in our time and with our notions a man of forty is a mere boy in political life, with practically all his career before him. The difference between politics and almost every other human pursuit is one that lends a special attraction to politics. At an age when a man in art of any kind hopes to have made himself a name and reputation, or in commerce has at least dreamed of retiring into private life and enjoying the fruit of his labours, he finds himself fitted to begin the game

of politics from the beginning with as fair a chance as if he were a boy of twenty. No man becomes a poet or a painter who has passed his third decade without shaping a sonnet or sketching a haystack. Nor, except in the rarest cases, does the merchant or the tradesman who has devoted some twenty years of manhood to one branch of commerce turn on the mid pathway of his life to essay some other. Few men 'wait till they come to forty years' to become soldiers or sailors, or to enter the Church, or to study for the Bar. But in politics, in Parliamentary life, the middle-aged man almost realises the wish of the hero of Oliver Wendell Holmes' pathetic little poem, and becomes a boy again, and goes to school with at least the possibility of winning many prizes, and of climbing to the head of his form. Mere youth has perhaps never been of so little value as in the successive parliaments of the Victorian age. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the term Youth has never received a more liberal interpretation. Mr. Chamberlain, the successful Birmingham manufacturer, with one career behind him, entered Parliament to renew his youth, and to find a new and far greater career before him. Mr. Chamberlain's appearance, and something in Mr. Chamberlain's character, fostered the general feeling of his youth. William of Orange was said never to have been young, and to have sat at eighteen among the fathers of the Commonwealth seemingly as old as the oldest among them. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, seems to have something of perennial youth about him. He sits among the fathers of the Commonwealth with a quiet air of juvenility which recalls the Arcadian days of Prime Ministers of one-and-twenty, and youthful politicians smuggled surreptitiously into the House before they had even attained their majority. His face is young; there is a youthful neatness in his attire, a youthful pride in the rare flowers that bloom in his button-hole, a youthful heat and impetuosity occasionally; all of which combine together to bid defiance to time. For with all his shrewdness and his tact—and Mr. Chamberlain is one of the shrewdest as well as one of the ablest of living statesmen—he has occasionally given way to impulses of passion which seem

strangely out of accord with his habitual grave demeanour. Before he ever entered the House of Commons he made a famous attack upon Mr. Disraeli in which he accused him of mendacity with a bluntness that is not habitual in English political discussion. For this, however, he afterwards apologised very much as Lord Durham once apologised for a fierce attack he had made upon the Bishop of Exeter. Like Lord Durham, Mr. Chamberlain had been tortured by domestic loss. Those who most regretted the attack admitted that the apology only did Mr. Chamberlain honour, and it may be not unsafely assumed that the object of the attack was the very last to bear it in uncharitable memory.

Once again, after Mr. Chamberlain had been for some time a member of the House, he allowed himself in a moment of political passion to break through his self-control, this time to the horror of the graver and more solemn members of his own party. It was during a memorable night of the memorable flogging debates of the last Parliament. Lord Hartington, then leader of the Liberal Opposition, was not going as far against the Government as some of his nominal followers below the gangway thought that he ought to go. Mr. Chamberlain jumped to his feet, and in an angry speech spoke of Lord Hartington as the 'late leader of the Liberal party.' The speech, and the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain's companions, had the effect of bringing Lord Hartington to take up the line of action desired below the gangway, but its effects upon the minds of respectable Whigs may be easily imagined. No doubt that it rankled in many Whig minds when the Whig Liberals did their best in 1880 to keep the speaker out of the Cabinet.

During the comparatively short time in which Mr. Chamberlain has been prominently before the world he has certainly succeeded in winning for himself a very remarkable position. There is a story told of him that once, some few years ago, when he was travelling in Iceland with a brother Radical, who was also a brother member, he got into talk with a schoolmaster in one of the small Icelandic towns. The schoolmaster displayed a considerable knowledge of English political life, and observed

that there was one rising politician whose career he was following with great attention: could the travellers tell him anything about this man? his name was Joseph Chamberlain. The story is a fair illustration of the way in which Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in identifying himself with the purposes and the aspirations of the Radical party. Swift once said of Bolingbroke that he wanted something of the alderman to be a successful statesman. Something of the alderman, using the word in its best sense, in the sense which made an Athenian archon proud of his archonship, there is in the character of Mr. Chamberlain. It is the presence of this quality, this almost Hellenic feeling of love for 'the city,' which won his way in Birmingham, and raised him to the leadership of English Radicalism. Ambitious, masterful, profoundly politic, occasionally impulsive, he is at the present moment one of the most interesting as well as one of the most gifted of English representatives.

When Lord Beaconsfield, out of office, solaced himself by publishing 'Endymion,' he made one of his characters, Waldershare, become Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with a chief in the House of Lords. Waldershare declares that in these conditions he is 'master of the situation;' and he is anxious to form a gallery of the portraits of all the great men who in their time had been Under Secretaries for Foreign Affairs, with chiefs among the peers. There could be no doubt as to whom Lord Beaconsfield had in his mind when he wrote those lines. Sir Charles Dilke had just become Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; he had a chief in the Upper House, and he was certainly 'master of the situation.' Sir Charles Dilke was obviously pleased to be Secretary of State, and he played the part with all the enjoyment with which Sulpice Vaudrey, in Jules Claretie's clever novel, 'M. le Ministre,' enjoyed the sensation of finding himself Minister of the Interior. Not quite ten years before, Sir Charles Dilke had been one of the best abused men in England. He was an open and avowed Republican. Republicanism is not an ungraceful addition to the attractions of a clever young politician with a comfortable income. The well-to-do Republican can assume to himself all

the picturesqueness of a Camille Desmoulins, or a fiery intrepid St. Just, without incurring the slightest suspicion of being spurred into a democracy by a desire for a livelihood. Rabagas is a rowdy who haunts humble cabarets, but the Phrygian cap of liberty sits becomingly enough on the forehead of Lord Magnus Charters, and Republicanism with ten thousand a year generally ceases to be obnoxious. Yet Sir Charles Dilke succeeded in making his Republicanism and himself exceedingly obnoxious to a very large number of people. It was not that Sir Charles Dilke's Republicanism was so very red: it was red rather by contrast than sanguine-hued of set purpose. But when Sir Charles Dilke first came prominently into public notice, the rise and fall of the Paris Commune had frightened a good many people in England into alarm at any kind of democratic agitation. There had been a decided growth of Republican feeling in England before the Commune; there was an equally decided reaction and falling off after the Commune.

Sir Charles Dilke had made himself conspicuous by going about the country and delivering stirring speeches of a more or less Republican kind, and attacking the way in which the income and allowances of the Crown were spent. There were generally rows, and occasionally broken heads at his meetings, and he was called 'citizen Dilke,' and made fun of in theatres and by newspapers, and was denounced in drawing-rooms, and worshipped in working men's clubs. His opponents practically challenged him to repeat in the House of Commons what he had been saying in the country, and he at once accepted the challenge. In March 1872 he brought forward a motion in the House of Commons for inquiring into the way in which the money of the Crown was spent. Sir Charles Dilke said what he had to say quietly and composedly, and the House listened to him with wonder and anger, and he was replied to very bitterly by Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister brought all the force of his eloquence and his invective to bear upon the young member. He attacked him with as much bitterness as Walpole could have used to some Jacobite Shippen, scheming to overthrow the monarchy altogether. He seemed to point

him out to the House and to the country as an object of scorn and indignation. When he sat down, leaving the object of his assault apparently alone and without a friend, Mr. Auberon Herbert rose. Mr. Auberon Herbert was a young politician of good family and advanced ideas, to whom at ordinary times the House was prepared to listen; but it was not prepared now to listen to what Mr. Auberon Herbert had to say, for Mr. Herbert had risen to support Sir Charles Dilke, and to avow himself, too, as a Republican. The House of Commons lost its head completely; it howled and yelled, and shouted at Mr. Herbert. The long-forgotten cockcrow rang its shrill clarion through the din of the chamber, making itself audible above the bellowings of respectable country members, and the shrieks of startled supporters of the Ministry. Mr. Herbert held his ground, but he could not obtain a hearing. The Speaker, usually so authoritative, could not calm the House; his appeals for order were as vain as the kingship of Knut against the waves of the Channel, or the mop of Mrs. Partington against the waters of the Atlantic.

That night Sir Charles Dilke's unpopularity reached its height; from that night he began slowly but surely to become popular once more. He never put himself forward again so markedly as a Republican, and he gradually became a favourite among those politicians who like, with Zenobia, to know rising young men who will probably become Cabinet ministers. At the very time when Sir Charles Dilke was most unpopular, in those March days of 1872, a political observer predicted that in ten years Sir Charles Dilke would be an under-secretary. The prediction overleaped its time; in eight years Sir Charles Dilke was in a Ministry; in ten years he was destined to be in the Cabinet. In opposition Sir Charles Dilke distinguished himself especially by his profound knowledge of foreign politics. He let Republicanism alone for the time. Some people said that he found that Liberty's red nightcap could be worn just as well under the arm like a crush-hat as plucked defiantly forward upon the forehead. In reality, no doubt, Sir Charles Dilke saw that the time was not come for revolutionary

display; that the democratic cause advanced best in England by being left to itself. No one was surprised when Sir Charles Dilke became a member of the Gladstone Ministry; one or two were surprised that he consented to remain out of the Cabinet.

Of Mr. Bright, as of Mr. Gladstone himself, it is not necessary to say much. It is curious, however, to note the difference that time had made in his political position since the days when he first took office, as President of the Board of Trade, in 1868. Then Mr. Bright was looked upon as an extremely advanced politician, whom it was at least venturesome if not reckless to admit into a Cabinet. In the twelve years that had gone by the tone of English Radicalism had altered greatly. The Radicalism of 1868 was but the Liberalism, even the Whiggism, of 1880. Mr. Bright, indeed, had never been by nature a very Radical politician. He was much less of a Radical than his friend Cobden, for example. He had become associated with some great measures of reform, which were far in advance of the general political feeling of the time in which they were introduced. But he was very far from being an advanced Radical, or from being in sympathy with advanced Radical projects which involved great changes. There was always a very strong Conservative element in Mr. Bright's nature, even in the days when he was denounced by his opponents as a revolutionary demagogue. Now, however, his place in a Liberal Cabinet seemed reasonable; no one felt any alarm about that. It was the younger men, the advanced Radicals, the Chamberlains and Dilkes, who were stirring up public action and party alarms by their advances upon a Cabinet where Mr. Bright's presence was, if anything, regarded as a pledge of safety against the impetuosity of youthful and ardent Radicalism.

Mr. Fawcett was one of the most remarkable men in the Administration. Weighted at the very beginning of his manhood by a misfortune that might well have paralysed his hopes and withered his ambition, he met his calamity with a patient resolution which may fitly be called heroic. He made up his mind to go on in the career he had marked out for himself in

spite of his terrible affliction. He was fortunate indeed in having the worldly means which allowed him to pursue without privation, and without the anxiety of poverty, the path he had chosen in the days before his darkness. But he was still more fortunate in the possession of a mind strong with that proud patience which the gods are said to love—calm, fixed, and resolute. He met one of the deepest misfortunes that can befall any man with a lofty resignation, but he did not resign himself to despair or to inaction; he determined still to live an active and a useful life, and he kept his purpose well. Before he entered the House of Commons he had won an honourable name as a political economist. In the House of Commons he soon rose to eminence; his inflexible independence of thought prevented him from ever becoming that poorest of political creations, the mere party man. His leaders soon learnt that they could never count upon passive obedience or tacit submission from his eager and energetic spirit; his mouth always spoke from the fulness of his heart; he was always on the side of what he believed to be honest and just and honourable, without a thought as to the result of his attitude upon the temper of a minister or the numbers of a division lobby. On Indian affairs, in the complex ramifications of Indian finance, he showed himself to be an especial master. Long before Mr. Fawcett entered the House of Commons the days had gone by when all debates on Indian affairs were conducted by a few officials and one or two specialists or crotcheteers in a deserted chamber. Debates on India had come to command universal attention; men of all parties and moods made it their business to study India and harangue on Indian questions. Among the best informed of these Mr. Fawcett soon rose to distinction; but he never became, as many men have become, so fascinated by the wealth and variety of subjects which are included in the one word 'India' as to lose his interest in, or his grasp over, other topics. Conspicuous for his variety of information on Indian questions, even among Indian specialists, he never became a mere specialist himself, never became absorbed in one set of political problems to the exclusion of all others. When it was made known, therefore,

in 1880 that Mr. Fawcett had been chosen to fill the office of Postmaster-General, most persons felt that a good choice had been made, and that Mr. Fawcett would find himself as much at home in the Post Office as he had been in the chair of Political Economy in Cambridge. But it may be confidently asserted that no one, even of Mr. Fawcett's warmest admirers and closest friends, could have expected that he would win the signal success which he has won in the first office that he ever filled under the Crown.

The new Home Secretary was not the most popular member of the new Government, even with his own party. His ability was unquestioned, but certainly not his sincerity. People charged him with want of political morality; hinted that he fought neither for principle nor for party, but solely for himself; that he was the adventurer of administrations. He was never called a trimmer, as one of the most able writers in the Liberal party called Mr. Forster a trimmer, but he was quietly accused of want of conviction. He gave his services to the Liberal party as a De Bracy or a John Hawkwood lent his lances to king or kaiser. As far as the virtues of a free companion went, he was of sterling service; while all was going well with the Ministry of which he formed a part, his bitter speech and hard blows were always at the command of his chief. But when the fortunes of the political war began to wane, then, some said, it was no more safe to rely upon him than it would have been to trust to a *condottiere* when the money was all gone, and there were no tall towns to take. Men had not forgotten how, when the position of Mr. Gladstone seemed low indeed, Sir William Harcourt had turned upon his captain and his comrades, and had delivered himself of what Mr. Gladstone mockingly called 'portentous erudition' on the Public Worship Bill. He was whispered to entertain a very cordial dislike for his leader, but he was essential to the Ministry all the same. There was something of the Copper Captain, of the Alsatian Trojan, about his eloquence, which would have made Sheridan smile and Burke shiver, but it was none the less exceedingly effective. There were few men in the House of Commons who could be called

Sir William Harcourt's match in boisterous debate; few men who could stand against him when he was hitting his hardest, and return him blow for blow undismayed. When he assailed an opponent, he fell upon him with all his force, and literally whirled him away. He had not the slightest skill in sarcasm, and, to do him justice, rarely employed it; but in sheer invective he was unsurpassed, and, within the limits of parliamentary discourse, almost unsurpassable. His thunder was not perhaps the purest Olympian; it was more like the clattering bronze of Salmoneus, but it often frightened its immediate hearers as effectually as if it had really rumbled from the sacred mountain. He was a power in the House, therefore, and the minister who had him in service felt safer. Nobody could smash an antagonist more effectually; nobody could be more noisily indignant, more obstreperously virtuous, more loudly humorous. Sometimes he got into difficulties from not taking the trouble to learn the intentions of a Ministry, and vociferated one line of policy only to be instantly contradicted by some fellow-minister, who had to assure the House that the Government meant the very opposite of what the Home Secretary had been saying. But nobody minded these mistakes much; least of all the Home Secretary himself, who liked to make a rattling speech, and be cheered by somebody, and cared very little for the effect of his words five minutes after he had uttered them.

The new Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant had hitherto been a man of failures. His friends said that he had never yet got the chance of showing his real ability as a statesman; his enemies hinted that he had already made the very most of the abilities he was endowed with. Among his own party Mr. Forster was not universally admired. Mr. F. H. Hill, the author of 'Political Portraits,' perhaps the most remarkable political satires since the Letters of Junius, is himself a distinguished supporter of the Liberal party. He has described Mr. Forster as the most dexterous trimmer of his day, as the statesman who has taken Mr. Facing-Both-Ways as his political model. 'Like some barbarous tribes, who sacrifice to the evil spirit because they feel that the benevolence of the good spirit is theirs

already, Mr. Forster has neglected his Liberal friends for his Conservative adversaries. . . . The resentment which these tactics have created is confined to a section of the Liberal party. The distrust which they have inspired is far more widely spread, and, unless it be dispelled by a different line of conduct, must affect for the worse Mr. Forster's political prospects and career,' in spite of qualities 'which might insure Mr. Forster a noble career, if he could unlearn his practice of manœuvring with his adversaries against his friends.' These words, written in 1873, while Mr. Forster was still in office, give an excellent idea of the estimation in which Mr. Forster was held by the supporters of his own party a decade since. But one of the most skilful strokes in this Political Portrait is where, dwelling on Mr. Forster's histrionic powers, the writer describes him as 'the best stage Yorkshireman, whether in the parliamentary or any other theatre, of his day.' This is an excellent presentation of Mr. Forster's character. His statesmanship is all stage-play. His is the part of heavy virtue, and he rather overdoes it. He has little tricks of manner, little bits of 'business,' which are always being brought into his interpretation of what a rough but honest minister ought to be. He is always costumed, figuratively if not actually, as the bluff stage farmer, whose word is his bond; who may be rough indeed, but is astoundingly honest. He is the 'Elephant' of Scott's 'Count Robert of Paris,' who has abandoned the garb of a Byzantine stoic for the attire of a stage Yorkshireman. It is not difficult to imagine Mr. Forster adapting to himself those lines in Virgil's story which tell of the duty and destiny of imperial Rome. Mr. Forster may whisper to himself that not for him are the graces of one minister, or the Homeric culture of another, the social distinction of a third, or the eloquence of a fourth. For him, however, it is reserved to rule the world with awful sway, to tame the proud, to set free the fettered slave. These are imperial arts, and worthy of the honourable member for Bradford. Somehow or other Mr. Forster was not quite equal to this exalted dignity. He was too anxious to have the applause of the House. He was too eager to pose as the great

and good before both parties. He was not content with being a prophet for his own country alone, and hence his ill-success. Mr. Forster's own majestic way—majestic in the sense which gave Henry VIII. the title of Bluff, and threw a curious lustre over William IV.—became too well known in St. Stephen's. He would begin generally by going on the lines of common sense. He would put forth his own views with much display of sturdiness, generally baiting them with some ingenious phrase that took a Tory cheer or two, and occasionally throwing in a rough and ready joke of the farmer's feast order, to show that there is an element of dry humour lurking in his rugged nature. When this action did not produce its due effect, Mr. Forster generally turned to the pathetic, seemed to lament a world in which virtue is misprized, and in which the deeds of men who love their land are harshly understood. Tired of beholding desert a beggar born, and simple truth miscalled—not, indeed, simplicity—he would imply that he was eager to be gone from all this, but that he felt that he could not leave his love the Commonwealth alone. Mr. Forster was no less happy in his imperious moods than in the pathetic. To beard the lion in his den and the Douglas in his hall would appear not half so desperate a deed as to cross Mr. Forster in this most impressive part of his performance. All this was excellent, very 'witty and comedy' of its kind, but it seemed somehow to lack sincerity. Nobody believed in it, either on Mr. Forster's own side, which he had so often abandoned, or in the Tory camp, whose sweet voices he had so often and so successfully solicited. He was applauded for his mimetic qualities, not for his candour, nor his disinterestedness.

Mr. Mundella is one of the men to whom the Panglosses of our political system are wont to point as a proof of the perfection of existing mode of government. He is their standing reply to any complaints upon the inequality of a form of administration which is based largely upon the aristocratic principle. Mr. Mundella, they urge eagerly, is not an aristocrat. He does not belong to any of the old country families which are in themselves an aristocracy. He is hardly an Englishman :

he began life very humbly; he has worked his way up; he has won a political position; he is now in the Ministry. How, therefore, can it be said that the English method of governing is unequal in its distribution of political prizes? Without admitting the validity of the argument, it may be at once admitted that, in the existing condition of things, a Ministry is so much the better which numbers Mr. Mundella among its members. The peculiar circumstances attending his rise in the world have happily saved him from a too complete subservience to antiquated routine. He brings with him into the Cabinet an element of freshness of thought which is welcome. He is not a Radical of the new school, it is true, but neither is he a Whig of the old school. He represents, if only vaguely and faintly, the new order, before which the old is rapidly giving way. He has ideas and abilities beyond the proportion which have hitherto been considered sufficing for many ministers of high position under the Crown; and as an example of the rapidly decreasing section who formed what may be called the left centre of the Liberal party, he possesses a peculiar interest of his own.

Among the men of second-rate administrative ability, Mr. Childers stood high, and Mr. Dodson low. Mr. Childers was one of those sensible, steady-going, hard-working politicians who are of considerable service in a Ministry formed after the fashion of an English Ministry. He might always be relied upon to do reasonably well whatever work was set him to do; and though in the nearly twenty years that have gone by since he first experienced office as a Lord of the Admiralty in 1864, he has not illuminated his record with any brilliant, or even bright achievements, he has made no egregious blunders, and few conspicuous mistakes. He is an eminently safe, if not eminently interesting politician. Yet in comparison with his colleague Mr. Dodson, who is endowed with very much the same kind of political virtues, Mr. Childers seems to rise to the level of a Richelieu or a Colbert. Mr. Dodson is an estimable and painstaking man, with a certain capacity for figures such as is in all probability enjoyed by nine out of every ten clerks in the

kingdom. There is not the faintest reason why he should be a Cabinet minister; no arguments to support his claims can be adduced from anything he has ever done, or from reasonable speculation as to what he is likely to do. He is simply one of the anomalies of our constitutional system. The best that can be said for him is that he is no worse than many others who have, during the present reign, held high and responsible office; the worst, that he represents the traditions of respectable mediocrity in an epoch when that tradition has become wearisome to the temper of mankind.

Sir Henry James is, perhaps, a rather more successful man than impartial students of political life had expected him to be. 'Le petit ira loin,' says a character in one of Balzac's novels of another. 'C'est selon,' is the answer, 'mais il ira.' Such a conversation, with Sir Henry James for its subject, might very well have taken place when Sir Henry James first appeared in political life. If the cautious observer could not absolutely endorse the prophecies of enthusiastic friends that the representative of Taunton would go very far on the pathway of Parliamentary success, he might safely admit that he would certainly go some way. He has probably gone farther than most persons would have been willing to predict. He is an indispensable and valued member of any Liberal Government; he is excellent in opposition. Behind his bland exterior and smooth sentences there is an acridity of attack, a pungency of epigram which make him a redoubtable ally and a singularly disagreeable opponent. The Woman's Rights party have never forgiven him for his barbed sayings about them, sayings which cut, perhaps, all the more sharply for the faint feminine element of spitefulness with which they were feathered. Yet, curiously enough, there is something in Sir Henry James's manner, at once caressing and reassuring, familiar and yet deferential, which vaguely suggests the ladies' doctor.

Mr Grant Duff, on the other hand, has certainly not fulfilled, or even nearly fulfilled, the promise of his youth. There was a time when almost anything seemed possible for the brilliant and highly cultured young man for whom destiny had

so agreeably smoothened the road towards distinction. It is difficult to say why Mr. Grant Duff's career is a disappointing one. Whatever he has tried to do—and he has tried many things—he has done well, and sometimes excellently. He can make good speeches; he can write clever books. His 'Studies in European Politics' is probably not much read now. It is not twenty years old, and yet the period of which it treats is almost as much ancient history as the wars of the third Thothmes; the conditions of the political game then are as different from the conditions of the game now as they were from the conditions of the game as played by Pericles. Yet 'Studies in European Politics' is in many respects a brilliant book. It deserves to be read, if only as an example of the way in which political question after political question may be treated with a freshness and grace that can be called nothing less than fascinating. One can hardly help thinking that if Mr. Grant Duff had written more he might have made a greater name. As it is, the part he plays is a small one. There are still a few people who believe profoundly in Mr. Grant Duff, who follow his utterances with anxiety, to whom he is indeed Trophonius; but their number is not increasing.

Lord Selborne was a much more prominent politician when he sat in the Lower House as Sir Roundell Palmer. He had been a Conservative, and he came over to the Liberal side of politics, but he never seemed quite to belong to or be wholly absorbed in the Liberal party, as he indeed shows by calling himself to this day a Liberal-Conservative. At one time it was the fashion to speak of him as one of the finest speakers in the House of Commons, but the fame of his oratory has greatly fallen away of late years. He had always the worst defects of the Peelite school, all the faults of voice and manner which the adherents of Sir Robert Peel seemed to consider themselves bound to adopt together with the principles of their leader. Sir Roundell Palmer always made his speeches in a tone of voice which suggested that at any moment the emotions of the speaker might prove too much for him, and he would

burst into a flood of tears. Lord Selborne is essentially a theological politician. He may be likened to a Church of England version of Thackeray's Jesuit Father Holt disguised as a soldier. Lord Selborne is a Church of England divine disguised as a Lord Chancellor; but his theology is not illiberal. He strongly opposed the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in 1851. The predominance of the Churchman over the lawyer was shown in him when he severed himself from Mr. Gladstone on the question of the Irish Church, and seemingly cut himself adrift from all possibility of political preferment. Virtue was not all its own reward in his case. Events were propitious to him, and entrusted him with the Great Seal; but while he has always shown himself a skilful lawyer, a sound theologian, and an honourable politician, he has never succeeded in proving himself a statesman.

The Duke of Argyll seemed a little out of his element in a Cabinet which included Mr. Chamberlain, in a Ministry which numbered Sir Charles Dilke among its members. When, thirty-eight years before, he had as a boy of nineteen taken upon himself to lecture the House of Lords in his pamphlet 'Advice to the Peers' he promised to be a very advanced politician indeed. For a time he kept up the character. He supported Dr. Chalmers in the great Scottish Church question. In the House of Lords he distinguished himself for his impetuosity, and for the irreverent indifference with which he assailed established statesmen. The Duke of Argyll was undoubtedly clever; he made clever speeches, he wrote clever books on all kinds of topics, he said clever things, he soon got into the groove of office and kept in it, but he never quite justified his early reputation; and now in the new Cabinet he distinctly belonged to what might be called the reactionary party.

Lord Kimberley would have been described by Ancient Iago as 'a worthy peer.' He has always been holding high offices, and has never made any great mark in any of them. He has fulfilled his duties respectably; has never been conspicuous for genius or remarkable for any glaring blunders.

Like the members of the House of Lords in Mr. Gilbert's 'Iolanthe,' he always—

> Did nothing in particular,
> And did it very well.

Ever since he began his career as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, under Lord John Russell in 1852, he has regularly been accommodated with office whenever a Liberal Government has come into power, and he has always remained serenely indifferent to any desire for distinguishing himself. The patient ox, which by the borders of the Nile walks its unceasing circle in the *sahkieh* that draws water from the river for the irrigation of the fields, has as much ambition for the changeful life of the desert camel as Lord Kimberley has to make himself in any way conspicuous among statesmen. Destined to be in office and in opposition in stirring times, Lord Kimberley never condescended to distinguish himself by any display of administrative talent while in office, or statesmanship out of office.

One of the most remarkable episodes of the electoral campaign was the conversion of Lord Derby. The conversion can hardly be said to have been very sudden or very startling. For some time it had been evident that Lord Derby was falling slowly away from the faith of his fathers. When he resigned his position in Lord Beaconsfield's Government, shortly before the fall of the Tory Ministry, Lord Salisbury assailed him with a savage vehemence, which he no doubt justified to himself by the certainty that Lord Derby was leaving not merely the Ministry but the party. It takes a very impetuous and unbridled nature to allow a minister to compare with Titus Oates a man with whom it may be necessary in future years to act in concert. Lord Derby was an able and a conscientious man; his warmest admirers would never have called him a brilliant politician. He was curiously unlike his father, still more curiously unlike the great statesman from whom he fell away in 1878. His mind was as free from passion or emotion, or any of what may be called the artistic feelings, as if it had been the coldly logical machine desired by some of our scientific men. His father was as fond of scholarship—not very exact scholarship, indeed—as if

he had been a Fox or a Bolingbroke; the son never showed more affection for arts or letters than did the elder Walpole or the younger Pitt, but he had a marvellous capacity for getting up facts and figures and understanding statistics. The father found time to translate Homer; the son undertook to prove to the world that even a Tory lord might understand something of political economy.

Lord Derby was a slow, ineffective speaker. Of poor delivery in his youth, he never really brightened into anything even approaching eloquence. He possessed a curious power of reducing everything, even the uncommon, to the commonplace, so that when he said, as he often did, things wise and sensible, and even new, he invariably, or almost invariably, so clothed and uttered them as to make them appear like the sheerest and tritest truisms. He was frigidly methodical, drily, somewhat drearily, accurate, with nothing about him to harass and perplex his party and his partisans; he could do what Disraeli could never do, he could be intelligent and seem dull, and so in some ways he was the very man the Tories wanted when he first took office under his eloquent, gifted, showy father. Once he had shaken off the chains of office, he was felt to be drifting day by day nearer and nearer to straightforward recognition of Liberalism. At length came the letter to Lord Sefton which announced what every one was expecting, that he had definitely broken with the Conservatives, and had made up his mind, 'however reluctantly,' to be known henceforward as a Liberal peer. Not a few of his former friends and followers regarded him from that day as if he had really been the Titus Oates that Lord Salisbury had painted. They forgot, or they did not care to remember, that their own chief had been a Radical, or had at least allowed others to think him a Radical, and that it is not always fair to consider the change of political opinion the same thing as political apostasy.

Two other members of the new Ministry have yet to be mentioned, Mr. Hibbert and Mr. George Osborne Morgan. Mr. Hibbert had been in office before, the same office to which he was now reappointed, that of Parliamentary Secretary to the

Local Government Board. The most remarkable event of his political career is his connection with the Municipal Franchise Act. Mr. Osborne Morgan is chiefly connected in the public mind with the Burials Bill, but there was a time when he thought more of the laurel than the cypress. In his youth he cultivated the Muses, not unsuccessfully, so far as the winning of a Newdigate prize for verse can be called success; but he soon abandoned poetry for the law, and it is not likely that he has ever regretted his choice. Lucian once in a dream was wooed by Art and Philosophy, to choose between them; and the prudent Greek ranged himself by the side of Philosophy, who seemed to promise him the most comfortable existence. It is not probable that Mr. Osborne Morgan would have added much to the poetry of his century. At least, there is no certainty that he would do so assured in the opening lines of his 'Settlers in Australia':—

> Who that has wandered by the ocean shore,
> His full soul echoing to the wild waves' roar,
> Feels not their spirit as a thrilling bond
> Linking his fancy to the worlds beyond;
> Till his rapt thoughts, exulting, yearn to stray
> With the wan billows glimm'ring far away?
> Earth has her barriers, but thou, mighty Sea,
> Bidd'st man be one, divisionless, like thee.

It is not very easy to imagine Mr. Osborne Morgan now desirous of wandering by the ocean shore, and allowing his full soul to echo, or his rapt thoughts to stray. Certainly a youthful ambition to be divisionless is most unfortunately answered by a manhood passed largely in the division lobbies of the House of Commons. But although Mr. Osborne Morgan has forsworn the Muses, it is possible, if not very likely, that he sometimes sighs for the recreations of his youth, and dreams of fashioning a madrigal or hammering out an ode when his more immediate business is the drafting of a measure or the emendation of a clause. But if any such ideas ever harass him, he allows no sign of it to appear in his demeanour. There is as little display of poetry in Mr. Osborne Morgan's language as there is of eccentricity in his garb.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BRADLAUGH—THE FOURTH PARTY.

Parliament met on Thursday, April 29, and the House of Commons re-elected Mr. Brand as Speaker. The next few days were devoted to swearing in the members. A ceremony which invariably takes several days was destined on this occasion to prove less monotonous and more momentous than is usual, and to beget a 'question' which was destined to be a torment to the Government all through their career, and the cause of several severe Ministerial defeats. Among the new members returned to the House of Commons by the general election was Mr. Charles Bradlaugh as one of the representatives, in companionship with Mr. Henry Labouchere, of Northampton. Mr. Bradlaugh's had been a strange and strenuous career. He was born poor; he had educated himself; he had fought against many difficulties, and overcome them. He had been a private soldier; he had been in a solicitor's office; he had been the editor of free-thinking newspapers. He had made a sort of religion of free-thought, and went about preaching it everywhere, often at great personal risk to himself, always with aggressive hostility to religious belief in general and the Christian belief in particular. He was connected with the struggle for Italian independence; he was on terms of intimacy with many of the leaders of the Fenian movement of 1867; he played a prominent part in the agitation which led to the Hyde Park meetings and the passing of the Reform Bill of 1866. He had tried unsuccessfully before to enter Parliament. He was undoubtedly an orator of great ability and power. He represented a large body of opinion in England politically as well as philosophically. He was well known to entertain objections to taking any oath which implied belief in Christianity, and in his many struggles with the law he had fought this point again and again. Naturally the greatest curiosity was felt as to the course he would

pursue when he entered the Commons' chamber. On Monday, May 3, Mr. Bradlaugh came to the table of the House of Commons and handed a paper to the chief clerk, stating his wish to be allowed to make affirmation instead of taking the oath in the usual manner. This he claimed the right to do under the Parliamentary Oaths Act. The Speaker threw himself upon the judgment of the House, and Lord Frederick Cavendish rose and moved the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the case. Sir Stafford Northcote approved of this course. The Government were destined to be unlucky in every stage of this question. When the House met again on Wednesday, the 5th, Lord Richard Grosvenor brought down no small indignation from the Opposition by proposing to add to the select committee the names of men who at the time were not members of Parliament. The names were those of ministers who had to stand again after taking office; and though there was every probability of their re-election, still they were not members of the House, and there was at least the possibility that they might not be members. There was some wrangling over this point, and at last the House was adjourned till the following Monday, when due notices of the names could be given, and the committee formed on the following day. On the Tuesday Lord Richard Grosvenor moved his committee. It was vigorously opposed by Sir Henry Wolff, who maintained that until the Queen had explained the cause of calling Parliament no business beyond the swearing in of new members and the issuing of new writs could be entertained. In asking why the Government were in such a hurry he hit at once the weakness of the Ministry. They did undoubtedly seem far too much in a hurry, far too eager to 'rush things.' A sharp debate followed, but the Government carried their point, and the committee was nominated. The committee was composed of Mr. Walpole, its chairman, Sir Gabriel Goldney, Major Nolan, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Watkin Williams, Sir Henry Jackson, Mr. Serjeant Simon, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Massey, Sir John Holker, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Staveley Hill, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Chaplin, Mr.

Beresford Hope, and Lord Henry Lennox. The committee decided against Mr. Bradlaugh, though only by the casting vote of the chairman. The committee decided that Mr. Bradlaugh did not belong to the class of persons who, like Quakers and Moravians, are exempted by law from the necessity of taking the oath. The Government had no doubt hoped that the decision of the committee would have been favourable, for both its law officers voted in favour of the relief of Mr. Bradlaugh; the Opposition perhaps fancied that they would get rid of Mr. Bradlaugh by the refusal.

After the committee had reported against Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Bradlaugh declared himself ready to take the oath, came into the House on May 21, and demanded to be sworn according to the invariable custom. But the Opposition was ready for him. Sir Henry Wolff interposed between Mr. Bradlaugh and the Clerk of the House. He insisted that the House ought to refuse to accept Mr. Bradlaugh's oath. The position was indeed perplexing. So far as we know, the whole records of Parliamentary life do not afford a single precedent for refusing to allow a member to take the oath. The circumstances of the case itself, however, were without precedent. Mr. Bradlaugh had previously objected to take the oath. His claim to be allowed to affirm in Parliament, as he had been allowed to affirm in law courts, implied that the oath was not binding upon him. Moreover, Mr. Bradlaugh had issued a manifesto after the refusal to allow him to affirm, in which he declared to the world and to the city that the oath contained unmeaning words, and the like. What was to be done? The best that the ingenuity of Parliament could devise was to suggest the formation of a new committee to consider this new feature of the problem. A committee was accordingly formed which, after much deliberation, came to the conclusion that Mr. Bradlaugh could not be allowed to swear, but hinted that it would not really be a bad plan to let him affirm, and take whatever legal consequences, if any, would fall upon him by so doing. Perhaps of all the ways of getting out of the difficulty, this was about the worst. The House had first refused to

allow Mr. Bradlaugh to affirm; now it was proposed that he should be allowed to affirm as an interesting experiment in political and legal science, while a bewildered senate stood by to see what happened. Such as the advice was, the Ministry did not then decide to act upon it. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh's colleague in the representation of Northampton, met the decision of the committee by moving on June 21 a resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be allowed to affirm.

Mr. Henry Labouchere was one of the most interesting men in the new Parliament. As his name implied, he was of an old French family, Huguenots, who had settled in England. He had passed his youth in the diplomatic service. He had travelled widely, and had a profound acquaintance with men, women, and manners in every capital of the world, from Constantinople to Washington. A thorough man of the world in that sense of the time-honoured phrase which means that the man to whom it is applied has made himself perfectly acquainted with all the weaknesses and follies of humanity, Mr. Labouchere delighted to play the part of an easy-going, imperturbable, suave-lived cynic. Had he lived in Athens under Alexander, he would have been sure to make friends with Diogenes, and would certainly have irritated the tubbed philosopher beyond measure by the easy superiority and wider scope of his own consummate disbelief in all that the 'dog' affected to disbelieve. In the Rome of Nero he would undoubtedly have enchanted Petronius by what the arbiter would have called the 'curious felicity' of his criticisms on humanity; while even the chronicler of Neronic Rome might have been surprised, if not abashed, by the corrosive scepticism of his companion. Mr. Labouchere had played many parts, and done many things, in his varied career. He had been a diplomatist. He had been a financier. He had been a politician of very advanced Liberal politics in Parliament for a year, from 1867 till 1868. He had owned theatres. He had gained great distinction as a journalist by living in Paris during its siege, and sending really brilliant descriptive letters about his experiences to the *Daily News*, of which he was one of the proprietors. He was one of

the original founders of the *World*, when that herald of society journals was started, and, after a while, he withdrew from the *World* in order to start a society journal of his own. *Truth* is one of the instances on record of a journal whose popularity and existence depend entirely on one man. It is read wherever the English language is spoken by people who are anxious to know what Mr. Labouchere thinks of things in general. Often enough, no doubt, utterances and articles are accepted as Mr. Labouchere's with which he has nothing whatever to do; but, none the less, it may be taken as certain that *Truth* would be as impossible without Mr. Labouchere's cool frankness and demure, merciless cynicism as the *Tatler* would have proved if Steele had handed it over to some dullard like the editor of the *True Patriot*. *Truth* has been cruel, but it has been the terror and the scourge of a crowd of swindlers, and charlatans, and rascals; and if the butterfly scandals of society have been pinned on its pages, these pages have always been open to the chivalrous defence of the oppressed, the unpopular, the unjustly judged. Of all his various experiments and experiences, that of political life appeared to afford Mr. Labouchere the greatest pleasure, for in 1874 he stood again for Parliament, and was defeated. At the general election of 1880 he stood again for Northampton, and was returned at the head of the poll. He made himself at once the champion of his colleague's case. His resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be allowed to affirm was supported by the Prime Minister; it was rejected on June 22 by 275 votes to 230. Mr. Bradlaugh on the following day, Wednesday, June 23, presented himself at the table to be sworn. The Speaker gravely informed him of the resolution of the House, and called upon him to withdraw. He claimed to be heard at the bar of the House, and heard at the bar he accordingly was for the first, but not the last, time. After an eloquent speech, he once more announced his intention of seeking to be sworn, and advanced towards the table. The serjeant-at-arms touched him on the shoulder, and Mr. Bradlaugh at once retired below the bar, only to come forward once and appeal energetically, from the floor of the House, against the decision of the Commons. The

Speaker then, having done all that lay in his own power to do, appealed to the House itself, and Sir Stafford Northcote moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be arrested. The warrant was immediately made out, and Mr. Bradlaugh was confined at once in the clock tower.

It was felt only too keenly, however, that the House had gained nothing whatever by this step. They had only placed themselves in a false position, from which, as a matter of fact, they had to retreat almost immediately. They had indeed got Mr. Bradlaugh under lock and key, but it was simply impossible that they could keep him so. He was not in the least likely to abandon the position he had taken up; his claim, whether legally right or wrong, was one which had a great deal of sympathy, not only in the country, but in the House itself. There was nothing for it but to release Mr. Bradlaugh as soon as possible from his confinement in the clock tower. Then the Government took a curious step. On Thursday, July 1, Mr. Gladstone introduced a resolution allowing any one claiming the privilege to make affirmation instead of taking the usual oath, the person so affirming to be subject to any statutory penalties if it were afterwards decided that he had broken the law by the act. This lame resolution was adopted on division by 303 to 249 votes, and gave Mr. Bradlaugh the right of which he availed himself on the following day to come to the table of the House, make affirmation, and take his seat as a member. In point of fact the Ministry, remembering the ingenious advice of the second committee, had suggested that Mr. Bradlaugh should be allowed to affirm at his own risk, as it were. In other words, they said, 'We will not allow you to take the oath; to affirm is probably illegal, but we will allow you to affirm, and see if any one will sue you for so doing.' In this spirit the Government allowed Mr. Bradlaugh to affirm, and so for a season Mr. Bradlaugh found himself really representing Northampton. An action, however, was immediately brought against him to recover heavy penalties for having sat and voted without previously taking the oath. As the legal penalty is 500*l.* for each offence and as Mr.

Bradlaugh voted incessantly during his brief occupation of his seat, the sum claimed from him rapidly assumed gigantic proportions.

The Opposition can hardly be said to be to blame for all this muddle. They were bitter over their big defeat; they had seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle with the great Liberal Ministry with its gigantic majority; and lo, at the very beginning of the session fortune put into their hands an unexpected way of harassing their triumphant foes. On the Bradlaugh question the quick-witted among the Tories saw that the Liberal majority was unmanageable, could not be counted on. The disheartened took courage; the depressed became animated; they struck out at the Government, and found that their blows told. It would be too much to expect such an Opposition to forego the chance of revenge that one election had thus afforded them. At least they did not, and again and again in the history of the Parliament they were able to strike at their enemies with tremendous effect whenever the question of the representation of Northampton came up for discussion. Undoubtedly Mr. Bradlaugh himself was in some measure to blame for what happened. If it was against his conscience to take the oath, it was clearly his duty not to take it, and abide the consequences. We know, however, that Mr. Mill did not consider it hypocritical for even an unbeliever to take the oath of allegiance in its entirety.

The Bradlaugh episode had one curious influence upon the House of Commons—it consolidated, it might, indeed, be said to have created, the Fourth Party; and it brought a new man prominently forward into political life. Lord Randolph Churchill had been half a dozen years in Parliament when Mr. Bradlaugh was elected member for Northampton, but up to that time he had played practically no part in the House. When he spoke he was listened to because he was the son of a great Tory duke; but nobody paid much attention to what he said, and it occurred to nobody to regard him as a political influence. Mr. Bradlaugh's advent was Lord Randolph Churchill's opportunity. He made himself at once conspicuous as the

opponent of Mr. Bradlaugh and the atheistic Government who supported him. Burke, flinging the dagger of the Jacobites on the floor of the House of Commons, found a modern imitator in Lord Randolph Churchill trampling under foot some printed writings of the member for Northampton. The House had laughed at Burke; it also laughed at Lord Randolph Churchill; but it soon began to discover that Lord Randolph Churchill was not a young man to be put down or disconcerted by any amount of laughter. He asserted himself again and again; he spoke as often as he pleased; he treated the recognised leaders of his party with a frank indifference which was not a little shocking to established Conservative traditions. He began alone, but he soon found companions. Like King John in Anthony Munday's play, he held up his sword, and bade 'those that intend as I, follow this steely ensign lift on high.' Three other persons were found to 'intend' as Lord Randolph Churchill intended—Sir Henry Wolff, Mr. Gorst, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. These four gentlemen found themselves agreed as to the necessity of lending new vigour to the Tory cause, and their own fate-appointed duty to lend that vigour. They formed a little party together, a small Tory cave, soon nicknamed in the slang of the House the Fourth Party, as the party of Parnellites had already been called the Third Party. At first the House was hardly inclined to take the Fourth Party seriously. It thought the thing was only a joke, and rather a poor and impertinent joke. But Lord Randolph Churchill soon made it clear to the House of Commons that he was not, in their sense, a humourist. He had not formed a party *pour rire*, but a party that was destined to become a decided power in debate; and it was a party of which he was the acknowledged leader. At first the Government and its supporters, and even the gentlemen in opposition above the gangway, were inclined to smile scornfully whenever Lord Randolph rose to inform the amused Commons of his intentions, and the intentions of those who acted with him. But in a little while the Government and its followers, and the gentlemen in opposition above the gangway, began to perceive that

Lord Randolph's attitude was not quite so comic as it had appeared at first. With happy political insight he had perceived a want in the composition of the House of Commons, and with happy political audacity he determined to fill that want himself. The Conservative party had lost all its passion and most of its vitality since its chief had gone to the House of Lords. Under the gentle and genial guidance of Sir Stafford Northcote, the chief characteristic of the Conservative party appeared to be a comprehensive amiability. With felicitous inspiration Lord Randolph Churchill conceived the formation of an advanced Tory party, obeying his orders, and repeating the tactics of the advanced Liberals below the gangway, which had done their own party such simple service during the previous Parliament. It soon became evident that Lord Randolph was the leader of a little Tory cave ready to accept the adherence of any of the discontented and the distressed who would join his flag. The Government found itself suddenly opposed by a new and eccentric element in the political battle. Sir Stafford Northcote's method of opposition had led them to expect a more peaceful occupation of office than fate and the Fourth Party had in store for them. Lord Randolph charged upon the Government with all the energy of Don Quixote, when he fancied that he saw before him the armies of King Agramant. Whenever there was a chance of annoying the Liberal leaders, whenever there was an opportunity of harassing them in their plans, or of disturbing their arrangements, Lord Randolph was sure to do it. The Government were more embarrassed than they would have liked to admit by Lord Randolph and his friends. The Government could not always count with perfect security upon the adherence of all their own followers, but they could always feel assured of the unresting hostility of Lord Randolph Churchill and his fellows of the Fourth Party. The ranks of the Ministerialists could not furnish forth any champion so audacious, so self-reliant, so indifferent to opinion as Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph Churchill's party may be looked upon as in some sense the revival of the Young England movement with which

Lord Beaconsfield's youth was connected. It was, however, a Young England movement suited to the spirit of the age. It had not the poetry, the sentiment, the romance which coloured the career of the party of which Mr. Bailie Cochrane and Lord John Manners were the illustrious ornaments. But it had an energy, we might even say a ferocity of purpose, which was much better suited to the matter-of-fact temper of the House of Commons of to-day. It aimed straight for political success, but it fought for it on the good old Tory lines which had been abandoned. It opposed to the growing spirit of Radicalism, not the temperate and mild-mannered Conservatism of Sir Stafford Northcote, nor the fantasies of Lord Claud Hamilton, but a vigour and determination, a fixity of purpose, akin to that which of old deserved the title of stern and unbending.

Hostile critics described Lord Randolph Churchill and his little band as 'political Mohocks,' or compared them with the cabal formed by Mr. Bertie Tremaine in Lord Beaconsfield's 'Endymion.' Friends likened it to the gallant quadrilateral of musketeers in Dumas's story who were united by destiny to accomplish great deeds. If we were to accept this parallel, Lord Randolph Churchill is of course the D'Artagnan of the party. He has all the audacity, all the serene belief in his own ultimate success, which was characteristic of the famous Gascon who started in life with the assurance that great things were awaiting him, and who ended his career at Malplaquet with the marshal's *bâton* in his hand. A man who means to succeed, and who has in him the stuff for success, cannot often perhaps do better than to pose confidently before the world as a man for whom fortune reserves laurel victory. Lord Randolph Churchill did thus pose as the heir expectant of fair fortune. He never allowed himself or his audience to forget that he was the leader of an important party, and the bearer of a mighty mission. The greatness of the party was not always obvious, the meaning of the mission was sometimes occult; but still there was the party, and somewhere in its midst lay the mission, like the heart of the Bruce, none the less sacred because it was not visible.

'It must be night for Friedland's star to shine,' says Wallenstein in Schiller's great play. In the existing political night Lord Randolph Churchill's star is shining with remarkable brightness in the Parliamentary firmament.

If Lord Randolph Churchill was the D'Artagnan of the party, Sir Henry Wolff might in many respects fairly claim to be its Aramis, just as Mr. Gorst would naturally become its Porthos, and Mr. Arthur Balfour gracefully interpret the part of Athos. Mr. Gorst was a rapidly rising lawyer, who had passed much of his life in New Zealand, and had written a book upon the Maoris. He had been in Parliament for Cambridge from 1866 to 1868; at the general election he lost his seat, and did not enter Parliament again until 1875, in which year he became at once member for Chatham and a Queen's Counsel. Mr. Arthur Balfour was a curious contrast to the bustling, energetic lawyer. He introduced into Parliamentary life that air of languid indifference which Lord Melbourne once tried to make fashionable, and which was pardonable in a young man who had sought distinction on the different paths of diplomacy and philosophy before he was two-and-thirty. The great problems of existence remain unchanged by Mr. Balfour's 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt.' The European balance has scarcely undergone any finer adjustment from Mr. Balfour's presence in Berlin in the summer of 1878. Still, to have played any part in these two different and diverse subjects is something in itself. But the most fortunate move Mr. Balfour ever made was when he withdrew his *virtus* from its efforts in the philosophical æther, and joined himself to the ranks of the Fourth Party.

Sir Henry Wolff plays an important part in the economy of the Fourth Party. He has had more experience in the game of statesmanship than Lord Randolph Churchill, and his counsel is of great value to the energetic leader, who is too wise to believe that the capacity for leadership is above the necessity of learning. Sir Henry Wolff is eminently skilled in those moves of statesmanship which belong to diplomatic action. He was not indeed born to the diplomatic purple. The bearer of an honoured name, which recommended him to the attention and the

sympathy of statesmen, he gained, early in life, that practical education in statesmanship and diplomacy, that knowledge of foreign countries and of foreign courts, and, above all, that close acquaintance with the trouble of all politicians—the Eastern question—which made him an invaluable ally to the founder of a new school of Toryism. Intimate acquaintance with foreign countries and foreign modes of thought naturally descended to him from his father. A generation ago the name of Dr. Wolff was familiar and honoured in all the capitals of Europe. A distinguished traveller and an eminent scholar, Dr. Wolff deserves special remembrance for the noble efforts which he made to rescue the captive English officers, Stoddart and Conolly, who died a cruel death at the hands of a Bokhara tyrant. The intrepidity which was characteristic of the father is scarcely less characteristic in other fields of the son. He is a man of pronounced ideas and of belligerent tastes. He likes political battle for the sake of battle, and he is therefore eminently in his right place in the Fourth Party.

The new party was formed in undoubted opposition to Sir Stafford Northcote. Sir Stafford Northcote was not a leader after the hearts of the Tories below the gangway of the Fourth Party, and of men who, like Mr. Chaplin, were allies, if not adherents, of the Fourth Party. The men below the gangway wanted battle, and Sir Stafford Northcote was not warlike; they wanted aggression, and Sir Stafford Northcote was not aggressive. He would not attack the Government as Lord Randolph Churchill loved to attack it; he would not summon Sir Richard Cross and Lord John Manners to rise and assist him in harrying the Prime Minister. The fact that he had been Mr. Gladstone's secretary was in itself enough to create a certain alliance between himself and his political opponent, which for long did much to calm the trouble of debate. Whoever else might wrangle and call names, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gladstone were faithful to their ancient amity. They resembled Homeric heroes, who recognise some guest-friend in the lines of war, and hold their hand and exchange civilities while the fight rages around them. Sir Stafford Northcote

always shone in the amenities of debate. There was no one more ready to reply to an antagonist in words of kindly sweetness; no one to whom it was more pleasant for a foe to pay a compliment, since he was sure to get his gracious words returned in yet more gracious fashion. In one of Marryat's sea novels, the young midshipman listens with dismay to the way in which sailors call each other names and indulge in profuse profanity. He reflects that it would be much easier and pleasanter for them to address each other in the forms of polite society; to say 'if you please,' and 'will you be so good,' and 'thank you,' instead of the more forcible, but sadly inelegant vernacular, of which they had so complete a command. Sir Stafford Northcote is somewhat like Marryat's young midshipman. He is convinced that political discussion would be far pleasanter if there were no disagreeable interchange of stinging phrases and hostile terms. If Parliament were to be managed according to his ideas, it would run in something of this fashion. Every one would assume that every one else was acting with the best possible intentions, and was inspired only by the loftiest purposes. Every one would begin his speech by praising the manner, if not the matter, of his opponents' arguments. Differences of opinion should be expressed in a regretful tone, as if the speaker was pained to disagree with any one, and was only forced to do so by an overmastering sense of public duty. Little compliments might be lightly exchanged. A gentle banter should be the nearest approach to anything like personality. Under such a mild and benignant sway the Saturnian age was to return to the earth, or at least to that portion of it called Westminster. Then politicians of all parties should abide in peace, 'a golden race on earth of many languaged men,' who should live—

> With calm, untroubled mind,
> Free from the toil and anguish of our kind.

Some such shape Sir Stafford Northcote's political Utopia would take; but if he dreamed of realising it at St. Stephen's, the dream was not fulfilled. For such a system of brotherly love,

more was needed than the personal example of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, no matter how amiable. The guerillas below the gangway would not fall in with Sir Stafford Northcote's ideas. He wanted peace, and they wanted war; so the warriors seceded and formed the Fourth Party.

CHAPTER IV.

AFGHANISTAN.

On the Continent, in Central Asia, and in South Africa the Government were involved in the complications left unfinished when Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry fell from power. One complication, however, which might have proved serious was entirely the property of the new Administration. This was the difficulty with Austria. In one of his Midlothian speeches, that of the second series delivered in Edinburgh on Wednesday, March 17, 1880, Mr. Gladstone alluded to an account given in the London papers of some observations of the Emperor of Austria. 'Did you see,' asked Mr. Gladstone, 'that the Emperor of Austria sent for the British ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, and told Sir Henry Elliot what a pestilent person he considered a certain Mr. Gladstone to be, as a man that did not approve of the foreign policy of Austria; and how anxious he was—so the Emperor of Austria was condescendingly pleased to say—for the guidance of the British people and of the electors of Midlothian. How anxious he was, gentlemen, that you should all of you give your votes in a way to maintain the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield! Well, gentlemen, if you approve of the foreign policy of Austria, the foreign policy that Austria has usually pursued, I advise you to do that very thing. . . . What has that policy of Austria been? . . . Austria has been the steady, unflinching foe of freedom in every country in Europe. Russia, I am sorry to say, has been the foe of freedom too, but in Russia there is one exception—Russia has been the friend of Slavonic freedom; but Austria has never been the friend of Slavonic freedom. Austria trampled Italy under foot, Austria resisted the unity of Germany, Austria did

all she could to prevent the creation of Belgium, Austria never lifted a finger for the regeneration and constitution of Greece. There is not an instance, there is not a spot upon the whole map where you can lay your finger and say, "There Austria did good."' Statements like these were undoubtedly unfortunate, coming at such a time and from such a man. Even the most enthusiastic of Mr. Gladstone's admirers may admit that a man who was seeking to be Prime Minister of England, who had been Prime Minister, and who, it was then evident, would be Prime Minister again, had need to be very guarded in the language which he used in condemnation of a foreign power's foreign policy. To have allowed himself to be piqued into retort by some observations of the Emperor of Austria would have been unlucky enough, but at least he should have been very sure that the words were really uttered by the Emperor of Austria before proceeding to reply to them in a tone of acrimony. As a matter of fact Sir Henry Elliot at once contradicted the statement that the Emperor of Austria had used any such words to him, or had made to him any statement bearing any resemblance to the alleged words. Unfortunately Mr. Gladstone aggravated the original difficulty by practically repeating his attack on Austria's foreign policy again, in his eighth Midlothian speech, delivered on Wednesday, March 24, 1880. 'I have,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'condemned the foreign policy of Austria. I have said that outside of Austria, making no reproach as to what is inside of it—that outside of Austria the name of Austria has, upon all occasions known to me, been the symbol of misgovernment and oppression in other countries. That neither in Germany, nor in Belgium, nor in Greece, nor in Italy, where most of all she was concerned—for she was the virtual mistress of Italy until Italy was made a kingdom—in no one of these is her name known, except in conjunction with the promotion of what you and I believe to be wrong, and the repression of what you and I believe to be right.' Mr. Gladstone then declared that he discerned 'menacing signs that the Austrian Government of to-day, and especially the Hungarian portion of its subjects, . . . is engaged in schemes for repressing

and putting down the liberty of the lately emancipated communities in the Balkan peninsula, and for setting up her own supremacy over them, whether they like it or not.' All this was severe language to a nation with whom we were at peace, with whom we were often obliged to confer, with whom we might at any moment be in alliance. Whatever might be thought of Austria's foreign policy in the past, such a sweeping attack upon it from one who was soon to be at the head of the English Government was little likely to promote good feeling between the two countries. But it was doubly unfortunate when it became a sermon preached on the text of a reported conversation with the Emperor of Austria, the accuracy of which was denied by one of the principal actors in the alleged dialogue. Not unnaturally, there was considerable discontent in Austria at Mr. Gladstone's statements, and when Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister the Government felt that something must be done to allay the irritation. Mr. Gladstone accordingly wrote a letter to Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, which was practically a letter of apology to the Emperor of Austria. 'At the moment,' said Mr. Gladstone in this letter, 'when I accepted from the Queen the duty of forming an Administration, I forthwith resolved that I would not, as a minister, either repeat or even defend in argument polemical language in regard to more than one foreign Power which I had used individually when in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.' After some assurances that he entertained no hostile feelings towards Austria, but, on the contrary, wished her well in the task of consolidating her empire, Mr. Gladstone went on, 'With respect to my animadversion on the foreign policy of Austria, at times when it was active beyond the borders, I will not conceal from your Excellency that grave apprehensions had been excited in my mind lest Austria should play a part in the Balkan peninsula hostile to the freedom of the emancipated populations, and to the reasonable and warranted hopes of the subjects of the Sultan. These apprehensions were founded, it is true, upon secondary evidence, but it was not the evidence of hostile

witnesses, and it was the best at my command.' Acknowledging the assurance of Count Karolyi that Austria had no intention of extending the rights it had acquired under the treaty of Berlin, Mr. Gladstone went on, 'Had I been in possession of such an assurance as I have now been able to receive, I never would have uttered any one of the words which your Excellency justly describes as of a painful and wounding character. Whether it was my misfortune or my fault that I was not so supplied I will not now attempt to determine, but will at once express my serious concern that I should, in default of it, have been led to refer to transactions of an earlier period, or to use terms of censure which I can now wholly banish from my mind.' Mr. Gladstone concluded by saying, 'I think that the explanation I now tender should be made not less public than the speech which has supplied the occasion for it; and as to the form of such publicity, I desire to accede to whatever may be your Excellency's wish.'

There could be no doubt in the mind of any Austrian or any English politician of the completeness of this apology. It must be admitted that it did not give much satisfaction in England. Even those who felt most keenly the rashness of Mr. Gladstone's attack upon Austria were not inclined to rejoice over the manner in which Mr. Gladstone had made amends. If the charges against Austria had been exaggerated, surely there was no small exaggeration in the tone of the reply. How, for example, people asked, did the fact that Austria had no aggressive intentions with regard to the peoples of the Balkan peninsula enable Mr. Gladstone to wholly banish from his mind the terms of censure which he had employed against Austria? Mr. Gladstone had challenged his hearers to point to any spot on the map of Europe where Austria had done good; he had with great justice complained of her action with regard to Belgium, to Greece, and above all to Italy. How could Mr. Gladstone banish these censures from his mind because Austrian statesmen now engaged themselves to keep within the limits of the treaty of Berlin? It may have been ill-advised to choose such a time and place as a general election and a Midlothian

hustings for censuring Austria with regard to her foreign policy of old; but her declaration of future policy could not obliterate the past, or make Mr. Gladstone's censures upon it the less deserved because they were untimely. The apology was felt to be too complete, too comprehensive. Not a few persons were ready to urge that an apology of any sort was a mistake; that an English Prime Minister had no right to apologise for his utterances as a private individual, because he could not, so long as he held office, make his apology entirely of an individual character, but unavoidably lent it something of a national value. Into that subject it is not necessary to go. Mr. Gladstone had certainly acted indiscreetly in his Midlothian speeches in attacking the Austrian Emperor for words he had not used, and denouncing a policy that was not going to be put into action. An apology clearly was due, and there is nothing unbecoming in a frank and honourable apology. Frank and honourable Mr. Gladstone's apology undoubtedly was, but in his anxiety to make all amends he went too far, and apologised for much that needed no apology. Whether right or wrong, the fact that the apology had to be made was unlucky for the new Ministry. It was a small thing perhaps, but omens are usually small things, and there was certainly something of evil omen to a new Ministry in having to begin its career with such an apology for such a cause.

The Austrian episode being thus disposed of, there were other European questions to occupy the attention and tax the ingenuity of the new Ministry. The treaty of Berlin had bound the Ottoman Empire to certain concessions, which she did not now appear at all anxious to carry out. An extension of frontier had been promised to Greece, a cession of territory to Montenegro; and the Hellenes and the Montenegrins were loudly complaining that their claims were being neglected. In the case of Greece the Porte was taking no steps whatever; and towards Montenegro the Porte had acted in a manner that was worse than inaction. Turkey had withdrawn all her troops from the territories that had been assigned to Montenegro, and had allowed the Albanians to forestall the Montenegrins and occupy

the territories themselves. This the Montenegrins naturally regarded as a breach of contract. Turkey was pledged to hand over the assigned territories to Montenegro, not merely to withdraw her troops and let any one who pleased run in and take possession. As the matter stood, Montenegro would either have to fight for her land with the Albanians, or go without all she gained by so much hard fighting at the Congress of Berlin. The English Government at once took action. Mr. Goschen was sent to Constantinople as a special ambassador, during what was diplomatically described as the absence of Sir Henry Layard on leave. Mr. Goschen was empowered to put the opinion of England very clearly before the Porte, and to express in the strongest terms the necessity for Turkey to carry out the pledges entered into by her at the Congress of Berlin. Lord Granville further issued a circular note addressed to the great signatory Powers of the Berlin treaty, calling upon them to join in concert in impressing upon Turkey the necessity of settling the Montenegrin and Greek questions. A conference was called at Berlin to consider the protocol to the Berlin treaty which laid down the claims of Greece. With regard to Montenegro the Porte pursued for a considerable time its favourite policy of delay. It neither refused nor promised to do anything; it simply listened and did nothing. A collective note was addressed to the Porte, and was met as usual with excuses, half-promises, and entire inaction. At last the Powers, losing patience, announced definitely that the town and district of Dulcigno should be peacefully surrendered to Montenegro by a certain date. If at that time the Porte had not complied with the wishes of the Powers, it was announced that the concerting Powers would take some means of enforcing their demands. The Porte, whether from lazy fatalism or a profound disbelief in the joint action of the great Powers, regarded this ultimatum with indifference, and did nothing. Then the great Powers joined together in a naval demonstration against Turkey. Seldom, perhaps, has any combined action on the part of European Powers been made the subject of such general European merriment. The conditions under which the naval demonstration took place

were indeed sufficiently grotesque. The fleet which assembled at Ragusa under the command of Sir Beauchamp Seymour was sent there to demonstrate, but it could do nothing more than demonstrate. The European Powers could not agree upon any definite line of action, and the fleet was therefore definitely bound to make no overt act against anybody. If the Montenegrins attempted to occupy Dulcigno, and were assailed by the hostile Albanians, the admiral of the fleet was expressly forbidden to offer any assistance to the little state. The fleet had been sent there to demonstrate, but for any value the demonstration had under such conditions, the ships of the fleet might as well have been sheltered in their European harbours as lying at anchor opposite Ragusa, or drifting idly in the waters of the Adriatic.

Naturally the Porte was not greatly alarmed by such a hollow demonstration. A child may be frightened at first by a pantomime mask; but when it discovers that the misshapen features are no ogre, but mere painted cardboard, concealing some pacific countenance, its terror soon disappears. The demonstration was as unreal as a Christmas monster, and it did not terrify Turkey, but it made her very angry. She announced that she would take no steps whatever in the surrender of Dulcigno until the naval demonstration was put a stop to. Of course Turkey was well aware of the dissensions of the European Powers, and the want of a common European policy, which rendered the European concert really of little worth. Then the British Government proposed to change the scene of the naval demonstration from Ragusa to Smyrna. Here at once the European concert fell asunder. Russia and Italy were willing enough to join in a demonstration against the Homeric city at the foot of the slopes of Tmolus, but Austria and Germany were most reluctant to take the responsibility, and France refused point-blank to have anything to do with the proposed expedition. But though the war-ships of the six Powers never rode at anchor in the soft waters of Smyrna Bay, beneath the worn and ragged walls of the ancient citadel of the Byzantine emperors, the threat to do so had its effect. It seemed at one time by no means certain that England would not herself, of

her own responsibility, send her fleet into Smyrna Harbour, as the Venetians did in the end of the seventeenth century. Turkey prepared to come to terms; the dissensions in the European concert gave her heart of grace enough to bluster and delay a little longer while the combined vessels idly patrolled the sea. The terrors of an Albanian rising were dwelt upon by Ottoman statesmen without producing any effect upon England, and at last the Porte put the business into the hands of Dervish Pasha, and bade him carry out the decrees of Europe as quickly as might be. Dervish Pasha was a stout soldier and a brave man; he mocked himself of the Albanian threatenings, forced his way into Dulcigno, and handed the hill town over to the delighted Montenegrins. For the time the quarrel was over; the fleet that had been the cause of so much inextinguishable laughter at first, and of the cession in the end, dispersed, and the foreign flags no longer floated together in menacing combination on the pleasant Adriatic.

There was of course still the Greek question left to settle, but that had to stand over for the time. European diplomacy had by strange chance been able to agree upon the claims of Montenegro, and to act in agreement; but on the claims of Greece it was hopeless just then to expect any such agreement. The great Powers had acted together wonderfully well for a little while; to expect them to act together for long was to form expectations based upon no precedents. In vain did the King of the Hellenes go on the stump through Europe from one great capital to another, urging that what the Berlin treaty had promised the Berlin signatories should give. Turkey would not come to terms, and the great Powers would not unite to compel her. France had apparently adopted a thorough-going policy of abstention; she was in general sympathy with the cause and the claims of the Greeks, but just now she would take no active part in supporting them. Austria and Germany were equally averse to action, and without these three Powers there was nothing to be done. For a time it seemed as if the Greeks would take the matter into their own hands, and try once more a fall with their old foe in the brave squares of war. All over Greece

the war fever was burning; crowds would come together on the great square of the Constitution in Athens, and stand opposite the ugly white palace of Bavarian Otho and clamour for war against the Turks. The Ministry of Tricoupis, which appeared vacillating, was overthrown; the speeches of the King assumed a warlike tone, and his popularity rose accordingly. In Æolus and Hermes streets, in the smiling islands of the Ægean, in the classic cities of Peloponnesus, the desire to fight the Turk was growing stronger day by day. Men hummed the old Klephtic war-songs and looked to their rifles. The army was swollen with daily recruits. At the Café Solon men talked and thought of war. It may be admitted that behind all this warlike display there was in the minds of the leaders at least a very keen sense of the difficulty of the situation, and a well-developed diplomatic purpose. It was not likely that the Greeks could ever wrest from the Turks what they wanted by force of arms, but it was still less likely that the Powers of Europe could look on at Greece fighting at desperate odds against the Ottomite and not put forth a hand to help her. On this the leaders calculated not unwisely. Turkey saw the danger of the scheme well enough. She knew that if Greece went to war the Sublime Porte would never be allowed by Europe to send her ironclads under the command of Hobart Pasha to the Piræus to play again the part of the Persians. So Turkey called upon Europe to interfere first instead of last, to use its influence with Greece to prevent the Hellenes from going to war. Europe accordingly did use its influence. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Greek Ministry. War was deferred until diplomacy had once more tried its hand at a settlement of the claims.

There were difficulties in India, too. When the new Government came into power, the Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton, at once resigned. Lord Lytton's had been a singular viceregal career. Anthony in Egypt or Verres in Sicily appeared to be the model he had chosen to govern his actions by; and if he was scarcely less unpopular than Verres, it must also be admitted that he was scarcely less picturesque than Anthony. Lord Lytton was a poet before he became a politician, and he was

eager it may be for the satrapy of India, because there and there alone perhaps it would be possible for him to realise at least something of the gorgeous Oriental splendour with which he surrounds and delights in surrounding his own Alexius. In India, the haunted land of luxury, might be realised those 'domes of purple, populous with star on star of silver;' those floors 'carpeted with deep, thick-tufted crimsons, soft as summer sleep under the footsteps of delicious dreams;' and those 'dim gardens green and deep,' where minstrels should sing of Cæsar's splendour and Cæsar's state, 'that doth Olympian glories emulate.' In the 'gold-crowned Orient' of India all that was impossible now for the cold 'iron Occident' was possible; the power of a proconsul, pageants that might put to shame all that the mind of Mantegna dreamed for a triumphant Cæsar; durbars which might rival in splendour of colour and jewelled bravery the glories of the courts of Byzantium. If we quietly put on one side for the moment all questions of political morality or expediency, we may admit that the opportunity was a fascinating one for a poet, and that from a merely artistic point of view Lord Lytton was not unworthy of it. Had Catullus been made Prætor of Bithynia instead of Caius Memmius, we can imagine that he would have conducted himself in some such fashion, would have been pleased with the display of splendour about him, have enjoyed the idea of making a war on his own account, and so aggrandising the empire and immortalising his name, would have rejoiced to strike gold medals in honour of some fair and shapely queen of the arena. But if poets were not likely to make good governors of provinces even in the Augustan age, they were still less likely to do so in the age of Victoria. It was a fascinating part to play, and one which other writers of verse and dreamers of old dreams may sympathise with, or even envy. But it was too costly, too unreal, and too much out of date to please the cold politician and the burdened taxpayer. It was, indeed, only possible while Lord Beaconsfield was at the head of affairs. The man who created the brilliant Sidonia might very well pardon the son of his old friend for reproducing Sidonia in the land of the Great Mogul. But when Lord

Beaconsfield fell from power it was clear that the rule of Lord Lytton in India was over too. Mr. Gladstone and his friends would not appreciate a representative who played at Haroun al Raschid in the gardens of the East, and strove to recall some gleams of his golden prime in Calcutta or Bombay or the cool ranges of Simla. So Lord Lytton at once resigned his office, and Lord Ripon was sent out to India as Viceroy in his stead.

Lord Ripon had all the qualities that go to make a successful administrator. He was able, he was eloquent, he had learnt in his own person the necessity for religious as well as political tolerance. Some years before he had gone over to the Catholic faith, and his change of religion aroused the greatest indignation among English politicians. Had he committed some act of shame he could hardly have been more fiercely assailed by the newspapers, and the public opinion of the drawing-rooms and clubs. It was confidently announced as an axiom which needed no discussion, that of course after this Lord Ripon could never hope to play any further part in English politics, could never dream of holding any office in any English Ministry. It was assumed as a matter of course that a statesman and a peer who so changed his religion must of necessity be at once relegated to the obscurity, and something more than the obscurity, of private life. Political society was agreed that Lord Ripon's career was closed, but in the years that elapsed since Lord Ripon's conversion political opinion appeared to have altered; the indignation and alarm had cooled down, and people saw Lord Ripon go out to India as Viceroy without any apprehension that the end of the world was coming, and Judgment Day at hand. Out in India, Lord Ripon needed all the ability he possessed to deal with the situation of affairs. Our inheritance in Afghanistan was perplexing enough.

The Treaty of Gandamak was signed on May 5, 1879. It bound the English Government to pay the Ameer Yakoob Khan 60,000*l.* a year, and to support him against any foreign enemy with money, arms, and men. In return, Yakoob Khan consented to grant the demand which had always been the point of quarrel with Afghanistan, namely, to allow a British

envoy to reside in Cabul. Further, the Ameer ceded what came to be known, in the words of Lord Beaconsfield, as the 'scientific frontier.' Then came the Cabul massacre of Louis Cavagnari and his staff. British troops a second time fought their way to the ill-omened city. The sullen and feeble Yakoob Khan surrendered himself, abdicated, and was sent a prisoner to India. We held Cabul; the question remained what we were to do with it. Mohammed Jan, a scheming sirdar, one of Yakoob's generals, and a man of great influence with the wild Wardak section of the southern Ghilzais, rose up against the British. Many of the fierce tribes rallied to his standard; many a white-clad Ghazi, frenzied to fanaticism by Moollah tales of English insult to religion and to women, devoted himself on the Koran to aid Mohammed Jan to exterminate the hated Kafirs, the thrice accursed British. The English troops had withdrawn at the approach of winter into the Sherpur cantonments. Mohammed Jan, with an army of more than ten thousand men, swept down upon Cabul, occupied the city, set up Musa Khan, the youthful son of Yakoob Khan, as nominal Ameer, and proceeded to besiege Sherpur. Mohammed Jan seems for a time to have really believed that he was in the position of Akhbar Khan in 1841, and had an Elphinstone to deal with who must come to terms. He demanded the immediate release of Yakoob Khan, the surrender of two British officers as hostages until this was done, and the immediate retirement of the British force into India. But the men cooped up in the Sherpur cantonments defied Mohammed Jan's beleaguerment. Reinforcements arrived, and in the end of December Mohammed Jan retired from Cabul, which was once more left open to the British. Another candidate for the Afghan crown then came forward under Russian auspices—Abdurrahman Khan. Abdurrahman Khan was the son of Mohammed Afzul Khan, Dost Mohammed's eldest son. He was born in 1830. Dost Mohammed bequeathed the succession to his favourite son, Shere Ali. Afzul Khan and his son Abdurrahman, with another son of Dost Mohammed, Azim Khan, conspired unsuccessfully against Shere Ali. After fighting and scheming for five years Abdur-

rahman Khan was completely defeated by his nephew Yakoob Khan, and hurriedly retreated into Tashkend in 1869. Since then he had lived with the Russians at Samarcand, striving vainly to induce General Kauffman to aid him to regain his rule, and saving his money for the time, which he believed must come at last, for his return to Cabul. There was yet a third foeman in the field, in the person of Ayoob Khan, the hero of Afghan poets. Ayoob Khan, one of the ablest of Shere Ali's sons, was born in 1851. He took his brother's part in the quarrel between Yakoob Khan and Shere Ali. When Yakoob fell into his father's hands Ayoob fled to Persia, where he remained the honoured guest of the Shah until the fall of Shere Ali inspired him with new hope of empire. He returned to Herat, where he was welcomed as the son of Shere Ali. Here he soon raised an army and bided his time. That time now seemed to him to have come, and he was now leading a large, if somewhat irregular, force from Herat against our garrison at Candahar, where Lord Lytton had recognised Shere Ali Khan—namesake of the son of Dost Mohammed—as independent Wali. The position of England in Afghanistan was not unlike that of the king in the 'Arabian Nights,' who is informed by successive scouts that armies are advancing from every point of the compass towards his capital. In the Arabian story, however, the advancing armies are soon found to be of peaceful purpose; while, in the case of England, the various claimants of the Afghan crown had, or appeared to have, the one common purpose of hostility to Great Britain. It was absolutely necessary to diminish the number of the opponents. Of the various competitors, Abdurrahman seemed to have the best chance of success; and we entered into negotiations with him through Mr. Lepel Griffin, who came to Cabul to consider the situation.

In the meantime the English arms suffered a reverse near Candahar as terrible as any in the chronicle of our connection with Afghanistan. Candahar, the Iskandahar of Alexander the Great, was under the command of General Primrose—a brave and popular officer, some sixty years of age, with considerable experience in dealing with Asiatic peoples. It was

not the sort of place which a small force would willingly undertake to hold against a large force. It stands on a cultivated plain at the foot of the Tarnak Valley, in the midst of fruit orchards, of corn-fields and cocoa groves watered by numerous canals. On three sides of the plain rise high hills; to the east stretches the rocky, almost waterless desert. The town is surrounded for some four miles in circumference by wretched walls of sun-baked mud and chopped straw, not thirty feet in height, flanked here and there with towers, and defended by a ditch ten feet deep and twenty-four feet wide. The citadel, in the centre of the northern face, was in fairly good condition. In 1842, wretched though the place was, General Nott had succeeded in holding it against the Afghans, and General Primrose was now expected to repeat the heroic feat under similar conditions of terrible disproportion between attackers and attacked. Yet, in spite of the terrible weakness of the force in Candahar, it was decided by the authorities in India that some portion of this small force should be despatched from Candahar to meet the advance of Ayoob Khan and give him battle. There are few things in military history more surprising than the blunder which sent General Burrows, at the head of a force of little more than two thousand men, to encounter the whole strength of Ayoob's army.

Ayoob Khan's forces had been under-estimated. Large numbers of the troops of the Wali of Candahar, estimated at four thousand men, deserted to the army of Herat; how far with the guilty cognizance of Shere Ali will probably never be known. Thus General Burrows, instead of acting with his little force as a support to the Wali's army, found himself left to encounter Ayoob alone on the undulating ground between Kushk-i-Nakhud and Maiwand. An engagement took place on July 27. General Burrows led a force of less than 2,500 men of all arms. Of his 1,500 bayonets, only 500 were British, men of the 'Old Berkshire' 66th. The rest were Sepoys of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers and the 30th Bombay Native Infantry, known as 'Jacob's Rifles.' Some 600 sabres were chiefly made up of the well-

horsed Bombay Cavalry and the Scinde horse, whose long light bamboo lance has proved one of the most terrible and deadly of military weapons. There were besides some Royal Horse Artillery, and a company of native sappers. To add to the extremity of the odds against General Burrows' force the Indian companies are said to have been under-officered, an error to which some measure of the disastrous result was attributed. Among the disadvantages of the little force it must be mentioned that General Burrows, though a brave man and most capable official, had never, we believe, been in action before.

The enemy, on the contrary, was exceptionally strong. Swollen in its march from Herat by tribal levies and the deserters from the Wali's ranks, it probably numbered at least 12,000 men. With the British there were only twelve guns, six of which were smooth bores; while the enemy had about three times the number, and used them with terrible effect. After some six hours' engagement it was clear that the British had lost the day. The English troops fought splendidly, but the Sepoys of Jacob's rifles were inexperienced soldiers, some of whom it is said had never fired ball cartridges before. A panic seized the Sepoys, they broke and surged in confused flight upon the 66th. From that moment the chance of success was gone. The Sepoy rifles could not be rallied, the Sepoy sabres were in their turn overmastered by fear. The Grenadiers of the 66th fought bravely in the now bewildering medley, and were cut down by hundreds. A remnant made a desperate rally behind some mud walls for a while, and for a little time managed to check the Ghazis, who surged after their standard-bearers in wave after wave of yelling triumph upon the few, the unhappy few, the band of brothers who were trying to retrieve the fortunes of the day. At last, as the ammunition began to run out, as the numbers thinned, and the panic of the native troops spread, General Burrows gave orders for the retreat to Candahar. The retreat began slowly and in good order, but as the victorious Afghans pressed up the retreat became a rout. There were fifty miles between the fugitives and Candahar. The pursuit of the enemy appears to have only lasted some few miles, after

which they returned to loot General Burrows's camp, but all the villagers and hill men along the Girishk Road turned out upon the track of the flying men with terrible effect. The British and Sepoys fell under the harassing Afghan fire, or were despatched by the Afghan knives. Many dropped to the earth from fatigue and thirst, whom no Afghan steel or bullet reached. All the horrors of the march through the Jugdulluk Pass in 1842 were repeated. Along the road, slippery with blood, a bewildered mass of men and officers, mules and camels, fled and fell before the merciless pursuers. By some mistake, the wrong road for retreat—the 'lower' or main road, absolutely waterless in the summer months—had been taken instead of the 'upper' road ordered by General Burrows. In consequence of this fatal error all along the line of the retreat no water was to be obtained, and the demoralised men refused to follow General Burrows from this main road into the country on either side in search of water. To within a few miles of Candahar the fight and flight went on, every mile of the road being marked with the dead bodies of English and Indian soldiers. When the wretched remnant of the little force reached the banks of the Argandab many of the suffering soldiers drank water for the first time for two days, while General Burrows hastened on to Candahar to tell the tidings of his defeat, and the loss of half his men. General Brooke, who was himself afterwards killed in a sortie, sent out with some cavalry and conducted the unhappy survivors safely into cantonments. There was no further question of attacking Ayoob Khan. The parts were reversed. Candahar was besieged.

The news of the defeat was received in England with dismay and anger. Afghanistan had indeed been an accursed country to England. Like the Oriental monarch who desired never again to hear the sound of the name of the race that had again and again defeated him in battle, the English people might well have prayed never to hear the name of Afghan king or Afghan city again. Not just then, though, not until the hateful memory of Maiwand was effaced by some English victory, as in 1842 the triumph before the broken walls of Jellalabad

did something to obliterate the horror and shame of the Jugdulluk Pass. The situation at Candahar was terrible. General Primrose was shut up there with a small force and the remnant of the men who had fought at Maiwand. Before them were the victorious swarms of Ayoob's followers, flushed with their victory over an English army. Military counsel at Cabul decided on one bold stroke; if that failed, then indeed the position of the British, not only in Afghanistan, but over all the continent of India, was perilous indeed. General Sir Frederick Roberts, with a force of some 10,000 men, British, Ghoorkas, and Sikhs, the utmost that could be spared him, was sent from Cabul to relieve Candahar and revenge Maiwand. He marched at the head of his little band out into the trackless regions between Cabul and Candahar, out into impenetrable darkness and silence, as far as those were concerned who in every Indian and every English community waited in hope and fear for news. For three weeks nothing whatever was heard or known of Sir Frederick Roberts and his 10,000. He disappeared as Sherman disappeared when he plunged into the south on his famous march to the sea. At length it was known that Sir Frederick Roberts had come to still untaken Candahar, had hurled himself against Ayoob Khan and totally defeated him. Everything had depended upon that chance, and it had been won; the English hardly dared to ask themselves, now it was all over, how would it have been if they had lost?

In the meantime, while Roberts was on his way to Candahar, the new Emir had been received as sovereign of Afghanistan. After much consultation with his astrologers, Abdurrahman had learnt the lucky day for his entry. The stars, it seems, had written, too, that Abdurrahman must wear an emerald ring on his finger on the fateful day, and in defiance of Pliny's warning that an emerald must never be engraved, a ring was accordingly prepared, bearing his name and the date from the Hegira graven upon it. Before the auspicious day when Abdurrahman, with the ring, might enter Cabul the last of the British troops had left the Sherpur cantonments, and followed General Stewart on the way to India. The line of

march lay through the passes which had been soaked in blood in 1842. The march was now peaceful enough, the hill tribes were quiet; the oppressive heat was the most serious antagonist the troops had to meet.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOER WAR.

Difficulty and disaster in Afghanistan were balanced by difficulty and disaster in South Africa. Difficulties with the native tribes there had been ever since English colonists had settled at the Cape, but the present difficulty was not with Zulus, but with the Dutch settlers of the Transvaal. During the whole history of the South African colony the relations between the English and the original Dutch settlers had never been cordial, had often been warlike. The Cape had originally been a purely Dutch settlement, founded by the Dutch East India Company in the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1795 it was taken by the British, under Admiral Elphinstone, during the French war, only to be restored again at the Peace of Amiens. In 1806, when England and France were again at war, the importance of the Cape as a military and naval station induced the English to recapture it, after a brave and vain resistance on the part of the Dutch. From that time the colony remained a dependency of the British Crown. The early history of the colony is a record of the struggles of the settlers, both English and Dutch, against the despotic system of government established by Lord Charles Somerset; of Kaffir wars, in which the colonists were often hard put to it to hold their own; and of the struggle for the liberty of the Press, sustained with success by John Fairbairn, and Thomas Pringle, the poet of South Africa, the Ovid of a self-chosen exile. For a time the Dutch and English settlers lived in peace and amity together, but the English efforts to alleviate the condition of, and finally emancipate the slaves, severed the two races. The Dutch settlers held the old Biblical notions about slavery, and they

resented fiercely the law of 1833 emancipating all slaves throughout the colony in 1834. The Boers at once determined to 'trek,' to leave the colony which was under the jurisdiction of the English law, and find in the South African wilderness, where no human law prevailed, food for their flocks, and the pastoral freedom of Jacob and of Abraham. The Boers would live their own lives in their own way. They had nothing in common with the Englishman, and they wished for nothing in common. In the intensity of his religious feeling the Boer presented a close parallel to the unbending Puritans who founded New England. Next to his religion the Boer loved isolation. He wished for personal as well as political independence. He likes, says Mr. Thomas Fortescue Carter, who knows the race well—'he likes to be out of the sight of his neighbour's smoke; to live fifteen or twenty miles from any other man's dwelling is a source of satisfaction rather than dissatisfaction to him.' The patriarchal customs of the Boers, which invariably led their children to settle in the vicinity of their parents, prevented this isolation from being actually companionless. They were a primitive people, farming, hunting, reading the Bible, pious, sturdy, and independent; and the colonial Government was by no means willing to see them leaving the fields and farms that they had colonised, in order to found fresh states outside the boundaries of the newly acquired territory. But the Government was powerless; it tried, and tried in vain, to prevent this emigration. There was no law to prevent it. The Boers themselves might not have unreasonably challenged the law, if it had existed, to bind them. They were Dutchmen, not English; their Dutch Government might cede its broad lands in the Cape to England, but it could not cede the citizenship and the liberties of the dwellers on the lands. They were free to go where they pleased; they were no serfs bound by unalienable ties to the soil they tilled. Even if it had been argued that the lapse of time had practically made them British subjects, there could be no means of hindering British subjects from seeking, when they pleased, their fortunes elsewhere than within the narrow limits of the Crown colony. So,

with their waggons, their horses, their cattle and sheep, their guns, and their few household goods, the hardy Boers struck out into the interior and to the north-east, in true patriarchal fashion, seeking their promised land, and that 'desolate freedom of the wild ass' which was dear to their hearts. They founded a colony at Natal, fought and baptized the new colony in their own blood. The Zulu chief, Dingaan, who sold them the territory, murdered the Boer leader, Peter Retief, and his seventy-nine followers as soon as the deed was signed. This was the beginning of the Boer hatred to the native races. The Boers fought with the Zulus successfully enough, fought with the English who came upon them less successfully. The Imperial Government decided that it would not permit its subjects to establish any independent Governments in any part of South Africa. In 1843, after no slight struggle and bloodshed, the Dutch republic of Natal ceased to be, and Natal became part of the British dominion. Again the Boers, who were unwilling to remain under British rule, 'trekked' northward; again a free Dutch state was founded—the Orange Free State. Once again the English Government persisted in regarding them as British subjects, and as rebels if they refused to admit as much. Once again there was strife and bloodshed, and in 1848 the Orange settlement was placed under British authority, while the leading Boers fled for their lives across the Vaal River, and, obstinately independent, began to found the Transvaal Republic. After six years, however, of British rule in the Orange territory the Imperial Government decided to give it back to the Boers, whose stubborn desire for self-government, and unchanging dislike for foreign rule, made them practically unmanageable as subjects. In April 1854 a convention was entered into with the Boers of the Orange territory, by which the Imperial Government guaranteed the future independence of the Orange Free State. Across the Vaal River the Transvaal Boers grew and flourished after their own fashion, fought the natives, established their republic and their Volksraad. But in 1877 the Transvaal republic had been getting rather the worst of it in some of these struggles, and certain

of the Transvaal Boers seem to have made suggestions to England that she should take the Transvaal republic under her protection. Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent out to investigate the situation. He seems to have entirely misunderstood the condition of things, and to have taken the frightened desires of a few Boers as the honest sentiments of the whole Boer nation. In an evil hour he hoisted the English flag in the Transvaal, and declared the little republic a portion of the territory of the British Crown. As a matter of fact, the majority of the Boers were a fierce, independent people, very jealous of their liberty, and without the least desire to come under the rule, to escape which they had wandered so far from the earliest settlements of their race. But in 1877 the republic was in a very crippled condition from the Secocœni wars and bad administration, and no immediate resistance was made to the annexation. There were even among the leaders of the national movement many Boers who, at the time, accepted without a murmur the rule of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. But the dissatisfaction was none the less deep. The Boers of the Transvaal sent deputation after deputation to England to appeal, and appeal in vain, against the annexation. Lord Carnarvon had set his whole heart upon a scheme of South African confederation; his belief in the ease with which this confederation might be accomplished was carefully fostered by judiciously coloured official reports. Lord Carnarvon believed that his dream was about to become reality, and he was deaf or indifferent to appeals which seemed to interfere with or prove obnoxious to his cherished design. English representatives at the Cape made it clear to the Boers again and again that they must not entertain any hope of being allowed to return to their independence. Sir Bartle Frere, 'as a friend,' advised the Boers 'not to believe one word' of any statements to the effect that the English people would be willing to give up the Transvaal. 'Never believe,' he said, 'that the English people will do anything of the kind.' When the chief civil and military command of the eastern part of South Africa was given to Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir Garnet Wolseley was not less explicit in his statements. He

proclaimed that the 'Transvaal territory shall be, and shall continue to be for ever, an integral portion of her Majesty's dominions in South Africa.' With Napoleonic brusqueness of epigram, he announced, on another occasion, 'So long as the sun shines the Transvaal will remain British territory.' The utterance of such brave maxims as these was part of the Civil Commissioner's official duty, but Sir Garnet Wolseley was compelled to admit, in a despatch to the Colonial Office dated October 29, that there was grave discontent in the Transvaal; that it seemed to be the intention of the Boers to fight for freedom, and that 'the main body of the Dutch population are disaffected to our rule.'

In spite of the announcements of Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Sir Owen Lanyon, the disaffected Boers were not without more or less direct English encouragement. The Boer deputations had found many friends in England, and when they came back to the Transvaal with their disappointment they could at least tell their fellows that if the zeal of confederation had eaten up Lord Carnarvon in England and Sir Bartle Frere at the Cape, there were those in England who sympathised deeply with the Boers in their hunger and thirst for freedom. One of those who thus sympathised was Mr. Gladstone. In his Midlothian speeches he denounced again and again the Conservative policy which had led to the annexation of the Traansval, 'a free European Christian republican community;' and had endeavoured to 'transform republicans into subjects of a monarchy,' against the will of more than three-fourths of the entire people. 'The Transvaal,' Mr. Gladstone declared on November 25, 1879, 'is a country where we have chosen, most unwisely, I am tempted to say insanely, to place ourselves in the strange predicament of the free subjects of a monarchy going to coerce the free subjects of a republic, and to compel them to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse.' 'Is it not wonderful,' he asked again on December 29, 1879, 'to those who are freemen, and whose fathers had been freemen, and who hope that their children will be freemen, and who consider that freedom is an essential condition of civil life, and that without it you can have nothing

great and nothing noble in political society—that we are led by an administration, and led, I admit, by Parliament, to find ourselves in this position, that we are to march upon another body of freemen, and against their will to subject them to despotic government?' While all the winds of the world were carrying Mr. Gladstone's words to every corner of the earth, it is not surprising that the Boers of the Transvaal, a people 'vigorous, obstinate, and tenacious in character even as we are ourselves,' said Mr. Gladstone, should have caught at these encouraging sentences, and been cheered by them, and animated by them to rise against the despotism denounced by a former Prime Minister of England, who seemed even then on the highway to become again Prime Minister. They had talked of freedom before, and seen their leaders imprisoned; they had seen a military administrator, Sir Owen Lanyon, put over them in the place of Sir Theophilus Shepstone; now they meant to act. For some time there seemed to be no reasonable chance of liberty, but in the end of 1880 the Boers saw their opportunity. They had seen the English defeated at Isandlhana; they had seen with how much difficulty the English had at last succeeded in conquering and capturing Cetewayo. Now in the end of 1880 they saw the Cape colonists engaged in an uncertain struggle with a native race. The colonists had ordered the disarmament of the Basuto tribe, and were unsuccessfully endeavouring to carry out their decree upon the rebellious natives. There were few troops in the Transvaal. The Boer hour had come. As in most insurrections, the immediate cause of the rising was slight enough. A Boer named Bezhuidenot was summoned by the landdrost of Potchefstrom to pay a claim made by the Treasury officials at Pretoria. Bezhuidenot resisted the claim, which certainly appears to have been illegal. Curiously enough, Bezhuidenot was the son of a Bezhuidenot who sixty years before was shot for resisting the law in Cape Colony, and was the cause then of a Boer rising. The son was destined to be the herald of a new insurrection. The landdrost attached a waggon of Bezhuidenot's, and announced that it would be sold to meet the claim.

On November 11 the waggon was brought into the open square of Potchefstrom, and the sheriff was about to begin the sale, when a number of armed Boers pulled him off and carried the waggon away in triumph. They were unopposed, as there was no force in the town to resist them. The incident, trifling in itself, of Bezhuidenot's cart was the match which fired the long-prepared train. Sir Owen Lanyon sent some troops to Potchefstrom; a wholly unsuccessful attempt was made to arrest the ringleaders of the Bezhuidenot affair; it was obvious that a collision was close at hand. While the English authorities were delaying, uncertain how to act, the Boers were doing their best to expedite the crisis. On Monday, December 13, 1880, almost exactly a month after the affair of Bezhuidenot's waggon, a mass meeting of Boers at Heidelberg proclaimed the Transvaal once again a republic, established a triumvirate Government, and prepared to defend their republic in arms. The triumvirate, Paul Kruger, P. Joubert, and M. W. Pretorius, were remarkable men. The first who signed his name to the proclamation which re-created the republic was Stephen John Paul Kruger, 'Oom' Paul (Uncle Paul), as his people fondly called him, a black-haired, black-bearded man of some sixty years, of middle height, stooping, and round-shouldered, with defective speech. He was one of the original emigrants from the old colony, and a member of the strict Protestant Dutch body known as 'Doppers.' He had been eminent in many of the Boer and native wars, and seems, like many other historical leaders of men, to be under the superstitious conviction that he is invulnerable, and cannot be hit by any hostile bullet. Next comes Peter Jacob Joubert, a low-set, stout, coarse-looking man, with sharp dark eyes beneath beetle brows, ruddy face, and full beard and whiskers of a blackish brown. He was younger than Kruger, and entirely self-educated. He was brought up like a Covenanter on Bible and Psalm book for all literature, and never so much as saw a newspaper until he was nineteen years of age. Like Kruger, he learned how to fight in Kaffir wars. Martin Wessel Pretorius was an elderly man of great administrative ability, who had studied how to

rule as alternate president of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Between these two states it was the great but unsuccessful idea of his life to bring about a complete political and social union. Besides this triumvirate, two other Boers call for mention—Dr. E. F. Jorrissen, a divine from Holland, deeply learned and fierce of temper and spirit, one of the principal authors and organisers of the insurrection; and W. Edward Bok, the secretary of the new republic, a young man of about thirty, a master of English, studious, thoughtful, and genial, likely to make himself a name.

The news of the insurrections aroused the Cape Government to a sense of the seriousness of the situation. Movements of British troops were at once made to put the insurgents down with all speed. It is still an unsettled point on which side the first shot was fired. There were some shots exchanged at Potchefstrom on December 15, when a large party of armed Boers entered the town in order to get their proclamation printed. In this affair the Boers maintain that the English, the English assert that the Boers, were the first to commence hostilities. In any case, the first blood was drawn, and the first victory gained, by the Boers. As soon as the republic was proclaimed the triumvirate had sent a letter to Sir Owen Lanyon, calling upon him to imitate the action of the Transvaal Government in 1877, and yield up the keys of the Government offices without bloodshed. Previously to this the 94th regiment had marched from Leydenberg to reinforce Pretoria on December 5, and had reached Middleburgh about a week later. On the way came rumours of the Boer rising, and many of the residents of Middleburgh were unwilling to allow the regiment to leave. Colonel Anstruther did not regard the rumours very serious, and set out with his regiment for Pretoria. It was not for some days later, until the regiment was camped by the Oliphants River, that the reports received any serious belief in the minds of its officers. Colonel Anstruther seems to have felt convinced that the force he had with him was quite strong enough to render a good account of any rebels who might attempt to intercept its march. The whole strength of his

force, however, officers included, did not amount to quite 250 men. The troops crossed the Oliphants River, left it two days' march behind them, and on the morning of the 20th were marching quietly along with their long line of waggons and their band playing 'God save the Queen' under the bright glare of the sun. Suddenly, on the rising ground near the Bronkhorst Spruit a body of armed Boers appeared. A man galloped out from among them—Paul de Beer—with a flag of truce. Colonel Anstruther rode out to meet him, and received a sealed despatch warning the colonel that the British advance would be considered as a declaration of war. Colonel Anstruther replied simply that he was ordered to go to Pretoria, and that he should do so. Each man galloped back to his own force, and firing began. In ten minutes the fight, if fight it can be called, was over. The Boers were unrivalled sharpshooters, had marked out every officer; every shot was aimed, and every shot told. The Boers were well covered by trees on rising ground; the English were beneath them, had no cover at all, and were completely at their mercy. In ten minutes all the officers had fallen, some forty men were killed, and nearly double the number wounded. Colonel Anstruther, who was himself badly wounded, saw that he must either surrender or have all his men shot down, and he surrendered. The wounded and the survivors were taken prisoners. While the fight was going on, and defeat was inevitable, conductor Egerton, a brave and gallant gentleman, hid the regimental colours under his coat, and so concealed them from the eager eyes of the victorious Boers. Egerton got permission to go to Pretoria for medical assistance, but he was refused a horse, and allowed to carry no weapon. There were forty miles between him and Pretoria. For eleven hours he marched along, keeping often out of the main road for fear of being surprised by parties of Boers with the precious colours around his body. All that day and part of the night, for eleven weary hours Egerton marched, and in the early morning, with feet blistered and bleeding from his tramp, he staggered into Pretoria with the news of the defeat, but with the colours safe about him. The rescued

colours were given to Colonel Gildea of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who with graceful courtesy wound them inside those of his own regiment.

Sir Bartle Frere called this affair a 'treacherous surprise' and 'a massacre,' but such terms were hardly fair. The accounts of the affair given by Colonel Anstruther and conductor Egerton on the one side, and by Paul de Beer on the other, show that fair warning was given of the Boers' determination to regard the British advance as an act of war. The Boers' victory was due to their superior numbers and better position, but above all to their excellence in shooting, which enabled them like Swiss marksmen to make every shot tell. Colonel Anstruther, who afterwards died of his wounds, bore high tribute in his despatch to the kindness and humanity of the Boers when once the fight was done.

A few days after the defeat of the 94th the fiercest indignation was aroused among the English by the news that one of the prisoners in the hands of the Boers, Captain Elliott, the paymaster of the defeated regiment, had been murdered while crossing from the Transvaal into the Orange Free State. Captain Elliott, with Captain Lambart of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, who had been captured by the Boers a couple of days before the engagement at Bronkhorst Spruit, had been liberated on giving their words of honour that they would leave the Transvaal at once, and not bear arms against the Dutch again during the war. They were conducted to the Orange River, and while trying to cross it at night their escort fired upon them, instantly killing Captain Elliott. Lambart swam for his life, climbed the opposite bank, and ran, the escort firing at him whenever the lightning showed his retreating figure. He managed to escape unhurt, however, to tell his tale. Sir George Colley, the Military Commissioner, at once wrote to the Republican Government, who immediately disclaimed all knowledge of the murder, but promised to do their utmost to bring the offenders to justice. At the same time the Boer triumvirate protested bitterly against the British shelling of Potchefstrom, the order of Colonel Bellairs to fire on all armed

parties approaching his position, whether under a flag of truce or no, the actually firing on a burgher, C. Bodenstein, outside Potchefstrom, while under a flag of truce, and of the language habitually used by the British leaders towards the rebellion and concerning the fight at the Bronkhorst Spruit.

Sir George Colley struggled bravely for a while to make head against the Boers. At Lang's Nek and Ingogo he did his best, and the men under him fought gallantly, but the superior positions and marksmanship of the Boers gave them the advantage in both fights. Under their murderous fire the officers and men fell helplessly. Officer after officer of a regiment would be shot down by the unerring aim of the Boers while trying to rally his men, while the British fire did comparatively slight damage, and the troops seldom came to sufficiently close quarters to use the bayonet. But the most fatal battle of the campaign was yet to come. Sir Evelyn Wood had arrived at the Cape with reinforcements, had met Sir George Colley, and had gone to Pietermaritzburg to await the coming of further reinforcements. On Saturday night, February 26, Sir George Colley with a small force moved out of the camp at Mount Prospect, and occupied the Majuba Hill, which overlooked the Boer camps on the flat beyond Lang's Nek. Early next morning the Boers attacked the hill; there was some desultory firing for a while, under cover of which three Boer storming parties ascended the hill almost unseen. The British were outflanked and surrounded, a deadly fire was poured in upon them from all sides. The slaughter was excessive. As usual the officers were soon shot down. Sir George Colley, who was directing the movements as coolly as if at review, was killed just as he was giving orders to cease firing. The British broke and fled, fired upon as they fled by the sharpshooters. Some escaped; a large number were taken prisoners. So disastrous a defeat had seldom fallen upon British arms. The recent memory of Maiwand was quite obliterated. That was the last episode of the war. General Wood agreed to a temporary armistice. There had been negotiations going on between the Boers and the British before the

Majuba Hill defeat, which need never have occurred if there had not been a delay in a reply of Kruger's to a letter of Sir George Colley's. The negotiations were now resumed, and concluded in the establishment of peace, on what may be called a Boer basis. The republic of the Transvaal was to be re-established, with a British protectorate and a British Resident indeed, but practically granting the Boers the self-government for which they took up arms. There was some clamour in England at the terms made with the Boers. The curtain ought not, so some argued, to have been allowed to come down upon a British defeat. Many even who were willing enough to grant the Boers their liberty were still of opinion that the disaster of Majuba Hill should have been effaced by some signal victory over the Boers; that we ought not to treat with them at all until they had been severely punished for their successive victories. On the other hand, the Boers were fighting for the freedom which a very large proportion of Englishmen thought they deserved; they may now be admitted to have fought fairly and well. It was known that the British Government intended to grant their demand; why then should the concession have been preceded by an act of savage retaliation? The misfortune was that the Government had not seen their way to come to terms with the Transvaal Boers before Bronkhorst Spruit, Lang's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill fights. It was a pity that Mr. Gladstone had declared shortly after the rising that the demands of the Boers could not possibly be granted while they were in arms against the authority of the Queen. The Liberal policy had all along been opposed to the annexation of the Transvaal. It would have been truer to itself, and have saved the lives of many brave men, if it had acted on its principles at once when it had the power, and not have waited until victory after victory of the Boers gave some colour to the suggestion that the liberty of the Transvaal had been wrung from England by force of arms; that the Liberal Government had granted to military success what it would not grant to justice. Of course, no one doubts that in the end the English would have been victorious. A soldier

like Sir Evelyn Wood, with the forces that England would have been able to send out, could, of course, have inflicted crushing defeats upon the Boers. But it would have necessitated the presence of a large standing army to keep the Boers in subjection, and their independence would have to be granted sooner or later. Better sooner, then, without any further loss of brave lives, any further waste of blood.

The history of each of the towns besieged by the Boers would be in itself a little Iliad of gallant defence. In every case the beleaguered garrison behaved with a courage that recalled and rivalled the records of Jellalabad and Cawnpore. Outside Pretoria a military camp was formed, and the town abandoned by its inhabitants, who came within the British lines. This camp, under the command of Colonel Bellairs, held its own from December until March and the proclamation of peace. The hardships of the siege appear to have been considerably lightened by the genial presence of Mr. Charles Du-Val, a wandering showman, who happened to be touring in the Transvaal when the war broke out, and who threw in his lot with those who held the camp at Pretoria. He promptly set up a newspaper, 'The News of the Camp,' a journal occupying as curious and as interesting a place in periodical literature as 'The Candahar News,' with which some of the companions of General Primrose amused their imprisonment. The Potchefstrom garrison were less fortunate though no less heroic than the Pretorians. When the Boers came riding in to the market square to get their proclamation printed, Major Clarke and a few men occupied the court-house; some others occupied the gaol; the fort outside the town was held by Colonel Winsloe. The Boers occupied the buildings in the market square, and a running fire was maintained for three days between them and the holders of the gaol and court-house. Then when the Boers were about to fire the court-house Major Clarke surrendered, and he and his men were made prisoners. The occupants of the gaol managed, under cover of a wet night, to make their escape to the fort, inside which many of the townspeople had taken refuge. There were English women and children in the fort. A few of the women

were at first allowed by the Boer commandant Cronje to return to the town; then, in spite of the repeated requests of Colonel Winslow, he refused to allow any more to come out. One of the Englishwomen died in the fort from the sufferings of the siege; one of the English girls was killed, another wounded by the Boer fire. For three months the besieged held out under terrible privations from want of water. Then they surrendered with all the honours of war. This surrender was afterwards very properly reversed by the Boer Government, as it had been made after the conclusion of the amnesty, all knowledge of which had been carefully kept from Colonel Winslow by Cronje. Cronje alleged that the British destroyed their ammunition and spiked their cannon before surrendering, contrary to the Geneva rules; and, on the other hand, Winslow complained of the Dutch use of explosive bullets. Of the other forts, Standerton on the north bank of the Vaal River held out till the armistice, under Major Montague; so did Leydenberg, under Lieutenant Long; so did Marabastadt, under Captain Brooke; so did Rustenberg, under Captain Auchinleck and Lieutenant Despard, and Wakkerstrom, under Captain Saunders. Utrecht and Middleburg had been seized by the Boers without resistance on the beginning of hostilities. It would have been quite impossible to defend them. After peace was made a convention was concluded at Pretoria which was not considered satisfactory by the people of either country. We may as well here somewhat forestall events in order to bring this portion of our story to a conclusion. For some years incessant negotiations were carried on between the Home Government and the new rulers of the Transvaal. It was not until many ideas had been exchanged, and Boer delegates had crossed the seas to interview Lord Derby at the Colonial Office, that anything like a solution of the difficulty was arrived at. At last, on Ash Wednesday, February 27, 1884, the anniversary of the battle of Majuba Hill, a new Transvaal convention was signed at the Colonial Office by Sir Hercules Robinson as representing the Queen, and by the delegates of what was henceforward to be called the South African Republic. By the convention the

South African Republic obtained what was practically, though not absolutely, complete independence. All the rights which the Boers exercised over the Transvaal previous to the visitation of Sir Theophilus Shepstone were conceded, under certain conditions. These conditions prohibited the introduction of slavery into the country, prescribed complete religious liberty, and stipulated that the native races should be allowed the right to buy land and to have access to the courts. The Transvaal debt was reduced from 385,000*l.* to 250,000*l.*, and a sinking fund was established to provide for its extinction altogether in a quarter of a century. Furthermore the British Government reserved to itself a right of veto over any treaties that the South African Republic might conclude with any foreign Power. The Home Government was especially anxious to secure the rights and well-being of the border tribes of native race. The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, a strong sympathiser with the native races, although not a very popular person with the aggressively anti-black Africanders, was appointed British Resident in Bechuanaland. The resuscitated republic was further required to pledge itself not to make any treaties with native races to east or west of its territories without the sanction of the British Government.

To these terms the Boers not unnaturally agreed. The independence for which they had fought so well and so successfully was practically conceded to them, for the Crown's nominal right to veto was but a slight check, possibly never to be used against the now formally recognised 'republic.' On the other hand, the restraint put upon their encroachments into the lands of the native races was undoubtedly irksome to the Boers. But upon that point the Government was firm. It was willing to give up the suzerainty for which it had waged so unfortunate a war; it was willing to abandon its 'British Resident' in the Transvaal; but it would not abandon the native tribes of Goshen and Stellaland, Zulu and Swaziland, to the mercy of the freebooters of the 'Afrikaner Traditie.' On these terms, then, and for the time being at least, the Boers and the British were friends again.

The new Ministry was not able to do very much in the way of domestic legislation. Other questions occupied the greater part of the broken session which the Liberals had left to them of the year. Still they accomplished something. The first business of importance was the Supplementary Budget, introduced by Mr. Gladstone on Thursday, June 10, 1880. The revenue had been fixed at 82,260,000*l.*, and the expenditure at 82,076,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 184,000*l.*, which had, however, been swallowed up by 200,000*l.* of supplementary estimates. He was then unable to make any definite proposal with regard to the claim in connection with the Indian deficiency. The Government proposals were to reduce the duties on light foreign wines; to exchange a beer tax for the existing malt tax; to meet any loss occasioned by these measures by an increase of one penny to the income tax; with a plan for increasing and adjusting the licence duties for the sale of alcoholic liquors. The general result of the Budget was that 1,100,000*l.* of revenue was sacrificed by the abolition of the malt tax, and 233,000*l.* by the reduction of the wine duties, which, with the 200,000*l.* supplementary made an expenditure of 1,533,000*l.* On the other side, the addition to the income tax was reckoned at 1,425,000*l.*, and the increased licence duties at 305,000*l.*, which, with the surplus of 184,000*l.* provided by Sir Stafford Northcote, made an addition to the revenue of 1,914,000*l.*, leaving a final surplus of 381,000*l.* The Budget was, on the whole, satisfactory to the followers of the Government, and was accepted with but slight modification. Some of the Irish and Scotch members had objections to raise to the unequal taxation of alcohol in whisky. The wine duty clauses, being dependent upon the successful negotiation of a new commercial treaty with France, were withdrawn. Of course the additional penny on the income tax caused considerable grumbling. The absence of any statement with regard to the Indian deficiency was felt to be somewhat unsatisfactory by many who, like Sir George Campbell, were curious to know where the money was to come from.

The Indian Budget was not formally inquired into until August 17, but it was known to Parliament long before that it

was to prove alarmingly disappointing. The cost of the war in Afghanistan down to the end of the financial year 1879–80 was shown to have been under-estimated by the Government of India, and by its Finance Minister, Sir John Strachey, by several millions sterling. The estimated six millions had now swelled into something like fifteen millions, which, if the frontier railway charge were to be included, would be still further swelled to some eighteen millions. Lord Hartington declined to make any definite statement as to how he proposed to meet this great deficiency so long as the exact amount of deficit remained unascertained, but he pledged the Government to make some contribution towards meeting the war expenses from the Imperial Treasury, without, however, making any specific statement as to what form the contribution would take. Indian finances apart from the war charges were not unpleasing. In the three years from 1878 to 1880 there was an aggregate surplus of over eleven millions. This surplus, however, as well as a projected famine fund, were, of course, devoured by the increased war estimates. A curious example of the loose management of Indian finance was shown by the fact that some five millions and a half of the excess over the estimate had already been paid by the Indian Government before it was known that it was due. The deficit that remained was to be met, at least temporarily, by the means of loans.

A Burial Bill was brought forward in the Upper House by the Lord Chancellor, to permit the celebration of Nonconformist services in churchyards. This had long been a strong point with Dissenters, and it had formed the basis of Mr. Osborne Morgan's measure which had been rejected in the former Ministry. Some attempts were made in the Lords to narrow the scope of the Government measure by ingenious amendments limiting the working of the Bill to places where no separate provision was made for burying Dissenters; but these amendments were smoothed away when the Bill passed into the Lower House, and the Lords made no attempts to put them back again.

Mr. Dodson introduced a Vaccination Bill for the remission of cumulative penalties; but it met with so much opposition,

both inside the House and out of doors, that Lord Hartington had to announce, at the beginning of the second week of August, that the Government had made up their minds to abandon the measure. There still remained the Ground Game Bill, which was the chief piece of legislative work accomplished during the session. This was Sir William Harcourt's measure, and it was destined to cause a great many debates indeed before it finally became law. The Bill proposed to give farmers a right to kill ground game concurrent with that of the landlords, and inalienable by contract. The measure had the support of the farming classes generally, but the landlord party were, as a whole, opposed to it on the grounds of its interference with territorial privilege, with rights of property, with freedom of contract, and the like. The second reading was moved for on June 10, but it was not obtained for many weeks later; and when the Bill was finally carried to the Lords, it was not suffered to pass without remonstrance and ineffectual opposition. Two amendments were added—one limiting the rights of shooting to the tenant or to one other person to be named by him; and another amendment proposed to establish a close time from March to August, during which no shooting was to be allowed. When the Bill came back to the Commons this close time was rejected, and the right of shooting was extended to the tenant and one other person authorised by him. In these final changes the Lords quietly agreed.

The Employers' Liability Bill, introduced by Mr. Dodson, was more fortunate than his vaccination measure. It proposed to alter the legalised relations existing between master and workman, by which at that time an employer was practically free from all responsibility towards his workpeople in case of accident, unless it was proved that his own personal negligence was the cause of the injury. The Bill proposed to amend the condition of the law by making the master responsible in cases where his immediate delegate, or any person implied to be such, was the cause of the accident, though this did not go far enough to please the advocates of the working men. When the Bill went to the Lords in August, Lord Beaconsfield introduced an

amendment limiting its duration to two years, but this limitation was extended in the Commons again to seven years, and the extension was not opposed by the House of Lords.

Other measures passed during the session were Mr. Fawcett's Bill for the extension of the Postal Savings Bank system, and the introduction of Postal Notes. Mr. Fawcett, since his appointment to the Postmaster-Generalship, had been studying his new office very carefully, and distinguished himself by the rapidity with which he was able to introduce two new and valuable measures of reform. The Bill for extending the system of Post Office Savings Banks proposed to allow single depositors to deposit sums to the amount of 300*l.* instead of the existing limitation of 200*l.*, and to increase the total sum that might be deposited by any one person in a single year from 30*l.* to 100*l.* The Bill further proposed to give depositors certain facilities for the conversion of a portion of their savings into Government Stock under certain limitations. It contained certain other changes as well. When the Post Office Savings Banks were established in 1861, the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt were bound to allow the trustees of the old previously established private savings banks interest to the amount of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the money that they had transferred to the new banks. This was what might be called a fancy interest, much higher than the Government could properly afford to give; they only gave their own depositors $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and there had been a financial deficiency slowly growing up in consequence. This it was now proposed to meet by reducing the interest of the trustees to 3 per cent. This slight reduction was regarded by the trustees and their supporters with much disfavour, while on the other hand it was considered not nearly large enough by the advocates of the younger system of banking. The Post Office Money Orders Bill proposed to increase the facilities for the interchange of small sums which the Post Office Order system had established, by issuing notes for various small sums, ranging from one shilling to one pound, at prices ranging from a halfpenny to twopence per note, and which were changeable at

sight like an ordinary cheque. It really did in fact, in some measure, establish a paper currency of small denominations. Both these measures became law and have since worked exceedingly satisfactorily.

Census Bills for taking the census of the three kingdoms in 1881 were also carried. In the Irish measure the inquiry into religion was made optional, while in the English and Scotch Bills it was as usual excluded. A Grain Cargoes Bill was also passed, and the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, including the renewal of the Ballot Act.

Two extraneous debates are worth noticing in this session. One was on a motion brought forward by Mr. Briggs, condemning the erection of a tablet to the memory of the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey Public opinion was much stirred by this question, and all the anti-Bonaparte feeling in the country was aroused. Mr. Swinburne wrote a brilliant and bitter sonnet, in which he bade 'scorn everlasting and eternal shame' to 'eat out the rotting record' of Dean Stanley's name for proposing to erect a monument in England's abbey to the heir of the Napoleons. Mr. Briggs carried his motion, and the tablet was not erected. The other debate was raised by Mr O'Donnell on the nomination of M. Challemel Lacour as ambassador of France to England. Mr. O'Donnell attacked M. Challemel Lacour for his acts during the Commune. Mr. Gladstone moved that Mr O'Donnell be no longer heard, and this revival of a custom that had fallen out of use for some couple of centuries provoked a long and wrangling debate.

In the end of July Mr. Gladstone was seized with a slight fever. For a few days there was great anxiety as to his health, and there were incessant inquiries at the house in Downing Street, Lord Beaconsfield's name being conspicuous amongst the callers. Then it was announced that Mr. Gladstone had recovered, but his medical advisers would not allow him to return to political life for a time. Mr. Gladstone went for a cruise in the 'Grantully Castle,' one of Sir Donald Currie's vessels, and did not return to Parliament until September 4, three days before the session ended. During his absence the

position of leader of the House of Commons was naturally taken by Lord Hartington, who managed the duty as he had managed it before during Mr. Gladstone's polemical retirement, with the sturdy determination characteristic of him, and which, if not representative of the highest order of statesmanship, is certainly not undeserving in its way of admiration.

Two days before the year came to an end, on Wednesday, December 29, 1880, one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century passed away. The impression that 'George Eliot' had made upon her age was profound and lasting; to a really large number of thoughtful people, men and women, her novels supplied not merely a philosophy, but a religion. The tendency of her admirers to regard George Eliot thus as a teacher and prophetess rather than as an artist and romancist, is perhaps to be regretted because of the impression it produced upon her later work. The devotees of the George Eliot cult were inspired by an almost Bacchic frenzy of enthusiasm, ready at all times to turn and rend, as Agave and her companions rent Pentheus in the weird Cadmeian forest, any adventurer bold enough to find any fault with the idol. All this was bad for the idol, and its evil effects are painfully visible in her later works. George Eliot was a great novelist as Thackeray and Dickens and Jane Austen were great novelists. Her Tullivers and Poysers and Bedes and Marners, even her fifteenth-century Florentines, these are precious possessions in the illimitable world of fiction, rare and welcome presences in the cloud country of romance. She was essentially a great novelist, a wonderful delineator of certain kinds of characters, an excellent teller of a certain kind of story, a deep thinker in certain veins of thought. The mistake of her admirers—of the admirers, that is, who did not know what to admire her for—was to attempt to make her a scientific Moses the lawgiver, a feminine London Socrates. As well attempt to reason out a system of domestic ethics from the early verses of Mr. Swinburne, or to discover the hidden principles of political government in the romances of Charlotte Brontë. To George Eliot the story-teller, the inimitable painter of character, let us be grateful with all our

hearts, as in the one case we are to the compilers of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' whose names have perished, or in the other to the author of the 'Comédie humaine.' But to George Eliot the Positivist, the scientific thinker, the expounder of life-laws and life-theories, we might have been grateful had she written scientific treatises or volumes on ethics, instead of allowing these faculties to spoil her later stories. Let us, indeed, be thankful that in her list there are not many novels like 'Daniel Deronda,' even while we regret that we have not more like 'Silas Marner,' 'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' and 'Romola.'

Many striking names, if no other very great name, disappear from the list of the living in 1880. Two belong to politicians of widely different types. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was a very old man, ninety-two, when he died. The school of diplomacy to which he belonged had practically passed away long before him; at least, all the conditions of diplomacy in the fields which were peculiarly his own had altered almost beyond recognition. During his long career Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was able to render many valuable services to his country, and none more valuable than that which he gave when he saw through the Russian schemes in the Vienna note of 1853. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had the curious fortune to win the profound admiration of one clever literary man, and the profound dislike of another. To Mr. Kinglake Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was scarcely less than inspired, and the historian of the Crimean war writes of the 'great Eltchi' as some enthusiast might write of one of the Hebrew prophets. Mr. Grenville Murray, the once renowned 'Roving Englishman,' saw no such merits in the Constantinople ambassador; he presented portraits of him in his writings which resulted in something like a public scandal, and in the withdrawal of Mr. Grenville Murray from the diplomatic post he held at that time.

Lord Hampton was a statesman of a very different kind. He was known as Sir John Pakington during that part of his political career which had any importance, though his importance was never very great, and was generally unfortunate for

his party. He was chiefly remarkable for a genial alacrity in accepting any office that might come in his way, without any self-searchings as to his own peculiar capacity or incapacity for the post. On only one occasion was he ever very conspicuously brought before the eyes of his countrymen, and that was in 1867, when his marvellous incapacity for keeping a secret told the story of the Ten Minutes Bill, and revealed the whole of the hidden history of the struggles of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues with the Reform question.

Among the other eminent men who died during the year perhaps Sir Alexander Cockburn was the most remarkable. From the day of the fierce debate over Don Pacifico and Lord Palmerston's policy of Roman citizenship in 1850, the career of Mr. Cockburn was a series of successes. The speech he delivered in that debate was the brilliant preface to a brilliant career. In a career that was henceforward all of brightness, one or two episodes shine out with special distinctness. One was when he delivered his charge to the Grand Jury in the historic Jamaica trials. Carlyle, with his characteristic hatred of 'niggers,' might write from Chelsea to tell Alexander Cockburn that, far before and above the British law, there was a martial law which privileged the white man to flog the dark man and the dark woman, but the world will remember in Sir Alexander Cockburn's charge one of the finest and most eloquent defences of civil law against outrage and violence that was ever delivered from the judicial bench.

By the death of Mr. Tom Taylor, dramatic literature lost a copious and creditable writer, and *Punch* a conscientious editor. Literature of a certain kind lost J. R. Planché, Pierce Egan the younger, and W. H. G. Kingston, the boys' novelist. Natural science suffered by the death of Mr. Frank Buckland, who had earned honourable distinction as a naturalist, and rendered good service to his country in his work as Commissioner of Fisheries.

A career which had at one time seemed promising came to a poor conclusion in this year. Dr. Kenealy, who had got into the old Parliament as an advocate of the case of the 'Claimant,'

and as the representative of the Magna Charta Association, had stood again for Stoke at the General Election and been defeated. He did not long survive his defeat. He was a man of considerable natural abilities, who had at one period promised to do well and to go far. In his youth he had been an almost brilliant speaker; he had a fair acquaintance with a variety of languages, and could turn off clever translations and imitations that were not much inferior to those of his witty countryman, Father Prout. He had written verse which had nothing very remarkable in it, and had prefaced one of his efforts with a dedication to Mr. Disraeli, which might well have been called fulsome, and which was recalled to Dr. Kenealy's disadvantage in after years when he had made himself conspicuous by the offensive virulence of his attacks upon his former hero. In the House of Commons he was a complete failure. The showy oratory of his youth had quite deserted him; he was heavy, dull, and uninteresting. He had entered the House of Commons with great announcements of what he was going to do, and he did nothing He subsided, and was almost forgotten before the General Election brought about his defeat, and was followed by his death. His disposition was an unhappy one, which had always led him into quarrels and dissensions, and had animated him apparently only with an intense desire for notoriety of any kind, and at almost any price. In his private and his public life he contrived for a time to make himself conspicuous. He may be regretted for his wasted life, and for the abilities which, had they been better employed, might have earned him honourable and deserved distinction.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Early in its career the Ministry had a more serious difficulty to encounter than the question of a member's right to affirm. The new Ministry might without great exaggeration be said to

have scarcely been in office many hours before they were confronted by the Irish question, and under conditions which rendered it especially difficult to deal with.

In order to properly understand the exact position of affairs in Ireland at the moment when Mr. Gladstone took office in 1880, it is necessary to consider some of the events that took place under the preceding Ministry, and even earlier. When Mr. Gladstone went out of office in 1874, he had passed two great Irish measures, and had tripped himself and his administration up over a third. The measure which overthrew him was the Irish University Education Bill; the measures which he carried disestablished the Irish Church, and created the Land Act of 1870. With the land question before the passing of that Act we have here nothing to do. The Act had recognised that there was need of reform in the Irish land system, and it strove to effect that reform. The Land Act of 1870 endeavoured, first, to give the tenant some security of tenure; second, to encourage the making of improvements throughout the country; and third, to promote the establishment of a peasant proprietorship. It sought to further the first and second of these aims by legalising the Ulster tenant right on farms where it already existed, and by allowing compensation for disturbance and for improvements to evicted tenants on farms where the Ulster tenant-right system did not prevail. Up to this time the Ulster tenant-right custom was not recognised by law, and as it differed widely in different estates, it was not very easy to define strictly. Roughly speaking, however, it maintained, for those who were bound to it by time and tradition, first, that the tenant was not to be evicted so long as he paid his rent and acted properly, his landlord having indeed the right of raising the rent from time to time, though not so high as to destroy the tenant's interest; second, that the tenant who wished to leave his holding had a right to sell his interest in the farm, subject to the landlord's consent to receive the new purchaser as a tenant; third, that if the landlord wanted to take the land himself, he must pay a fair sum for the tenant right. It may be fairly said that wherever the Ulster tenant-

right custom existed the relationship between landlord and tenant were reasonably good. On estates where the custom of anything like it did not prevail, the tenant had practically no rights as against the landlord. The majority of Irish tenancies were tenancies from year to year. These might at any time be ended by the landlord after due notice. A comparatively small proportion of tenancies were let on leases which gave the tenant security of possession for a considerable period, so long as he could pay the yearly rent, or the landlord did not press too heavily for arrears. In neither case had the tenant any right to claim on eviction compensation for disturbance, or for any improvements he might have made in the land; and in Ireland, except on a few 'English-managed' estates, the improvements are always made by the tenants. In the yearly tenancies the landlord had always the power of raising the rent when he pleased; in estates held on lease he could raise it at the expiration of the lease, and, as a rule, the landlord or his agent always did so raise the rent whenever the exertions of the tenant had made the land of more value than when he had entered it. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for the wretched condition of so many Irish farms and cabins was that the tenant feared, and often justly feared, that the smallest sign of well-being, the least evidence of improvement of any kind, would be taken by the landlord or his agent as a sure sign that he might safely raise the rent. Raising the rent was the one great dread of the tenant. So great was the poverty of the average tenant, that in many cases it was almost impossible to pay any rent at all, and the prospect of having the existing rent raised was terror. The Irish peasant is as a rule profoundly unwilling to emigrate. He loves his land with a passion which defies starvation, and he will make any sacrifices and run any risks to remain at home. Of those who do emigrate, the majority always dream of returning, and many do return, to their native land. The land is the love, but it is also the life of the Irish peasant. If he remains in Ireland, he has nothing else to live upon, and he is ready to take the land on any terms the landlord chooses to make, trusting to Providence to see him safely through with his

rent at the due time, or hoping that the landlord may be found easy-going and unexacting. Furthermore, the Irish peasant is in his heart convinced that the land is really his; that the landlord to whom he pays his rent and the agent to whom he touches his hat are alike, whatever their nationality, the representatives of an alien rule, of a coercion which is no conquest.

Evictions were the great misery of the peasantry. Evictions were often for non-payment of rent, often because the landlord wished to clear the ground, and was anxious to get rid of his tenants whether they paid their rent or no. In the years from 1849 to 1882 inclusive, the evictions have been on an average of more than three thousand families a year. The highest rates of eviction were in 1849 and 1850, the two years immediately following the rising of 1848, when the rates were 16,686 and 19,949 families in each year. The rate was at its lowest in 1869, when the number of evicted families was only 374. From 1865 to 1878 inclusive, the number of evictions never got into the thousands; in 1879 they were over 1,000; in 1880, over 2,000; in 1881 and 1882, over 3,000. The Land Act of 1870 did not lessen evictions, as great numbers of the tenantry in all parts of the country were in heavy arrears of rent. In many estates it was practically compulsory for the rent to be in arrears by a process known as the hanging gale, by which the tenant had always a year's or half a year's rent due and hanging over him, thus giving him completely into the landlord's power as regarded eviction.

One of the objects of the Land Act of 1870 was to create a peasant proprietary, through the clauses known by the name of Mr. Bright. Something of the kind had already existed on a very small scale. When the Irish Church was disestablished, the Church Temporalities Commissioners were given the power to aid occupying tenants of Church lands in purchasing their holdings when it was wished. These tenants were allowed, on payment of one-fourth of the purchase-money, to leave three-fourths of the purchase-money on mortgage at four per cent., the principal and interest to be repaid in half-yearly payments, extending over a period of thirty-two years.

Nearly three-fourths of the tenants occupying Church lands did in fact thus purchase their holdings. It was with the intention of increasing such facilities for the purchase of holdings that the Bright clauses were introduced. A landlord and a tenant might come to an agreement under the Act by which the tenant could purchase his holding, and receive a Landed Estates Court conveyance. The very fact, however, that a Landed Estates Court conveyance is absolutely binding in its character, and gives its possessor an absolute title to the land acquired, to the disregard of any subsequent claims that might be made after the sale was effected, made the process a costly one. To prevent any mistake in the transfer of the land, or injury to any third parties, careful investigations had to be made, and elaborate requirements gone through, all of which made the process of transfer costly and troublesome. The expenses were often from ten to thirty per cent. of the price of the farm; in some extreme cases the cost of the transference was very considerably greater than the actual price of the purchased land. Moreover, the tithe-rent charges, quit-rents, and drainage charges, to which most Irish estates are subject, remained with the land instead of being transferred to the money in court, and were a fruitful source of trouble to the new purchasers.

All these various conditions combined to make the working of the Bright clauses far more limited and unsatisfactory than had been intended by their framers. Thus the Act failed practically to establish a system of peasant proprietorship on anything like an extended scale, or indeed on any scale large enough to judge of its working by. It did not give the ordinary tenant any great degree of security of tenure. It allowed him, indeed, the privilege of going to law with his landlord, but as in most cases the tenant had little or no money, while the landlord could fight but the case from court to court, appeal to the law was a privilege of no great value to the tenant. The chief thing actually accomplished by the Act was the legalising of the excellent Ulster custom.

The passing of the Land Act, instead of settling the Land question in Ireland, was destined to give it a fresh impetus.

The year that saw it passed saw also the formation of an Irish organisation which was to be the cause of bringing every phase of the Irish question more prominently before the notice of England than at any time since O'Connell, if not, indeed, since the Union. On May 19, 1870, two months and a few days before the Land Act became law, a meeting was held in Dublin of representative Irishmen of all opinions, and of all political and religious creeds. The object of the meeting was to form an organisation to advocate the claims of Ireland to some form of Home Government. The words 'Home Rule' were used by some one, and they became at once the shibboleth of the new party.

At the General Election of 1874 some sixty Irish members were returned pledged to Home Rule principles, and to maintain a separate and distinct party in the House of Commons, under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt, an eminent Protestant lawyer, who, in his youth, had been strongly opposed to the O'Connell movement. It is not necessary here to enter into any explanation of the Home Rule demand. It is enough to say that a Home Rule motion was annually brought forward by Mr. Butt in the House of Commons, and annually outvoted. The more active among the Home Rulers became dissatisfied with Mr. Butt's leadership, and began to cast about for a new leader. They found him in a young man who had been an unnoticed member of the House for a year or two, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Parnell was a Protestant, of English descent—he was of the family of the poet Parnell, and of Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards Lord Congleton, the reform ally of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne—a Cambridge man, of apparently Conservative tendencies. In 1871, after some years of travel, in America among other places, he settled down on his estate at Avondale in Wicklow, within whose boundaries is to be found Moore's Vale of Avoca with its meeting waters. His first attempt to enter political life was doubly a failure. He failed to get elected for Dublin, and he broke down completely in his first attempt to make a public speech. In 1875 he was elected for Meath, but he attracted no notice in the House of Commons until 1877, when he became the head of a small party of advanced Home Rulers

who endeavoured to prevent the introduction of Government measures at late hours of the night by ingenious and systematic obstruction. The Irish members did not invent obstruction. It had been practised often before for special purposes by Liberals and Tories alike. But they applied the method with considerable ingenuity and consistence. The obstructionists became popular in Ireland in exact proportion to their unpopularity in the House of Commons. It was soon evident that the Butt Gironde was being greatly embarrassed by the Mountain party which was forming under the headship of Mr. Parnell. The early obstruction was on English measures, and was carried on often with the active support and co-operation of the more advanced members of the Liberal opposition. One of the fiercest nights of obstruction was on the South African Bill, when the Irish party were ably and energetically supported by the Radicals; and not a few Englishmen would now wish that the obstruction had then been sufficient to defeat that unlucky measure. Mr. Parnell, moreover, carried many useful amendments to the Factories and Workshops Bill of 1878, the Prison Code, and the Army and Navy Mutiny Bills. It may be fairly said that his efforts contributed very appreciably to the abolition of flogging in the army.

Meanwhile all dispute or discussion with regard to the leadership of Mr. Butt was settled by the death of Mr. Butt himself in 1879, and Mr. Shaw was chosen leader in his stead. Mr. Shaw became leader in difficult times. The land question was coming up again. Mr. Butt shortly before his death had predicted its reappearance, and been laughed at for his prophecy, but he was soon proved to be right. The condition of the peasantry was still very bad, their tenure of land precarious. A new land agitation was inaugurated by a new man. Mr. Michael Davitt was the son of an evicted tenant. He had lost his arm while a boy in a machine accident in Lancashire. When a young man he joined the Fenian movement, was arrested, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Seven

years later he was let out on ticket of leave. During his imprisonment he had thought much of the means of bettering the condition of Ireland, and had come to the conclusion that by constitutional agitation, not by force of arms, the improvement could be best accomplished. Mr. Davitt went to America, planned out there a scheme of land organisation, and returned to Ireland to put it into practice. He found the condition of the Irish peasant very wretched. For three years the harvest had been going from bad to worse, and there was danger of a serious famine. Mr. Davitt and his friends organised land meetings in various parts of Ireland; the new scheme was eagerly responded to by the tenant farmers in all directions. In October 1879 the Irish National Land League was formed. Mr. Davitt and some other Land Leaguers were prosecuted for speeches made at some of the land meetings, but the prosecutions were abandoned. Mr. Parnell went to America to raise funds to meet the distress; the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., raised a fund at home, so did the Duchess of Marlborough. The Government passed certain relief measures. The severity of the famine was stayed, but neither the Government nor the public and private relief was able to prevent a great amount of suffering. Such was the condition of affairs in Ireland when Lord Beaconsfield wrote his letter to the Duke of Marlborough, in which he attacked the Liberal party for their compromises with Irish faction and disaffection. As we have seen, the Irish vote in England was in consequence given in almost every case to the Liberal candidates. In Ireland the Home Rule party were largely increased, and in the party itself the section that followed Mr. Parnell were soon found to be numerically the strongest. At a meeting in Dublin Mr. Parnell was formally chosen leader of the party in the place of Mr. Shaw; and in the House of Commons the Parnellites, as the advanced party of Irish members were now called, took their seats on the Opposition side below the gangway, while the moderate Home Rulers under the direction of Mr. Shaw ranged themselves on the Liberal benches.

The new Irish party which followed the lead of Mr. Parnell has been often represented by the humourist as a sort of Falstaffian 'ragged regiment,' and its members as rivals of Lazarus in the painted cloth, to whom the mere necessities of civilised life were luxuries, to obtain which they would follow any leader and advocate any cause. From dint of repetition this has come to be almost an article of faith in some quarters. Yet it is curiously without foundation. A large proportion of Mr. Parnell's followers were journalists. Journalists unfortunately seldom amass large fortunes, but the occupation is not considered dishonourable, and the journalists who belonged to the Irish party were sufficiently intelligent to be able to obtain their livelihood by their pens. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for example, was a young Irishman who had come to London, and was making his way in English journalism. He was a strong Radical, and had written an exceedingly able, if exceedingly one-sided, 'Life of Lord Beaconsfield.' Mr. Sexton, who was destined to prove himself one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons, began life in the employment of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company. When he was some twenty years of age he became a writer for the *Nation*, a newspaper which had upheld through long years and under disheartening conditions the traditions of Nationalism which had made it famous in 1848. He had been a writer for the *Nation* for some years when the General Election came. Mr. Sexton, like most young Irish journalists who ever wrote for the *Nation*, had taken the keenest interest in Irish politics. He was sent to Sligo to oppose Colonel King Harman, an influential landlord and nominal Home Ruler. So great was the popular feeling for the growing Nationalist party that the almost unknown young writer with the eloquent tongue was returned by a triumphant majority over the wealthy landlord, his opponent, who had come to regard a seat for Sligo as an item of his personal property. Mr. T. D. Sullivan was another Irish journalist, the owner of the *Nation*, eminent in Ireland, and not only in Ireland, as a true poet of the people. Mr. Healy was not returned to Parliament at the General Election. He did not

enter the House of Commons until November 1880, but he may fairly be described with the party which he was so soon to join, and of which he was already a valuable adherent. Mr. Healy came to England at sixteen years of age, a poor young man, with his way to make in the world. Almost self-educated, he had taught himself, beside French and German, Pitman's shorthand, and through his knowledge of phonography he obtained a situation as shorthand clerk in the office of the superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle. Later on he came to London as the confidential clerk of a floorcloth manufactory, and as the weekly correspondent of the *Nation*. In this capacity he made the acquaintance of Mr. Parnell, whom he accompanied on his American tour in 1879. From that time Mr. Healy became one of the most prominent of the young men who were working for the Nationalist cause. He was soon to become one of the most prominent and the most important of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. James O'Kelly was a journalist who had been a soldier and a special correspondent in all parts of the world. He served in the Foreign Legion of the French army against the Arabs at Oran, under Maximilian in Mexico, and had narrowly escaped being shot by the Spaniards in Cuba. After accompanying the Emperor of Brazil on his tour through America, and following the fortunes of the war with the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, Mr. O'Kelly came to England, and at once took an active part in the Home Rule movement then inaugurated by Mr. Butt. Another journalist, one of the most able among the Irish members, was Mr. E. D. Gray, the proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, probably the most valuable newspaper property in Ireland.

Those who were not journalists in the Irish party were generally what is called well-to-do. Mr. Dillon had inherited property from his father. Mr. Biggar had retired from a very successful connection with the North of Ireland bacon trade. Mr. Richard Power was a country gentleman of position; so was Mr. Mulhallen Marum; so was Mr. Redmond; so was Mr. Metge. Mr. Arthur O'Connor had been in the War Office for many laborious years, and had retired upon a

pension. Dr. Commins was a successful Liverpool lawyer. Mr. John Barry was a prosperous business man; so was Mr. Dawson. Mr. Leamy was a solicitor of independent means. Colonel Nolan was an artillery officer of distinction.

One of the most remarkable figures in the ranks of the Irish party was Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon, whose handsome white-haired head and tall form made him conspicuous in the House. The O'Gorman Mahon had played a prominent part in Irish politics long before most of his present colleagues were born. He had brought O'Connell forward at the time of the Clare election. He had been in Parliament some fifty years before his connection with Mr. Parnell's party. The intervening half-century he had spent in all parts of the world, soldiering, sailoring, travelling, enjoying adventure for its own sake. He had taken a considerable share in making the history of one of the South American republics. Rumour said of him that at one time he was not merely Lord High Admiral of its fleet and Generalissimo of its army, but actually Archbishop of its Church. This latter statement, however, must be regarded as the merest exaggeration. He was in Parliament again from 1847 to 1852; he came in for the third time in 1879. His friends were fond of rallying him on his supposed antiquity, but there was no young man in the Irish party, or indeed in the House of Commons, who carried his head more erect, walked with a firmer step, or showed less evidence of the weight of years than The O'Gorman Mahon.

At first there seemed no reason to expect any serious disunion between the Irish members and the Liberal party. In the previous Parliament the Irish members and the Radical members had been thrown into frequent alliance; during the General Election the bonds of sympathy between the English Radicals and the Irish people seemed to have been strengthened. The Irish vote in England had been given to the Liberal cause. The Liberal speakers and statesmen, without committing themselves to any definite line of policy, had manifested friendly sentiments towards Ireland; and though indeed nothing was said which could be construed into a recognition

of the Home Rule claim, still the new Ministry was known to contain men favourable to that claim. The Irish members hoped for much from the new Government; and, on the other hand, the new Government expected to find cordial allies in all sections of the Irish party. The appointment of Mr. Forster to the Irish Secretaryship was regarded by many Irishmen, especially those allied to Mr. Shaw and his following, as a marked sign of the good intentions of the Government towards Ireland.

From the earliest days of the session, however, it was obvious that there would be but little possibility of the Government and the Irish Mountain working together. The Queen's Speech announced that the Peace Preservation Act would not be renewed. This was a very important announcement. Since the Union Ireland had hardly been governed by the ordinary law for a single year. Exceptional coercive legislation of all kinds had succeeded, accompanied, and overlapped each other with regular persistency since the beginning of the century. Now the Government were going to make the bold experiment of trying to rule Ireland without the assistance of coercive and exceptional law. The Queen's Speech, however, contained only one other reference to Ireland, in a promise that a measure would be introduced for the extension of the Irish borough franchise. This was in itself an important promise. The Irish borough franchise was very much higher than in England; was based upon the old principle which still exists both in English and Irish counties. In England every householder in a borough has a right to vote, no matter what the value of the dwelling he occupies. Any place in which he and his family live, any lodging, any room separately held, gives him the right to record his vote. In Ireland, on the contrary, a house must have a certain value, must have a certain rental, before its owner is allowed the privilege of voting. No house in an Irish borough under the rate of 4*l.* a year rental carries with it a qualification to vote. In England and Ireland alike there is a standard of value which has to be reached before an occupier has the privilege of voting. This condition of

things the advocates of the new Reform Bill propose to change. But extension of the borough franchise did not seem to the Irish members in 1880 the most important form that legislation for Ireland could take just then. The country was greatly depressed by its recent suffering; the number of evictions was beginning to rise enormously. The Irish members thought that the Government should have made some promise to consider the land question, and above all should have done something to stay the alarming increase of evictions. Evictions had increased from 463 families in 1877 to 980 in 1878, to 1,238 in 1879; and they were still on the increase, as was shown at the end of 1880, when it was found that 2,110 families were evicted.

An amendment to the Address was at once brought forward by the Irish party, and debated at some length. The Irish party called for some immediate legislation on behalf of the land question. Mr. Forster replied, admitting the necessity for some legislation, but declaring that there would not be time for the introduction of any such measure that session. Then the Irish members asked for some temporary measure to prevent the evictions which were undoubtedly rapidly on the increase, and appeals were made to the Government not to lend landlords military aid in carrying out evictions; but the Chief Secretary answered that while the law existed it was necessary to carry it out, and he could only appeal to both sides to be moderate. Matters slowly drifted on in this way for a short time, the Secret Service Vote and the Irish Relief Bill affording opportunities of sharp debates, in the course of which Mr. Forster more than once expressed his belief that the improved condition of Ireland would obviate the necessity for many of the old-fashioned methods of managing the country.

Evictions steadily increased, and Mr. O'Connor Power brought in a Bill for the purpose of staying evictions. Then the Government, while refusing to accept the Irish measure, brought in a Compensation for Disturbance Bill, which adopted some of the Irish suggestions. This Bill authorised county court

judges in Ireland till the end of 1881 to allow compensation to tenants evicted for non-payment of rent in cases where failure of crops had caused insolvency. This was explained by Mr. Forster as a mere extension of the Act of 1870, by making the eviction for non-payment of rent in cases where tenants were really unable to pay a disturbance within the meaning of that Act. On Friday, June 25, the second reading of the Bill was moved by Mr. Forster, who denied that it was a concession to the anti-rent agitation, and strongly denounced the outrages which were taking place in Ireland. At the same time he admitted that the rate of evictions for the year had already more than doubled the annual average rate previously to 1877.

This was the point at which difference between the Irish party and the Government first became marked. The increase of evictions in Ireland, following as it did upon the widespread misery caused by the failure of the harvests and the partial famine, had generated—as famine and hunger have always generated—a certain amount of lawlessness. Evictions were occasionally resisted with violence; here and there outrages were committed upon bailiffs, process-servers, and agents. In different places, too, injuries had been inflicted upon the cattle and horses of landowners and land agents, cattle had been killed, horses houghed, and sheep mutilated. These offences were always committed at night, and their perpetrators were seldom discovered. There is no need, there should be no attempt, to justify these crimes. But while condemning all acts of violence, whether upon man or beast, it must be remembered that these acts were committed by ignorant peasants of the lowest class, maddened by hunger, want, and eviction, driven to despair by the sufferings of their wives and children, convinced of the utter hopelessness of redress, and longing for revenge. It was difficult to get these poor peasants to believe in the good intentions of the Government at any time, and unfortunately just then the good intentions of the Government were not very actively displayed. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill was carried in the Commons after long debates in which the Irish

party strove to make its principles stronger, while the Opposition denounced it as a flagrant infringement of the rights of property. It was sent up to the Lords, where it was rejected on Tuesday, August 3, by a majority of 231. The Government answered the appeals of Irish members by refusing to take any steps to make the Lords retract their decision, or to introduce any similar measure that session. From that point the agitation and struggles of the past four years may be said to date. It is impossible to estimate how much suffering might have been avoided if the Government had taken a firmer line with the House of Lords in August 1880. The House of Lords is never a serious opponent to the will of a powerful and popular Ministry; and if it had once been shown that the Government were determined to carry some measure for the relief of evicted tenants, it would have soon ceased to make any stand against it. But though the Government, through the mouth of Mr. Forster, had admitted the alarming increase of evictions and the agitated condition of the country, they refused to take any further steps just then. They promised, indeed, to bring in some comprehensive measure next session, and they appointed a committee to inquire into the condition of the agricultural population of Ireland. On this commission they absolutely refused, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the Irish members, to give any place to any representative of the tenant farmer's cause. This was a curious illustration of the Irish policy of the Government during the early part of its rule. Though the Irish members who followed Mr. Parnell might surely have been regarded as expressing at least the feelings of a very large section of the Irish people, their wishes were as little regarded as if they had represented nothing. It seems difficult to believe that during the whole of Mr. Forster's occupation of the Irish Secretaryship he never once consulted any member of the Parnellite party on any part of his Irish policy; never asked their advice or even their opinion on any Irish affairs whatever. It is still stranger that he pursued almost the same principle with regard to the Irish members who sat on his own side of the House—moderate men like Mr. Shaw and Major Nolan.

The speeches of the Land League leaders became more and more hostile to the Government. At a meeting in Kildare in August Mr. John Dillon made a speech in which he advised Boycotting, called upon the young farmers of Ireland to defend evicted Leaguers threatened with eviction. He looked forward to the time when there would be 300,000 men enrolled in the ranks of the Land League; and when that time came, if the landlords still refused justice, the word would be given for a general strike all over the country against rent, and then 'all the armies in England would not levy rent in that country.' On Tuesday, August 17, Sir Walter Barttelot called the attention of the Chief Secretary to this speech. Mr. Forster described it as wicked and cowardly; but, while he declined to prosecute Mr. Dillon for it, he announced that the Government were watching the Land League speeches very carefully. Mr. Dillon immediately came across from Ireland to reply to the Chief Secretary's attack. Mr. Dillon was one of the most remarkable men in the National movement. He was the son of John Dillon, the Young Irelander and rebel of 1848, whom Sir Charles Gavan Duffy describes as 'tall and strikingly handsome, with eyes like a thoughtful woman's, and the clear olive complexion and stately bearing of a Spanish nobleman.' When the 'Young Ireland' rising failed, John Dillon the elder escaped to France, and afterwards to America, and in later years he came back to Ireland, and was elected to Parliament for the county of Tipperary. He earned an honourable distinction in the House of Commons, where his great aim was to strengthen the alliance between the Irish members and the English Radicals, and he won the cordial admiration of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Bright has paid eloquent tribute to the memory of John Dillon in a speech which he delivered in Dublin at a banquet which Mr. Dillon had organised to Mr. Bright. Mr. Dillon was to have presided at the banquet, but he died suddenly a few days before it took place. 'I venture to say,' said Mr. Bright, 'that his sad and sudden removal is a great loss to Ireland. I believe amongst all her worthy sons Ireland has had no worthier and no nobler son than John Blake Dillon.' Mr. Dillon, the son,

was a much more extreme man than his father. He did not display the sympathy with English Radicalism which his father felt, and he appeared to have little or no belief in Parliamentary action. He was quite a young man, and had been elected for the county of Tipperary at the General Election while absent himself in America.

Mr. Dillon rose in the House of Commons on Monday, August 23, and moved the adjournment of the House in order to reply to Mr. Forster's attack upon him. The manner of his speech was no less remarkable than its matter—quiet, perfectly self-possessed. With a low, passionless voice and unmoved face Mr. Dillon met the charges against him. He professed his absolute indifference as to what the Irish Secretary might choose to call him; but he denied that his speech was wicked in advising the farmers of Ireland to resist an unjust law. He laid at Mr. Forster's door the difficulties and the possible bloodshed that might be caused by the increasing evictions and the unjust course the Government was pursuing. Mr. Forster replied by analysing the Kildare speech, and repeating his former charges. He accused Mr. Dillon of advising his hearers not to pay their rents, whether they could afford to or not; he charged him with something like sympathy with the mutilation of animals, because, instead of denouncing the houghing of horses and cattle that had taken place, he had said that if Mayo landlords put cattle on the lands from which they could get no rent, the cattle would not prosper very much. He quoted sentences from Mr. Dillon's speech, that 'those in Parliament faithful to the cause of the people could paralyse the hands of the Government, and prevent them from passing such laws as would throw men into prison for organising themselves. In Parliament they could obstruct, and outside of it they could set the people free to drill and organise themselves;' and that 'they would show that every man in Ireland had a right to a rifle if he liked to have a rifle.' A long and bitter debate followed, in which Irish, Liberal, and Conservative members took part. The Irish members, in almost every case, appealed to the Government even now to do something for the tenants: the

Liberals replied, justifying the action of the Government. The next day, Tuesday, the 24th, another Irish debate arose on a motion of Mr. Parnell's on the Parliamentary relations of England and Ireland. On the following Thursday, in Committee of Supply, another Irish debate arose on the vote for the Irish constabulary estimates. This was in many ways a memorable debate. It was from the defence Mr. Forster made in this debate of the use of buckshot as ammunition for the Irish constabulary that the nickname of 'Buckshot' arose, which will, in all probability, be associated with his name as long as his name may be remembered. Furthermore, this debate was the first of several famous all-night sittings which mark at intervals the career of the administration. The debate had begun on Thursday afternoon; it was protracted all through Thursday night and over Friday morning, and only came to an end shortly before 1 P.M. on the Friday, when the Government consented to an adjournment of the debate until the following Monday. On the Monday, after further debate from the Irish members, the vote was finally carried. The Irish case against the constabulary was in some measure recognised by Mr. Forster, who stated that, although it was quite impossible then for the Executive to consent to the general disarmament of the constabulary force, yet her Majesty's Government felt bound not to rest until they had placed Ireland in such a position as no longer to need the presence of this armed force. In some of Mr. Forster's speeches there were menacing allusions to the possibility of the revival of the abandoned coercive measures; but, on the other hand, Mr. Forster declined to promise to urge the calling of a winter session in case the evictions increased, in order to deal with the question. On September 7 the House was prorogued.

The rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill and the inaction of the Government gave fresh impulse to the agitation in Ireland. Evicting landlords, encouraged by the failure of the Government measure, swelled the list of evictions; and, on the other hand, all landlords, good and bad alike, became the objects of popular antipathy. The Land League leaders, members of Parliament and others, advised the tenants' passive

resistance of eviction and non-payment of rent, in the hope that, by a sort of general strike on the part of the tenantry, evictions might be delayed until the following session saw the introduction of the promised Ministerial measure. In fact, the Land League advised the tenants to form a sort of tenant trades union, for resisting not merely evictions, but the exactions of what they considered an unjust amount of rent above Griffith's valuation.

Griffith's valuation played such an important part in the politics of this time, and was so frequently alluded to, that it may be well to give some idea of what it was. The valuation of Ireland was undertaken in 1830 on the recommendation of a select committee of the House of Commons in 1824. To ensure uniform valuation an Act was passed in 1836 requiring all valuations of land to be based on a fixed scale of agricultural produce contained in the Act. The valuators were instructed to act in the same manner as if employed by a principal landlord dealing with a solvent tenant. The average valuation proved to be about twenty-five per cent. under the gross rental of the country. In 1844 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to reconsider the question, and an Act passed in 1846 changed the principle of valuation from a relative valuation of town lands based on a fixed scale of agricultural produce to a tenement valuation for poor law rating to be made 'upon an estimate of the net annual value . . . . of the rent, for which, one year with another, the same might in its actual state be reasonably expected to let from year to year.' The two valuations gave substantially the same results. In 1852 another Valuation Act was passed, returning to the former principle of valuation by a fixed scale of agricultural produce; but Sir Richard Griffith's evidence in 1869 shows the valuation employed was a 'live-and-let-live valuation, according to the state of prices, for five years previous to' the time of valuation.

Griffith's valuation was indeed but a rough and ready way of estimating the value of land. In many cases it was really above the worth of the land; in other cases it was below it.

Still it was a reasonable basis enough, certainly far more reasonable than the rates of the rack-rents. The Land League speakers condemned all rents above Griffith's valuation—only, it must be remembered, in the period of probation while the Government was preparing its Land measure—and under their direction a practical strike was organised against the landlords extorting high rents. It ought to be borne in mind that the failure of the Government to pass its Compensation for Disturbance Bill, coupled with its announcement that it practically intended to reopen the land question and introduce a new Land Bill, had driven the bad landlords in Ireland to desperation. They thought that the interval between the measure that had failed and the measure that was to come was the only time left to them, and they went to work vigorously to get all the money they could out of the land before the crash came, and the Government, in the formulas of the Opposition, 'interfered with the rights of property.' It certainly did seem hard that the tenants should have been left by the Government at the mercy of landlords who were incited to make the most out of their tenancies before the new Land Act fell upon them. But as the Government had done nothing, the Land League advised the people to stand out for themselves; to pay no rent, and passively resist eviction. The supporters of the Land League had another enemy beside the landlord in the person of the land-grabber, the man who took a farm from which his neighbour had been dispossessed. The strike was supported by a form of action, or rather inaction, which soon became historical. Captain Boycott was an Englishman, an agent of Lord Earne, and a farmer at Lough Mask, in the wild and beautiful district of Connemara. In his capacity as agent he had served notices upon Lord Earne's tenants, and the tenantry suddenly retaliated in a most unexpected way by, in the language of schools and society, sending Captain Boycott to Coventry in a very thorough manner. The population of the region for miles round resolved not to have anything to do with him, and as far as they could prevent it not to allow any one else to have anything to do with him. His life appeared

to be in danger; he had to claim police protection. His servants fled from him as servants fled from their masters in some plague-stricken Italian city; the awful sentence of excommunication could hardly have rendered him more helplessly alone for a time. No one would work for him; no one would supply him with food. He and his wife had to work in their own fields themselves in most unpleasant imitation of Theocritan shepherds and shepherdesses, and play out their grim eclogue in their deserted fields with the shadows of the armed constabulary ever at their heels. The Orangemen of the north heard of Captain Boycott and his sufferings, and the way in which he was holding his ground, and they organised assistance and sent him down armed labourers from Ulster. To prevent civil war the authorities had to send a force of soldiers and police to Lough Mask, and Captain Boycott's harvests were brought in, and his potatoes dug by the armed Ulster labourers, guarded always by the little army. When the occupations of Ulstermen and army were over, Captain Boycott came to England for a time, but in the end he returned to Lough Mask, where, curiously enough, he is once again at peace with his neighbours, and is even popular, perhaps because he showed that he was a brave man.

The events at Lough Mask, however, gave rise to two things—to Boycotting on the part of the Land League, and to the formation of a body known as Emergency men, chiefly recruited from the Orange lodges. The business of the Emergency men was to counteract, wherever it was possible, the operations of the League, by helping Boycotted landlords and land agents to gather in their harvests. Boycotting was freely employed by the League. It meant the practical excommunication of rack-renting landlords, evicting agents, and land-grabbers. No sympathiser with the League was supposed to have any dealings with the Boycotted individuals: they were not to be worked for, bought from, sold to. The principle of Boycotting was not aggressive; nothing was to be done to the obnoxious person, but also, nothing was to be done for him. This was strictly legal. The law cannot compel a man to buy

or sell with one of his fellows against his will. The responsible leaders of the Land League never countenanced other than legal agitation. Mr. Michael Davitt again and again put on record in public speeches his uncompromising opposition to all intimidation. 'Our League does not desire to intimidate any one who disagrees with us,' he said; 'while we abuse coercion we must not be guilty of coercion;' and he made frequent appeals to his hearers in different parts of Ireland to 'abstain from all acts of violence, and to repel every incentive to outrage.' 'Glorious indeed,' he said, 'will be our victory, and high in the estimation of mankind will our grand old fatherland stand, if we can so curb our passions and control our actions in this struggle for free land, as to march to success through privation and danger without resorting to the wild justice of revenge, or being guilty of anything which could sully the character of a brave and Christian people.'

Unfortunately these good counsels were not always obeyed. Famine and eviction had sowed evil seed; men who had been evicted, men who were starving, who had seen their families and friends evicted, to die often enough of starvation on the cold roadside—these men were not in the temper which takes kindly to wise counsel. Outrages have invariably followed in the track of every Irish famine, and they followed now this latest famine. There were murders in different parts of the country, there were mutilations of cattle. These outrages were made the very most of by the enemies of the Land League. Scattered agrarian murders were spoken of as if each of them were a link in the chain of a widely planned organisation of massacre. People found their deepest sympathies stirred by the sufferings of cattle and horses in Ireland, who never were known to feel one throb of compunction over the fashionable sin of torturing pigeons at Hurlingham. But while most of the persons who acted thus knew little and cared less for the real condition of Ireland, there was one man who was studying the country with all the sympathy of one of the noblest natures now living on the earth. General Gordon—then known best to the world as 'Chinese' Gordon, destined now, perhaps, to be remembered chiefly as 'Soudan' Gordon—was in Ireland examining the

Irish question for himself with kind, experienced eyes. He wrote a letter to a friend, which was published in the *Times* on December 3, 1880. 'I have been lately over the south-west of Ireland,' General Gordon wrote, 'in the hope of discovering how some settlement could be made of the Irish question, which, like a fretting cancer, eats away our vitals as a nation.' After speaking of the 'complete lack of sympathy' between the landlord and tenant class, General Gordon went on, 'No half-measured Acts which left the landlords with any say to the tenantry of these portions of Ireland will be of any use. They would be rendered —as past land Acts in Ireland have been—quite abortive, for the landlords will insert clauses to do away with their force. Any half-measures will only place the Government face to face with the people of Ireland as the champions of the landlord interest.' General Gordon then proposed that the Government should, at a cost of eighty millions, convert the greater part of the south-west of Ireland into Crown lands, in which landlords should have no power of control. 'For the rest of Ireland I would pass an Act allowing free sale of leases, fair rents, and a Government valuation. In conclusion, I must say from all accounts, and my own observations, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made as we are, that they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation in places where we would not keep our cattle. . . . Our comic prints do an infinity of harm by their caricatures. Firstly, the caricatures are not true, for the crime in Ireland is not greater than that in England; and secondly, they exasperate the people on both sides of the Channel, and they do no good. It is ill to laugh and scoff at a question which affects our existence.' It is impossible to avoid reflecting with melancholy bitterness on the different aspect that the Irish question would now wear if a man like Chinese Gordon could have been sent to administrate the country in the place of the egotistical and ill-conditioned politician who succeeded to and was more noxious than famine.

Still there were outrages, and Ireland was disturbed. The Land League claimed that it did much to prevent outrage; that the unavoidable violence consequent upon the famine and the evictions would have been far greater but for them; that secret conspiracy and midnight outrage were notably diminished by their open agitation. The Government, on the other hand, declared that the Land League was guilty of inciting to outrage. A State prosecution was commenced against the officials of the League—Mr. Parnell, M.P., Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. Sexton, M.P., Mr. Biggar, M.P., Mr. Patrick Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, Mr. Thomas Brennan, Secretary of the Land League, and some eight others—on the charge of seditious conspiracy. The jury were unable to agree, and the trial came to nothing. In the meantime the country was becoming daily more agitated, and Mr. Forster daily more unpopular. His appointment had at first been hailed with satisfaction by many of what may be called the popular party, and with anger and alarm by the landlords, who regarded him as the herald of startling land changes. But Mr. Forster soon became as unpopular with the National party in Ireland as ever Castlereagh had been. They alleged that he was completely under Castle influence; that he only saw through the eyes and heard through the ears of Castle officials; that he came out prepared to be popular and settle everything at once, and that his vanity was keenly hurt by the disappointment; that, finding the forces he had to deal with were difficult and complex, he could only propose to deal with them by crushing them down. He was soon known to be in favour of a revival of the policy of coercion. Lord Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant, was an amiable but by no means a strong man; in the Cabinet he feebly echoed Mr. Forster's opinions, and in the Cabinet Mr. Forster was able to carry the day on Irish matters when he proposed the revival of coercion. It was soon blown abroad that the Government intended to bring in a Land Bill for Ireland, and to balance it with a Coercion Bill; furthermore, that they intended to bring in the Coercion Bill first and the Land Bill afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.

COERCION.

PARLIAMENT met on Thursday, January 6, 1881. It found the Radicalism of the Ministry strengthened by the appointment of Mr. Leonard Courtney as Under Secretary for the Home Department. The Queen's Speech was able to announce the conclusion of the Afghan war, and the intention not to occupy Candahar, an intimation that sounded most unpleasantly in the ears of the Imperial party. The Boer war was spoken of; the Greek frontier was declared to be under the consideration of the great Powers; mention was made of certain measures of domestic interest, chief among them being the Bills for the abolition of flogging in the army and the navy. But undoubtedly the most important part of the royal speech referred to Ireland. The multiplication of agrarian crimes, and the insecurity of life and property, demanded the introduction of coercive measures; while, on the other hand, the speech admitted that the condition of Ireland called for an extension of the Land Act principles of 1870. A measure for the establishment of county government in Ireland was also mentioned.

The debate on the address in the House of Lords was chiefly remarkable for a brilliant and bitter speech from Lord Beaconsfield. In the eight months that had elapsed since the new Ministry had come into power, much had happened to embarrass them and dim their triumph. Lord Beaconsfield was naturally not willing to spare his antagonists the recapitulation of their difficulties. In the lifelong duel between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield there came in the end to be an amount of accusation and recrimination of so personal a nature as to recall the worst traditions of the days of Bolingbroke and Walpole. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches had struck hard at Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Beaconsfield was not now likely to let slip the chance of retaliation upon his antagonist. He dwelt with scornful emphasis upon the complete repudiation of Tory

policy which had been so loudly trumpeted when Mr. Gladstone came into office. What had their principles of repudiation brought the Government? he asked. Retreat from Afghanistan, abandonment of Candahar, a Berlin conference which had re-opened the closed Eastern question and nearly plunged Europe into war. But Lord Beaconsfield was naturally most exulting when he came to the relations of the Government with Ireland. He had been mocked at for his prognostication of danger; the new Ministry were satisfied with the condition of Ireland, and were prepared to govern it without the worn-out Tory methods of Peace Preservation Acts; and now, after little more than half a year of trial, the Government were coming before the House, confessing their failure, and seeking to be strengthened once again by those coercive measures which they had so lightly rejected with every other portion of the policy of their predecessors. Lord Beaconsfield had a clever case, and he made the most of it. With a brilliant maliciousness which recalled the days when Mr. Disraeli was still a young man with the world before him, Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the Lords not to do anything in this juncture which might weaken the Administration in their late effort to deal with their Irish difficulty.

Almost at the same time that Lord Beaconsfield was attacking the policy of the Government in the Lords, Mr. Gladstone was defending it in the Commons. He dwelt upon the happy conclusion of the Montenegrin difficulty; he was hopeful of a fortunate settlement of the Greek difficulty; he passed lightly over the Afghan war, touched upon the Boer war, and justified the Government in not making the Basuto war—with which they had nothing to do, and for which they were in no measure responsible—their own. But the chief point of Mr. Gladstone's speech, as indeed of every speech delivered then and for a long time to come, was of course the Irish question. The Prime Minister denied that the Ministry had any reason to feel humiliation at what had taken place. He justified them in not calling Parliament together earlier, on the ground that they were determined to do their best with the existing law before appealing for stronger measures. In a few remarkable sentences he censured the late

Government for the manner in which they had chosen to act upon the existing law: they put the law into effect against four men, three of whom were utterly insignificant, 'one of them, indeed,' Mr. Gladstone added, thinking of Mr. Davitt, 'has since proved himself to be a man of great ability, but was not then of much note.' 'The late Government did not aim their weapons at the chief offenders, but contented themselves with charging comparatively insignificant men, and, having charged them, did not bring them to trial.' 'The method of threatening without striking is in our opinion,' said Mr. Gladstone, amid the loud cheers of his party, 'the worst course of action that could have been adopted;' and he pointed to the State trials then going on as a proof of the more decided action and stronger purposes of the new Ministry. He considered that they had done their duty in watching the country for a while under the operation of the ordinary law. He thought they had now waited long enough, but could not admit that they had waited too long, though he declined to allow that the coercion which he thought necessary was any remedy for the grievances of Ireland. Hence the announcement with regard to the new Land Act. He claimed that the Land Act of 1870 had not been a failure; but he confessed that the provisions of the Act 'have not prevented undue and frequent augmentations of rent which have not been justified by the real value of the holding, but have been brought in in consequence of the superior strength of the landlord.'

Mr. Forster had given notice before Mr. Gladstone spoke of the introduction of bills for the better protection of persons and property in Ireland, and to amend the law relating to a carrying and possession of arms; and Mr. Gladstone had announced his intention of moving that these bills should have priority over all other business. But these bills were not destined to be introduced for some days to come. The address was still to be disposed of, and there were many amendments to it to be considered and discussed, several of these being moved by Irish members and relating to Irish affairs. But as, according to Thackeray, even the Eastern Counties' trains come in at last, so, too, the debate on the address came to an end at last. On

Thursday, January 20, after eleven days of debate, the report of the address was agreed to amid general cheering. But already the Irish members had roused the anger of the Government. Most of the speeches on the address had been Irish speeches, the speeches of Irish members on the various Irish questions. Before the debate had concluded, Lord Hartington had attacked the obstructive policy of the Irish members, and warned them that their action might compel the House to come to some understanding by which the process of business should be facilitated. If every day added to the debate on the address staved off the introduction of coercion, so too, Lord Hartington urged, it delayed the introduction of the promised Land Act. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Thorold Rogers formed themselves into a sort of amateur committee on obstruction. They plunged into records of old rulings, they became learned in antique principles of procedure and venerable points of order, and they addressed to the *Times*, three days before the debate on the address concluded, a long letter in which they pointed out the existence of certain seventeeth century orders of the House, One of these ruled that 'if any man speak impertinently, or beside the question in hand, it standeth with the order of the House for Mr. Speaker to interrupt him, and to know the pleasure of the House whether they will further hear him;' an order which was sanctioned and strengthened by later rulings.

On Monday, January 24, 1881, Mr. Forster introduced his first coercion measure. Mr. Forster made out a long and elaborate case in justification of the measure. He presented a return of outrages to the House of Commons which looked alarming at first, but which Mr. Labouchere showed to be somewhat curiously manufactured. In many cases outrages were of the simplest description; in many more the number was swelled by an ingenious process of subdivision, so that one outrage was made to stand for several, by the simple process of multiplying any given offence by the number of men committing it. The total number of agrarian outrages in Ireland in the year 1880 was 2,590. Returns of agrarian crimes in Ireland had been made since 1844, but not before, and the highest return since

that date was for the year 1845, the first year of the great famine, in which year the list of outrages numbered 1,920, or thirty-five per cent. less than in 1880. Excluding threatening letters, the number of outrages in 1880 was 1,253, as contrasted with 950 in 1845, or thirty-two per cent. higher. Moreover, as the population of Ireland was only 5,000,000 in 1880, to 8,000,000 in 1845, the proportion of outrages in 1880 was really more than double the proportion of outrages in 1845. There were, indeed, few cases of murder, or attempts at murder; the outrages were chiefly intimidation by personal violence, by injury to property and cattle, and by threatening letters. The number of outrages of this kind had greatly increased during the last three months of 1880, and the area of intimidation was extending. One hundred and fifty-three persons were under the personal protection of two policemen on the first day of the new year, and 1,149 persons were watched over by the police. Mr. Forster urged that the existing law was not strong enough to grapple with this system of intimidation. The instruments of this intimidation were, however, well known to the police; they were generally old Fenians and Ribbon men, the *mauvais sujets* of their neighbourhood, dissolute ruffians, and village tyrants. The new Bill would give the Lord Lieutenant power by warrant to arrest any person reasonably suspected of treason, treasonable felony, or treasonable practices, and the commission, whether before or after the Act, of crimes of intimidation or incitement thereto. By this means the Government would be able to lay their hands upon the *mauvais sujets,* the village tyrants, and, by depriving the Land League of its police, render it powerless. Naturally an animated debate followed. The Irish Nationalists, of course, opposed the measure. Moderate Irishmen, like Dr. Lyons, Mr. Givan, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Litton, either opposed the precedence of coercive to remedial measures, or urged the introduction of a Bill to stay unfair eviction pending the introduction of the remedial legislation. Mr. Bradlaugh did not consider that a case had been made out for a Coercion Bill. The Conservative party, of course, supported the Government. The

debate was adjourned on the Monday night, and its resumption was interrupted for a couple of days by the first all-night sitting of the year. On the day after Mr. Forster's introduction of the Coercion Bill, Mr. Gladstone moved to declare urgency for the Coercive Bills, and so give them precedence over all other public business. The Irish Nationalists at once set themselves to opposing this by every means in their power. The new standing order prevented the taking of many divisions, as it allowed individual members only two motions for adjournment; so the Irish members confined themselves to making speeches, which were incessantly interrupted by calls to order from the chair. Mr. Biggar, at a comparatively early period of the debate, got into a conflict with authority which led to his being suspended from the sitting; whereupon he immediately withdrew, and, ascending the heights of the strangers' gallery, watched the conflict with unwearying interest from that elevation, as Ivanhoe followed from his turret the fortunes of the Black Knight and his fellows. The struggle, indeed, was sufficiently interesting to be worth sitting out. It was fought—this being but a first essay for the year—with sufficient good-humour on both sides. The hours waned; but there came no waning in the animation of the speakers on both sides. Members came and went; ingenious little plans of relays for relieving guard were arranged. Morning came, and brought with it a fog scarcely less obscure than night. It was not bright enough till eleven o'clock to extinguish the gas. Very dismal the chamber showed when daylight did come, as unwashed, unbrushed, with weary, sleepy faces and tumbled clothes, the members faced each other. For three hours more the fight went on, and then, at two o'clock, Mr. Gladstone's motion was agreed to, and the House, not unnaturally, immediately adjourned to wash, eat, and sleep.

This was but the prelude to a series of stormy scenes in the House, each one surpassing its predecessors in bitterness and unpleasantness. The debate on the Coercion Bill was resumed on the Thursday, and was remarkable for a speech from Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright had kept silence—with the exception of a

protest against obstruction—since the beginning of the session, and it had been whispered that he was so silent because he was not in accord with his colleagues on the Irish question. He was roused from his silence by a speech of The O'Donoghue's. The O'Donoghue was at this period of his varied political career an ardent supporter of Mr. Parnell. He sat in opposition to Government, and made himself conspicuous as an aggressive patriot and unfailing opponent of the Government. He declared that the Land League differed in no respect from the Anti-Corn Law League, and taunted Mr. Bright by asking what trials followed the agitation and the denunciations of landlords which belonged to the movement of which Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were the heads. A little later in the debate Mr. Bright rose and spoke. In a speech of great bitterness Mr. Bright attacked the conduct of the Irish Parliamentary party. He denied angrily that any parallel existed between the action of the Land League and the Anti-Corn Law League. With all the indignation of which Mr. Bright is a master, and with more than his usual vehemence, he flung himself in a very fury of passionate oratory upon the Irish opponents of the Government. It almost seemed as if Mr. Bright were determined to make it plain, by the very rage and whirlwind of his passion, how completely unfounded were those rumours which hinted that he was at odds with his colleagues in the Cabinet on the Irish question. He assailed his opponents with all the eloquence at his command; and though the speaker was now old, the strength and power of that eloquence were still sufficiently impressive, even to those at whom all its fierce invective was levelled.

The severance of the extreme Irish party and the Government was now complete. Mr. Bright, who had often supported Ireland before, and was looked upon as a true friend by the Irish people, was now one of the bitterest opponents of the whole national movement and of its Parliamentary leaders. The Irish national press was fiercely exasperated to find Mr. Bright supporting coercion for Ireland. He had indeed voted for coercion before in his younger days, but he had always been eloquent against it, and his utterances were brought up against

him by the Irish papers. They reminded him that in 1866 he had described coercion for Ireland as an 'ever-failing and ever-poisonous remedy;' and they asked him why he recommended the unsuccessful and venomous legislation now. They pointed to his speech of 1849, in which he said, 'The treatment of this Irish malady remains ever the same. We have nothing for it still but force and alms.' They quoted from his speech of 1847: 'I am thoroughly convinced that everything the Government or Parliament can do for Ireland will be unavailing unless the foundation of the work be laid deep and well, by clearing away the fetters under which land is now held, so that it may become the possession of real owners, and be made instrumental to the employment and sustentation of the people. Hon. gentlemen opposite may fancy themselves interested in maintaining the present system; but there is surely no interest they can have in it which will weigh against the safety and prosperity of Ireland.' Such a passage as this might have served, it was urged, as a motto for the Land League itself. What other doctrine did the Land League uphold but that the land should become the possession of real owners, and be made instrumental to the employment and sustentation of the people? Might not the Land League have fairly asked the Government what interest it could have in the present system of land which would weigh against the safety and prosperity of Ireland? Had not Mr. Bright told them, too, in 1866 that 'the great evil of Ireland is this: that the Irish people—the Irish nation—are dispossessed of the soil, and what we ought to do is to provide for and aid in their restoration to it by all measures of justice'? He disliked the action of the Irish members now because they were acting against the Liberal party; but had he not said in 1866 also, 'If Irishmen were united, if you hundred and five members were for the most part agreed, you might do almost anything that you liked;' and further said, 'If there were a hundred more members, the representatives of large and free constituencies, then your cry would be heard, and the people would give you that justice which a class has so long denied you'? 'Exactly,' replied his Irish critics. 'We have now a united body of Irishmen, the

largest and most united the House has ever seen, and you do not seem to look kindly upon it. You do not seem to be acting up to your promise made in Dublin in 1866.' 'If I have in past times felt an unquenchable sympathy with the sufferings of your people, you may rely upon it that if there be an Irish member to speak for Ireland, he will find me heartily by his side.' At the same speech in Dublin, Mr. Bright said, 'If I could be in all other things the same, but in birth an Irishman, there is not a town in this island I would not visit for the purpose of discussing the great Irish question, and of rousing my countrymen to some great and united action.' 'This is exactly what we are doing,' said his Land League critics; 'why do you denounce us now? Why do you vote for Coercion Acts to prevent the discussion of the great Irish question?'

The next day, Friday, January 28, while the impression of Mr. Bright's speech was still fresh in the minds of the House, Mr. Gladstone made a speech which, viewed as a piece of Parliamentary attack, certainly far surpassed it. With all his eloquence Mr. Gladstone flung himself against his enemies, justified the introduction of coercion in the disorganised condition of Ireland, and bitterly denounced many of the speeches of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar. From a dramatic point of view the scene in the chamber was singularly impressive. If the sheer force of eloquence and anger and the support of a powerful and enthusiastic majority could have done it, the opposition would have come to an end then and there, and the Coercion Bill been carried at once. Never since the night when Sir Charles Dilke made his famous speech, and Mr. Auberon Herbert announced himself too as a republican, had the House witnessed such a scene, though since then stormy scenes have been less infrequent. Mr. Gladstone was playing the part of Jupiter suppressing the revolted gods. Wine, says Macaulay, was the spell which unlocked the fine intellect of Addison. Passion is the spell which most surely unlocks Mr. Gladstone's skill as an orator of attack. The fury of his indignation swept over the House and stirred it to its depths, arousing tumultuous enthusiasm in the majority of his hearers, and angry protest

from the minority he was assailing. The pale, unmoved face of Mr. Parnell occasionally showed through the storm as he rose to correct the Prime Minister in his quotations from his speeches, and was howled and shouted, if not into silence, at least into being inaudible.

Vague rumours floated about the House of Commons on the Monday evening that there would be troublesome work ere night, but at first there seemed no promise of the excited and strenuous fighting which kept the weary Commons awake through successive days. The Irish members were determined to resist the Coercion Bill in every stage to the utmost. They challenged fate, in the shape of the Ministry, to come into the lists and fight it out, and the result was the longest sitting then on record. The hours came and went, the grey dawn stole on the heels of night, and ugly night again came breathing at the heels of day, and found the Commons still wrangling, still dividing, still calling to order, still stupidly sleeping or vainly trying to follow the arguments of the various speakers. The scene was full of interest to those—and there were some—who had the courage to see it out from the watch-towers of the Speaker's gallery. As the time went on, the appearance of the House was not without elements of humour. One member of the Third Party, as the Irish party were called, found the atmosphere cold, and insisted upon addressing the House in a long ulster, resembling the gaberdine of Noah in the toy-shop arks. On the Treasury Bench Lord Hartington, grimly erect, doggedly surveyed the obstructives. He was curiously in contrast with Mr. Forster, who sat doubled, or rather crumpled up, in an attitude of extreme depression. The occupants of the front Opposition bench wore an air of bland unconcern. 'This is not our fault,' they seemed to say, 'but it is not uninteresting, and we do not mind seeing you through with it.'

At ten minutes to five o'clock on the Tuesday morning the Speaker left the chair; the clerk at the table gravely informed the House of the unavoidable absence of Mr. Speaker, and his place was taken by Mr. Lyon Playfair. Still the debate went on. Irish member succeeded Irish member in lengthy speeches,

interrupted by incessant calls to order from all parts of the House and from the chair. Somewhere about six o'clock the motion for the adjournment of the debate was defeated by 141 to 27 : majority 114. The debate was then resumed on the original motion, and Mr. Healy immediately moved the adjournment of the House. At twenty-five minutes past one on Tuesday afternoon the deputy-chairman left the chair, which was reoccupied by the Speaker. A small side discussion sprang up at this point, Mr. Parnell contending that, by the standing orders of the House, the Speaker had not the right to return to his place after that place had been taken by the deputy-chairman until the next sitting of the House, a point which the Speaker ruled was based on a misconception of the order. At ten minutes to three the motion for the adjournment of the House was divided upon, and was lost by a majority of 204 : the numbers being—ayes 21, noes 225. Still the debate went on, without any sign of flagging determination on either side. The adjournment of the debate was then moved by Mr. Daly, and this question was fought out for some time and divided upon—23 to 163 : majority against, 140. The debate was then resumed on Dr. Lyon's amendment to the main question, and the adjournment of the House moved. At half-past eleven on the Tuesday night the Speaker again left the chair, and his place was again taken by Mr. Lyon Playfair. At midnight Sir Stafford Northcote appealed alike to the chair and the Government to do something to put an end to the obstruction. A little later on the debate was enlivened by a wordy wrangle between Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Milbank and Mr. Biggar. Mr. Milbank complained that Mr. Biggar had used offensive language to him in the chamber, and, in consequence, Mr. Milbank, later on, in the lobby, addressed opprobrious terms to Mr. Biggar. Mr. Biggar denied having used the words attributed to him, whereupon Mr. Milbank apologised to the House. By this time a fresh division had been taken, and the motion for adjournment negatived by 22 to 197 : majority, 175. At ten minutes to five on Wednesday morning the second unsuccessful attempt to count the House was made. At nine

o'clock the Speaker resumed the chair, and, immediately rising, made perhaps one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered from the chair. The Speaker observed that the motion to bring in the Bill had been under discussion for five days, and that during that time most of the opposition was purely obstructive. By the existing rule nothing could be done to stop this obstruction; but the Speaker was prepared to take upon himself the responsibility of ending it by declining to call upon any more members, and by putting the questions at once from the chair. This announcement was received with tumultuous cheering, and the Speaker then put the motion for Dr. Lyon's amendment, which was defeated on a division by 164 to 19—majority, 145. The Speaker then proceeded to put the main question. An Irish member rose, but the Speaker refused to hear him. Then the whole Irish party stood up, shouted for some seconds the cry of 'Privilege'—which had not been heard in the House since the day when Charles I. came looking for his five members—and, bowing to the chair, left the chamber in a body. The Bill was immediately brought in by Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster then explained to the House that on the previous Friday he had given into the hands of Mr. Gladstone a speech which he believed to be by Mr. Parnell, and which Mr. Gladstone quoted from as being by Mr. Parnell, but which was, as a matter of fact, delivered by another person. The House then adjourned until twelve o'clock of the same day, when it met again to discuss the second reading of the Coercion Bill. The Irish members who had left the House in a body that morning did not, however, intend to follow the example set them by Pulteney and his followers in the early part of the last century, and secede from the House for any length of time. When the House met again at midday, they returned to their places in order to criticise the action of the Speaker in bringing the debate to a close on his own motion. The Speaker, however, ruled that the matter was not a question of privilege, and could not be discussed then, but must be brought forward on a specific motion. The adjournment of the House was then moved by Mr. A. M. Sullivan,

and supported by Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Shaw, and argued upon until nearly six o'clock, when it was defeated on division by 278 to 44 : majority 234 ; after which, it being six o'clock, and the day being Wednesday, the House of necessity adjourned.

The next day, however, witnessed a still more exciting scene, compared with which any mere prolongation of debate seemed tame and colourless. At question time Mr. Parnell suddenly rose and asked if it was true that Mr. Michael Davitt had been arrested that day at one o'clock. There was a murmur of surprise, followed immediately by a deep silence as Sir William Harcourt rose to reply. 'Yes, sir,' was the answer of the Home Secretary, amid the wildest cheering from both sides of the House. Had some new conquest or some great victory been announced, it could not have been greeted with greater rapture. Human nature and human voices have their limits, and certainly the limits of human voices were severely taxed that day when it was definitely announced that Michael Davitt was once again in prison. When the cheering abated, Sir William Harcourt went on to state that the Irish secretary and he, after consultation with their colleagues and the law officers of the Crown, had come to the conclusion that Mr. Davitt's conduct was incompatible with the conditions of his ticket of leave. Mr. Parnell tried to find out what condition of ticket of leave Mr. Davitt had broken, but the Speaker called upon Mr. Gladstone, who was waiting to submit to the House his Urgency motion. Mr. Gladstone had risen and begun to speak when Mr. Dillon rose also to a point of order. What the point of order was the House was not fated to hear; for amid much noise and shouting from all parts of the House, the Speaker rose and declared Mr. Gladstone in possession of the House. Mr. Dillon instead of sitting down when the Speaker rose, and then rising again to make his point of order clear, remained standing with folded arms facing the speaking Speaker, and demanding his privilege of speech. A few seconds of excited confusion followed, few members of the House remaining silent. The majority shouted against Mr. Dillon. The Irish minority

shouted scarcely less loudly for him. 'Name him,' vociferated English members; to which the Irish members responded by shouting, 'Point of order.' Then the Speaker gravely named Mr. Dillon for disregarding the authority of the chair, not, as he afterwards explained, for rising to a point of order while Mr. Gladstone was speaking, but for remaining on his feet after the Speaker had risen. Mr. Dillon now sat down, and Mr. Gladstone, rising, immediately moved the usual formula, familiar enough even then, but destined within the next half-hour to become much more familiar, that the offending member should be suspended from the service of the House for the remainder of the sitting. A division was taken, and Mr. Gladstone's motion carried by 395 to 33: majority 362. The Speaker then called upon Mr. Dillon to withdraw. Mr. Dillon rose again and strove to speak, but the shouts with which he was greeted rendered him practically inaudible. He was understood to announce that he refused to withdraw. The Speaker immediately called upon the serjeant-at-arms to remove Mr. Dillon. At first Mr. Dillon refused to move, but at a signal from the serjeant several attendants advanced into the House, whereupon, as if accepting this as symbolic of sufficient force to remove him by physical strength, Mr. Dillon got up and left the House. All that happened immediately after was an incoherent medley. Mr. A. M. Sullivan spoke amid vehement clamour against the Speaker, who explained that he had named Mr. Dillon not for interrupting Mr. Gladstone on a call to order, but for remaining on his feet when the Speaker rose. Mr. Gladstone now made a further effort to go on with his speech, and was at once interrupted by The O'Donoghue, who loudly moved the adjournment of the House. The Speaker taking no notice of this, Mr. Parnell jumped up and called out that he moved that Mr. Gladstone should be no longer heard. Amid stentorian cheers from his own party and indignant shouts from the rest of the House, Mr. Parnell reiterated his motion in defiance of the warning of the Speaker, and was immediately named. Mr. Gladstone again made the motion for expulsion, which was carried by a majority of 405 to 7, the Irish mem-

bers refusing to leave their seats and vote. On the reassembling of the House Mr. Parnell refused to withdraw until the serjeant-at-arms had gone through the same ceremony with him as with Mr. Dillon, when he retired amid the plaudits of his party. It must here be remarked that, whatever may be the opinion as to the wisdom, policy, or propriety of Mr. Parnell's conduct on this occasion, there was absolutely nothing 'disorderly' in the Parliamentary sense about it. But a little time before, Mr. Gladstone had moved, and moved successfully, that a member should be no longer heard, and it had been urged in defence of that motion that it was perfectly permissible, although it had not been made in Parliament for something like a couple of centuries. Now, if it was permissible for Mr. Gladstone to put this venerable rule into action against an Irish member, it was equally permissible for an Irish member to put it into practice against Mr. Gladstone. We are not speaking now of the good or bad taste of such a line of action, nor do we need to be reminded of the impossibility of carrying on the business of any legislative assembly if any member might interrupt it by motions that other members be not heard. But the Prime Minister had himself revived this antiquated form; he had drawn it out from the dust of centuries in order to silence an unwelcome speaker; it had received the full sanction of Parliament, and until Parliament repealed or altered it, it was in full force. As the rules binding the House of Commons affect all members equally—as no member, whether he be at the head of the Government or not, has any privilege whatever of making any motion which is denied to any other member—it is clear that Mr. Parnell was as much in his Parliamentary right as Mr. Gladstone in moving that a member should not be heard. So much for the mere question of the motion, the revival of which Mr. Gladstone was himself probably the first to regret.

After the division had been taken, and the leader of the Irish party removed, Lord Richard Grosvenor, the Liberal Whip, announced that the Irish members had refused to leave

their seats and enter the division lobby, a line of action which Mr. Gladstone immediately expressed a hope that the Speaker would find some means of dealing with. He was, however, once more interrupted, this time by Mr. Finigan, member for Ennis, who, following the example of Mr. Parnell, again proposed that Mr. Gladstone should be no longer heard. The Speaker named Mr. Finigan; Mr. Gladstone, for the third time, made the suspension motion, and a division was again taken, and the motion carried by 405 to 2, the Irish members again expressing their protest against the whole proceeding by remaining in their seats and refusing to vote. The Speaker cautioned them that he would regard this abstention as defiance of the authority of the chair, and the Clerk of the House took down their names. When Mr. Finigan had been removed from the House, after the same fashion as Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell, the Speaker called the attention of the House to the conduct of the Irish members, and 'named' them at once. There were twenty-eight of them in all. Mr. Gladstone immediately rose and moved for their suspension in a body, and the motion was carried by 410 to 6, the abstaining members, as before, refusing to vote. Then came a strange scene, such as had never been witnessed in the House of Commons before. The name of each member was read out in turn by the Speaker, as he called upon him to withdraw. Each member called upon answered to his name with a short speech condemning the action of the Government, and refusing to go unless removed by superior force. To each member making such announcement, the serjeant-at-arms advanced and touched him solemnly on the shoulder. In most cases the member so touched at once rose and walked out; one or two exceptionally stalwart members, however, refused to go until the serjeant-at-arms approached them with such a muster of attendants as made it evident that he commanded sufficient force to compel withdrawal. For half an hour this process of naming, speech-making, and removal went on. At length the bulk of the Irish members were expelled, and had rallied in the conference room, where they drew up an address to the people of Ireland, urging

them to remain quiet in spite of the indignity offered to their representatives. Then, for the fourth time, Mr. Gladstone rose and essayed to go on with his motion. But, in the meantime, some few Irish members who had not been present hitherto in the House had arrived, and through their opposition shared their comrades' fate. First Mr. O'Kelly, and then Mr. O'Donnell, moved that Mr. Gladstone be no longer heard, and were named, suspended, and removed, while three others—Mr. Molloy, Mr. Richard Power, and Mr. O'Shaughnessy—went through the same process for refusing to take part in the division, and remaining in their seats while the division went on. Then, none of the Irish members who followed the lead of Mr. Parnell being left in the House, Mr. Gladstone began his urgency motion for the sixth time, and proceeded with it without further interruption.

After the *coup d'état* by which the Speaker brought the debate on the introduction of the Coercion Bill to an end, the Government felt the necessity of altering the rules of the House so far as to meet with such emergencies in the future in a more legal manner. A set of rules was accordingly drawn up, nominally by the Speaker, for the regulation of the business of the House when the state of public business should be declared urgent. These rules limited the occasions and the scope of motions for adjournment of either the House or the debate, gave the Speaker power of calling the attention of the House to continued tediousness and irrelevancy on the part of a member, and of taking the general sense of the House on any debate, and, if supported by a three-fourths majority, of putting the question without further debate. The rules further prevented the possibility of debate on the motion for the House to go into committee on any matter declared urgent, and limited members to a single speech. These rules were laid on the table of the House by the Speaker on Wednesday, February 9, 1881. The long argued-about principle of *clôture*—or closure, to give what has become an English institution its English name—was of course conceded in the rule which allowed the Speaker, when presiding over a debate governed by the urgency rules, to

appeal to the general sense of the House, and, if supported by a three-fourths majority, to put the question at once from the chair without any further debate.

The debate on the Coercion Bill was not concluded very rapidly. On Wednesday, February 23, 1881, the Bill was still in committee, and Mr. Gladstone, in order to accelerate its progress, moved that on the next day at seven the debate should come to an end, and the third reading be moved without discussion on any amendments that might be left unconsidered at that time. There was no debate permissible upon this motion, which was moved by Lord Hartington in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who was confined to his room for a few days by an accident—he had slipped on the ice near his house, and hurt his head—and was carried by 371 to 53: majority, 318. At seven o'clock, accordingly, the debate was cut short by the Speaker; the remaining amendments were divided upon without debate, and the third reading moved for by Mr. Forster. The third reading was carried in the Commons the next day, Friday, February 25, by 281 to 36: majority, 245. The Bill was then sent up to the House of Lords, where it passed rapidly through all its stages; was read a third time on Wednesday, March 2, and received the royal assent by commission on the same day.

The Arms Bill was introduced in the Commons on Tuesday, March 1, by Sir William Harcourt, in the absence of Mr. Forster; and its third reading was carried on Friday, March 11, by 236 to 26—majority 210—and was passed in the Lords on the following Friday. During its passage through the Commons there were some heated debates on the relationship of the American Fenians with the Irish Land Leaguers, in one of which, on Thursday, March 3, Mr. Healy suffered suspension for charging the Home Secretary with breaches of truth and usual disingenuousness. Mr. O'Donnell was suspended on Tuesday, March 8, after a dispute with Mr. Playfair on a point of order.

In the meantime the excitement in Ireland was increasing. While the coercion debates were going on, Mr. Parnell had gone across to Paris, accompanied by Mr. O'Kelly, and obtained

an interview with M. Victor Hugo, who was expected to issue some manifesto in Ireland. M. Victor Hugo compared Ireland to Poland struggling against Russia, but he wrote nothing on the subject, either in prose or verse. The interview, however, provoked a remonstrance from the great Catholic organ, the *Univers*, which warned Mr. Parnell that it was not well for the leaders of a Catholic cause and country to seek for the alliance of men like Victor Hugo and his friends. Mr. Parnell had an interview with M. Rochefort on the one hand, and with the Archbishop of Paris on the other. Just at that moment, when people were saying that there would be a split between the Nationalists and the Catholic clergy on account of the friendship of M. Rochefort, an event occurred which served to show how much the Irish priests and the Irish people were in agreement as to the Land League and the national cause generally. In Ireland a Ladies' Land League had been formed, with Miss Anna Parnell—a sister of Mr. Parnell—for its president. Its object was to assist the existing Land League in every possible way, by raising funds, by inquiring into the cases of eviction, and by affording relief to evicted tenants. As soon as this new organisation came into existence it was assailed by Archbishop M'Cabe of Dublin. In an angry pastoral he denounced the participation of women in the strife of politics as at once immodest and wicked. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, one of the most Catholic of Irish Catholic members of Parliament, immediately wrote a reply defending the Ladies' Land League, and justifying and approving of the manner in which the women of Ireland proposed to come to the assistance of their husbands, fathers, and brothers. Mr. A. M. Sullivan's letter had not long been written when the Ladies' Land League found a still stronger ally, and Archbishop M'Cabe a still more formidable opponent, in Archbishop Croke, of Cashel. From the rock which has reminded so many travellers of the Athenian Acropolis, Archbishop Croke launched an epistle which Jerome might have envied for its vigorous directness. The Archbishop of Cashel had nothing but praise for the Ladies' Land League, and for their eloquent champion. In a moment Arch-

bishop Croke was the hero of the National party in Ireland. They greeted him with joy as a proof that the Church was on their side; and when he went shortly after on a sort of tour of inspection through a great part of Ireland, he was received everywhere with a display of the most enthusiastic homage and devotion. Long before Archbishop Croke had come so prominently to the front, many of the priests had shown their sympathy with, and approval of, the Land League doctrines, but after the action of the Archbishop of Cashel their sympathy and approval became more openly and more markedly displayed. Day by day the ranks of the League were swelled by Irish ecclesiastics of all orders. It might be fairly said that, roughly speaking, all the younger priests throughout the country were in cordial sympathy with the Land League, and a very large number of the elder priests as well. It was this sympathy between the priests and the people which gave the Land League a great part of its strength; it was the eagerness of the people to be in accord with their priests which made them receive Archbishop Croke's pronouncement with so much delight, and listen to his counsels with as much readiness as if they had come from the lips of Parnell or Davitt.

When the Coercion Acts were carried, Mr. John Dillon went over to Ireland and began a series of speeches in different parts of the country, supporting the League and assailing the Government. On the one side the League was being upheld from pulpit and platform; on the other, the executive was choking its prisons with its arrests of 'suspected' Land Leaguers. Evictions had not decreased, and there were frequent collisions between the police and the people, and blood was spilt on both sides. At first the Government arrests were confined to members of the League, who, although prominent enough in their own localities, were little known outside of Ireland. But Mr. John Dillon's action soon attracted the notice of the Government, and after a speech which he delivered at Grangemaller, near Clonmel, in May, which counselled an extreme form of boycotting, he was arrested and put into prison. A short while before, the Government had roused

great indignation among the Irish ecclesiastics by arresting and imprisoning Father Eugene Sheehy, of Kilmallock. These were the most important arrests made at first under the new Coercion Acts. The Land League was still flourishing. Mr. Sexton, M.P., hurried to Dublin from London to take Mr Dillon's place at the head of the League in Ireland.

When the Coercive Acts had passed into law, every one's thoughts turned at once to the promised Land Act. But there were some other matters to be disposed of before the new Land Bill could be introduced. There was a debate on Candahar. The Army Discipline Bill, definitely abolishing flogging for soldiers, had to pass through its various stages. Then there was the Budget. On Monday, April 4, Mr. Gladstone made his financial statement in a speech of over two hours. It was not a very startling or original Budget. The estimated expenditure for the ensuing year was figured at 84,705,000*l.*, and the revenue at 85,990,000*l.* This showed a surplus of 1,285,000*l.*, which was, however, reduced to 1,185,000 by a vote for the extinguishment of the loan for barracks. The Prime Minister proposed to reduce the income tax to fivepence. This reduction created a deficiency which he proposed to meet by an adjustment of the surtax on foreign spirits. The process of distillation, as practised on wines, would be applied to them, and a uniform surtax of fourpence per gallon would be charged on the standard of strength. By this tax, and some changes in the probate, legacy, and administration duties, Mr. Gladstone hoped to have a total gain of 570,000*l.*, which would convert the deficit of 275,000*l.* into a surplus of 295,000*l.* The Budget being disposed of, the ground was now clear for the Land Bill, which was introduced accordingly by the Prime Minister on Thursday, April 7, 1881.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DISRAELI—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

'THE breaking of so great a thing should make a greater crack,' says the triumphant Octavius, in magnanimous tribute to his dead rival; 'the round world should have shook lions into civil streets, and citizens to their dens.' Some such thought must have come into the minds of many men when they heard, on that chill April morning of 1881, that Lord Beaconsfield was dead. 'The death of Anthony is not a single doom: in the name lay a moiety of the world.' The English world, the world of politics, and the romantic world of fiction, had lost a moiety of itself by the death of Lord Beaconsfield. Seldom, indeed, had a rarer spirit steered humanity; and as for the faults he had, even his enemies were not likely to think too deeply upon them just then. The gods will give us some faults to make us men; and whatever the errors of Lord Beaconsfield's career, they had no need to be remembered in his epitaph.

His had not been a long and protracted illness. Towards the end of March 1881 it became known that Lord Beaconsfield was slightly ailing. Then it was announced that he was suffering from a severe attack of bronchial asthma, but was progressing favourably. As the days went by the reports announced no diminution of the illness, but the bulletins were still hopeful. Indeed, no alarm was felt generally until close to the end, though crowds of visitors of all kinds came every day to the house in Curzon Street to read the bulletins and testify their sympathy. But the third week of April began with bitter winds—the fatal east winds that had killed Cobden, and that were now to kill Lord Beaconsfield. On the night of Monday, April 18, he sank into a deep stupor, from which he never awoke. At half-past four on the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, he died, very quietly, without a sign of pain, without

a word. We have all heard and read much of the death-beds and the death-words of great men: we like to think of Goethe's dying lips murmuring something about a beautiful woman's face and hair, of Napoleon thinking of the head of his army. Lord Beaconsfield passed away in silence, but we learn from those who stood about him that some quarter of an hour before his death he raised himself a little in his bed, stretched himself out in the old familiar way that was his wont when rising to reply in debate, and that his lips moved in silence. Perhaps the dying statesman's brain was dimly conscious of his former struggles and triumphs, of those speeches which the House of Commons at first refused to hear, and which afterwards the House of Commons was so often willing to hear, and to admire, and to obey. It was fitting that his last thoughts should have been given to the great arena in which he had fought so long and so well.

'How will it be with him when all is retrospect?' Cobden had once asked a friend, speaking of Mr. Disraeli and his brilliant career. It is a grim question to ask about the life of any man, and very hard to answer. To the pure, simple soul of Cobden there was much in the career of Lord Beaconsfield, as there must have been much in the career of every great statesman the world has seen, that was repellent. Cobden may be said to have been almost devoid of personal ambition. His whole soul was absorbed in carrying out his task, in executing the mission for the good of his fellow-men which he believed himself called upon, and indeed was called upon, to fulfil. But it would be indeed unfair and unjust to test the characters and careers of great statesmen by the life of so exceptional a man as Cobden—unfair and unjust to assume that ambitious men had no sense of duty to the world and to humanity. Tested by the standard of the Sermon on the Mount, where is the statesman, where is the leader of men, that can be praised? Pericles is no purer than Bolingbroke, Washington scarce nobler than Richelieu, when tried before that court. If we judge Lord Beaconsfield severely, we must judge others severely as well, and we shall find that he will not want companions in condemnation. If it is sinful to be ambitious, to make wars, to

extend empire, other statesmen have been ambitious, and warlike, and aggressive. Let us believe, even those of us who are least in sympathy with the policy and the politics of Lord Beaconsfield, that he no less than others was animated by the consciousness of his own righteousness of purpose; that he sought the welfare of his countrymen and the honour of his country; and that if his way was not our way, we need not, in the serenity of our own infallibility, be too severe upon him.

Lord Beaconsfield may fairly be called a great man, on his own definition of a great man as 'one who affects the mind of his generation; whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan world.' Lord Beaconsfield certainly affected the mind of his generation, and the part he chose to play in doing so was more akin to that of Alexander than that of a Jerome or a Martin Luther. Indeed, the difficulties that the young Disraeli had to encounter in his career were scarcely less imposing than those which opposed, but did not retard, the progress of the Macedonian king; nor were the victories of the one less splendid than the triumphs of the other. The young Disraeli began life as a Jew, when to be a Jew meant to be deprived of every social and civil advantage that makes a public career worth striving for. The position of a conquered Samnite in a world of Roman citizens was scarcely more galling than the position of a Jew in England in the early part of the present century. He was not, it is true, any longer tortured at the pleasure of prince or noble; he was no longer condemned to dwell in a ghetto, or wear garments of peculiar cut or colour; but all or almost all chances of political promotion were closed against him in his adopted country. He might amass fortune, he might win distinction in letters and the arts, but he could not place his foot on the lowest round of the ladder that led to political distinction. These difficulties did not long restrain and impede the young Disraeli. He had been brought up a Christian. As a Christian he could enter the Parliament which it was then impossible for a Jew to enter; and once in Parliament, he felt that his career was clear before him, and his

success certain. But though he never professed the religion of his race, Disraeli never forgot his reverence for that race, nor his love for the people from whom he sprang. In his writings, in his speeches, in all the actions of his life, he was the champion, and a most powerful and effective champion, of the Jewish people. Into the mouth of his favourite character, Sidonia, he puts an eloquent tribute to the genius and the glory of the Jewish race, which represents his own convictions, and the principles which governed him during the whole of a career that was in itself the most eloquent tribute to the genius of his people.

Here and there throughout the history of the world a few poets, and politicians who might have been poets, have recognised with just pride their own genius and certain immortality. Horace, writing lyrics more enduring than brass; Shakespeare, serenely confident that neither marble nor the gilded monuments of princes could outlast the powerful rhyme in which he praised his nameless hero—these are examples that leap to the lips at once. The young Disraeli, shouting to a mocking and hostile House that the time would come when they should hear him, is a no less remarkable example of justifiable self-glorification. He had entered the House in 1837, the year of the Queen's accession. He had already made a name, or at least a notoriety for himself outside the House. He had made the grand tour; he had been in the East, at a time when Eastern travel was very much less common than it now is. He had written 'Vivian Grey,' one of the most brilliant novels of its time, and one of the most remarkable examples of precocious genius on record. He had written 'The Young Duke,' which, in spite of the scorn of Thackeray, may well be considered clever; and 'Contarini Fleming,' which has at least in its earliest chapters something of the romantic charm and adventurous attraction of 'Gil Blas.' He had made use of his acquaintance with the East in the wondrous 'Tale of Alroy.' His 'Ixion in Heaven' was one of the most humorous bits of burlesque writing of the age. He had essayed to stand with Dante and with Milton in his 'Revolutionary Epic,' and had certainly not succeeded. As a

political pamphleteer he had vindicated the British Constitution, and penned the 'Letters of Runnymede.' He was thus a sufficiently conspicuous character when in 1837, after three unsuccessful efforts, he found himself at last in the House of Commons.

It is not quite easy to understand why that famous first speech was so hopeless a failure. The recorded costume of the orator was odd enough to us, but in 1837 a bottle-green frock coat, a white waistcoat laced with chains, and large fancy pantaloons, would not of themselves have been enough to move the House of Commons to mirth. The speech itself, as we read it now after the lapse of nearly half a century, appears an exceedingly clever speech; and the House of Commons is usually disposed to listen to clever speeches, whatever may be the view they express. His skill in political phrase-making was well foreshadowed in his description of the Irish Liberal Fund as a 'project of majestic mendicancy.' We smile and feel that the speaker is making good strokes when he speaks of 'the new loves and the old loves, in which so much of passion and recrimination was mixed up between the noble Tityrus of the Treasury bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard,' and alludes to the '*amantium iræ*, which had resulted in the *amoris integratio*, notwithstanding a political duel had been fought, in which more than one shot was exchanged, but in which recourse was had to the secure arbitrament of blank cartridges.' All this is youthful, but it is bright enough; it certainly is not dull, and it does not seem ridiculous. But the House of Commons would have none of it, and laughed and jeered and hooted the speaker into a sudden blaze of anger. 'I have begun many things, and I have succeeded often at last; ay, sir, and though I sit down now, yet the time will come when you will hear me.'

It is not here necessary to tell again the story of Lord Beaconsfield's life. It has been told many times—on two occasions very bitterly and brilliantly by his enemies; and, unfortunately, generally very badly and drearily by his friends. Few books would be more welcome to the world than Lord Beaconsfield's autobiography. It would, no doubt, deserve a

place on the shelf where stand 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' and 'Les Confessions.' The life of Lord Beaconsfield has yet to be written. To be done fittingly, its writer should be, if possible, committed to neither of the great political parties; but if absolute impartiality were impossible, then the chronicler should have a bias of affection and of sympathy towards the subject of his record. Those biographies are cold reading which find their inspiration in hatred or contempt of the life they are recording. The biography of the admirer is like the votive wreath placed about the monumental pillar; the biography of the adversary reminds us only of the actions of those Egyptian kings who effaced the hieroglyphics of their rivals from shrine and temple, and hoped to attain immortality by substituting their own.

In the Upper House Lord Beaconsfield delivered some telling speeches, even after the fall of his Government and the triumph of his rival. The last speech he ever delivered, that on the Central Asian question and the abandonment of Candahar, had something in it of the youthful fire and the youthful audacity of Mr. Disraeli. He was speaking of the key of India. 'The key of India,' he declared, 'was not at Merv. It was not at Candahar. It was not at——' here for a moment the speaker paused; he could not recollect the name of Herat. Another man might have been discomposed, but Lord Beaconsfield coolly went on, 'the key of India is not the place of which I have forgotten the name; the key of India is in London.' It was characteristic of Lord Beaconsfield that his career should close with such a speech, remarkable alike for the cool indifference with which he was always ready to treat the details of the most important subjects, and for the brilliantly paradoxical saying which concealed a profound political truth. Not many weeks later Lord Beaconsfield was dead. The world had lost one of its most interesting figures, and England one of the most remarkable in the long roll of remarkable statesmen who have given their allegiance and their genius to the service of the House of Brunswick.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAND ACT.

THE history of the new Land Bill was curious. The measure which Mr. Gladstone laid before the House on April 7 was not the measure which the Government had originally intended to offer to Parliament. Another Bill had been prepared, of a less comprehensive nature. The draft had been submitted by a member of the Ministry to a Liberal member, who was very properly regarded as an authority on the land question in Ireland, with the request that he would make any suggestions he thought fit as to its possible improvement. The member consulted returned the draft Bill promptly, saying that the only improvement he could suggest would be to put the proposed measure behind the fire. The Government apparently acted upon this summary advice; at least, they speedily prepared a new and more advanced measure. Even the new Bill was mild enough, and bore very little resemblance to the form it came to assume later on. Mr. Gladstone introduced the Bill on April 7, 1881, in a long, elaborate, and exceedingly eloquent speech, on what he not inappropriately called 'the most difficult and the most complex question' which he ever had to deal with in the course of his public life. Roughly speaking, the Bill proposed to deal with the Irish land question on the basis of what was known as the three F's—fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. Mr. Gladstone denied that either the iniquity of the existing land laws, or any sympathy with the extreme views of some of the Irish land reformers, or the bad conduct of Irish landlordism in general, called for the new attempt at legislation. It was the 'land hunger,' or rather the land scarcity; it was certain defects in the Land Act of 1870, and it was the rack-renting and evictions of a limited number of landlords which had inspired the action of the Government.

The Government was not in want of guidance in the step it

was taking. A commission—the Richmond Commission—had been appointed by the previous Government to inquire into the land question. Another commission—the Bessborough Commission—had been appointed by the existing Government for the same purpose. These two commissions had begot, not two reports, but a perfect 'litter' of reports. There was naturally an agreeable diversity of opinion among these various reports. One member of the Richmond Commission, Mr. Bonamy Price, was for applying, 'in all their unmitigated authority,' the principles of abstract political economy to the very exceptional land question of Ireland, 'exactly as if he had been proposing to legislate for the inhabitants of Saturn or Jupiter.' Of the four commissioners who made up the Bessborough Commission, only two agreed to sign what may be called the main report: Mr. Shaw signed one collateral report, The O'Conor Don signed another, and Mr. Kavanagh signed a third. Out of this multiplicity of counsel, however, Mr. Gladstone found that, with the exception of Mr. Bonamy Price, the whole body of both commissions were agreed in supporting the constitution of a court for the purpose of dealing with the differences between landlords and tenants in Ireland with regard to rent.

The establishment of such a court was to be then one of the principal features of the new measure. Appeal to this court was to be optional, and not compulsory. Every tenant from year to year coming under the description of 'present tenant' could go before the court and have a judicial rent fixed for his holding. This judicial rent was to last, in the first instance, for fifteen years, during which no eviction would be possible, except for non-payment of rent or distinct breach of specific covenants. When the fifteen years expired, landlord or tenant might apply to the court for a revision of the rent. If the tenancy were renewed, the same conditions as to eviction were to hold good. In the case, however, of the tenant wishing to sell his tenant-right, the privilege of pre-emption, at the price fixed by the court as the value of the tenant-right, was reserved to the landlord. The Bill acted retrospectively with regard to tenants against whom process

of ejectment had been begun but not concluded. The Ulster tenant, while remaining under the privilege of his custom, was to be allowed the protection of the general provisions of the Bill for controlling augmentation of rents. The new court, which was also to perform the functions of a land commission, was to consist of three members, one of whom was always to be a judge or ex-judge of the supreme court. It was empowered to appoint sub-commissions as courts of first instance, to hear applications and fix fair rents.

The second part of the Bill passed entirely from the region of the three F's into the difficult question of peasant proprietary. The court as a land commission was empowered to assist tenants to purchase their holdings, and furthermore to purchase itself estates from willing landlords, for the purpose of reselling them when three-fourths of the tenants were ready to buy. The court might advance three-fourths of the purchase-money to tenants, and was not to be prohibited from advancing the whole sum when it saw fit. Tenants availing themselves of these purchase clauses would obtain a guaranteed title, and would only have to pay a very small sum for legal costs. Emigration was to be included among the purposes for which advances might be made. Such were the more striking features of the new measure.

The Bill was read a first time without opposition, and immediately after, on the following day, the House adjourned for the Easter recess. When it reassembled on April 25 the second reading of the Land Bill was moved at once. The debates were long and bitter. The Conservative party as a body opposed the Bill with unwearying vigilance and vehemence. They characterised it again and again as a measure of communism, of socialism, of brigandage; and they exhausted their ingenuity in efforts, if not to defeat the Bill altogether, at least to delay it as long as possible, and to minimise as much as might be its 'revolutionary' nature. The Irish members, on the other hand, were no less energetic in their efforts to widen the scope of the Bill, and make it of a character more markedly beneficial to the tenant class. Their efforts were

more successful than those of the Conservative party. The general principles of the Bill remained the same, but its scope was widened, and its powers of application strengthened to a surprising degree. The Bill in the final form in which it was presented to the House of Lords in the end of July, after months of protracted debate, might be not unfairly characterised as in large part the creation of Mr. Healy and the Irish party, of Mr. Charles Russell and certain of the Ulster members. The sleeper in the Arabian story scarcely underwent a more remarkable metamorphosis when he assumed the care and dignity of the Kalif than was experienced by the new Bill in its passage from the Treasury bench to the Upper House. It is only necessary to compare the original draft of the Bill with its final form to see how important these alterations were. The famous Healy clause was constructed to exclude altogether the valuation of improvements made by the tenant in estimating the amount to be fixed as a judicial rent. On the other hand, an amendment by Mr. Heneage was agreed to, excluding what are called 'English-managed' estates from the operation of the Healy clause. The court was empowered by another provision to quash leases contracted since 1870 which might be shown on examination to have been drawn up with a view to dodging or defeating the objects of that measure. The emigration proposals, which were extremely obnoxious to the Irish party, were very largely modified. The total expenditure for this purpose was limited to 200,000*l.*, not more than a third of which was to be spent in any single year. A clause was introduced allowing the commissioners to make advances to tenants for the purpose of clearing off arrears of rent which had accrued for three years.

On July 29 the Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, and was carried up to the House of Lords, where it was read a first time for form's sake without opposition the same evening. After two nights' debate it was read a second time without division, in obedience to Lord Salisbury's counsels. In committee, however, the majority in the Lords fell upon

the measure. They reduced the Bill to a nullity by comprehensive interpolations and additions. They altered, they amended, they substituted, till the Bill resembled Wallenstein's horse as shown to Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The head, legs, and part of the body are new, all the rest is the real horse. The Bill in this 'real horse' condition was returned to the Commons. The Ministry accepted a few of the least important amendments, modified some others, and firmly rejected those which struck at the vitality of the measure. It was sent back to the Lords again, and once again the Lords, with that marvellous infatuation which is the peculiar privilege of the Upper House in its struggles with the Commons, proceeded to make the measure useless by reinstating the objectionable amendments and interpolations. The Bill was then sent down to the Commons. The Ministry made a further pretence of considering the question. The more dangerous amendments which the Lords had restored were struck out, but the Ministry made certain concessions. In the first form of the Healy clause, for instance, the Government had insisted upon a proviso that the tenant should not be allowed the value of improvements for which he had been paid by the landlord. The Government now conceded the addition 'or otherwise compensated.' Under these words Irish courts can, as in the case of Adams and Dunseath, rule that length of enjoyment is to be taken into account as an element in considering the value of a tenant's improvement. The Bill was then handed back to the Lords. By this time public feeling was thoroughly aroused at the prospect of a serious constitutional struggle between the two Houses. Liberal meetings were held in all parts of the country, at which the Government were vigorously encouraged to make no concessions, to fight the fight out to the end. The Lords blustered, but their courage was shaken. Two of the most comprehensively destructive of the Lords' amendments had been moved by the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne. On August 16, when the Bill came before the Lords for the third time, Lord Salisbury still assumed a semi-defiant attitude. Perhaps on the whole, he said, their lordships had better accept

the Bill, unless indeed the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne pressed their amendments. In that case Lord Salisbury would certainly vote for them, and for resistance to the imperious Commons. But the Duke of Argyll was conveniently absent. Lord Lansdowne sat in his seat and made no sign. Lord Salisbury had sounded his trumpet, and no knight challenger galloped into the arena. So with something of an ill grace Lord Salisbury bade those of his inclining hold their hands, and the Land Bill of 1881 became law. The House of Lords had gained nothing by their opposition, but for the moment at least they were saved from the consequences of direct collision with the Commons.

In the meantime the Bradlaugh case had come up again. Mr. Bradlaugh, as we have seen, had taken the affirmation and his seat under all the penalties that might come upon him if his so doing were decided to be illegal. He was at once sued for penalties by a man named Clarke, who, as was afterwards shown, was a mere man of straw sustained by Mr. Newdegate. The judge of the court of law in which Mr. Bradlaugh was sued decided that the statute allowing affirmation to be made in certain cases in lieu of taking the oath did not apply to Mr. Bradlaugh's case, and did not, therefore, exempt him from the obligation of taking the usual oath, and from the penalties consequent upon his failure to do so. The case was brought before the Court of Appeal, where the judgment of the lower court was confirmed. Mr. Labouchere moved for a new writ. Mr. Bradlaugh stood again for Northampton, and was re-elected by a majority of 132 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Corbett, on Saturday, April 9, 1881. On Tuesday, April 26, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself in the House of Commons, and offered to take the oath. He had been escorted to the table by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Burt, and the clerk was proceeding to administer the oath, when Sir Stafford Northcote got up to interpose. The Speaker immediately rose, and announced that although under ordinary circumstances a member presenting himself to comply with the legal formalities of the House was entitled to do so without interruption, yet, having regard to the former resolution of the House, and the reports of

the two select committees, he did not think it his duty to withhold from the House an opportunity of expressing its opinions on the new conditions. He accordingly desired Mr. Bradlaugh to retire while the question was being considered by the House, and Mr. Bradlaugh accordingly retired, after asking that the House would not decide upon his case before it had heard him speak in his own defence. An active debate, led by Sir Stafford Northcote, immediately followed. The Opposition maintained that the House could not look on and allow any one to go through the solemn formality of taking the oath after having publicly proclaimed that the essential conditions which made such an oath binding were absent from his mind. The Ministerial speakers, on the other hand, argued that they had nothing whatever to do with Mr. Bradlaugh's belief or disbelief; and that if the newly elected member for Northampton was ready to take the oath the House had no alternative but to allow him to do so, in spite of any declarations he might have made as to the binding nature of the obligation. Mr. Bradlaugh was heard at the Bar during the course of the debate, urging his case with energy and with eloquence, and warning the House that to deny him his legal right would throw him back on agitation. The Opposition, however, carried the day. Sir Stafford Northcote had put his protest into the form of a motion that, having regard to the former resolution and the reports of the committees, Mr. Bradlaugh should not be permitted to go through the form of repeating the words of the oath prescribed by the statute. This motion was carried by a majority of 33—208 to 175. When the numbers were declared Mr. Bradlaugh again advanced to the table. He was immediately called upon to withdraw by the Speaker, but he refused to obey, declaring that the order was illegal. There was great confusion in the House, members of all parties shouting out their opinions more or less inarticulately. The Speaker asked the noisy House for instructions as to how he should proceed. The Tories yelled for Mr. Gladstone to get up; the Liberals shrieked back indignant refusal. After an interval of confused clamour, during which Mr. Bradlaugh stood in the

centre of the House before the table, like the hero of Flaubert's 'Salammbo' among his Carthaginian enemies, Sir Stafford Northcote rose with bland curiosity to inquire whether the Prime Minister intended to take any steps in regard to the resolution that the House had just agreed to. The Prime Minister replied in a studiously composed tone that he had voted with the minority, and that it was the duty of the majority, and not of the Ministry, to carry out the resolution. Sir Stafford Northcote accordingly, promptly assuming the leadership of the House, moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be ordered to withdraw. The motion was, of course, carried, and the Speaker ordered Mr. Bradlaugh to retire. Mr. Bradlaugh refusing as before, the serjeant-at-arms was called in to enforce the order of the House. In company with Captain Gossett Mr. Bradlaugh retired to the Bar of the House, only to rush forward again to the table. The serjeant-at-arms then called to his aid a little army of messengers, who forced Mr. Bradlaugh—offering, however, no resistance, and protesting against the use of physical force—back to the Bar. As he seemed determined to fight his way again to the table, the Speaker once more appealed to the House for guidance. A scene of sharp recrimination followed, Sir Stafford Northcote taunting the Government with abetting Mr. Bradlaugh in his action, and Mr. Gladstone warmly denying the accusation. Mr. Cowen interrupted the strife by a motion for adjournment of the House, which was promptly carried.

The next day, Wednesday, April 27, 1881, Mr. Bradlaugh again presented himself at the table, again demanded to be sworn; again was ordered by the Speaker to withdraw, and again refused to do so, until the serjeant-at-arms came to take him by the arm. A new debate sprang up, the Opposition and the Ministerialists repeating their old arguments, and the convictions of everybody remaining entirely unchanged. At length a sort of general understanding seemed to be arrived at, according to which the Government would bring in, as soon as might be, some measure for remedying the law which regulated the formalities of the Parliamentary oath; and on this under-

standing it was announced by Mr. Labouchere that Mr. Bradlaugh would refrain from presenting himself at the table of the House for the present. As a consequence of this understanding the Attorney-General, on Monday, May 2, moved for leave to introduce the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, allowing members to make affirmation. But the Bill was vigorously opposed, and several nights passed without any progress being made with the measure. Mr. Bradlaugh thereupon made his appearance in the House again on Tuesday, May 10, when the now familiar ceremony was gone through. Mr. Bradlaugh offered to take the oath, was ordered to withdraw by the Speaker, and refused to do so until the serjeant-at-arms brought the semblance of physical force to bear upon him. Then Sir Stafford Northcote, once more assuming his function of leader of the House, moved that the serjeant-at-arms should exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from the House until he should engage not to disturb the proceedings of the House further—a motion which was carried without a division.

For some weeks nothing further was heard of the Bradlaugh question in the House of Commons. On July 4, however, Mr. Gladstone announced that the Government did not intend to proceed with the Parliamentary Oaths Bill that session. Mr. Bradlaugh immediately wrote to the Speaker, announcing his intention of presenting himself again and claiming his right to take the oath and his seat. The Speaker read the letter to the House, and informed the House that he had given special directions to the serjeant-at-arms to carry out the resolution of May 10. Mr. Bradlaugh did not, however, follow up his letter immediately. He attended meetings in various places, occupied himself in obtaining a summons at Bow Street against Mr. Newdegate for 'maintenance' in giving indemnity for costs to the man who prosecuted him, and seemed in no hurry to claim his seat. On Wednesday, August 3, however, Mr. Bradlaugh made the attempt. He held a great meeting in Trafalgar Square on Tuesday, August 2, at which he announced his intention of proceeding to the House of Commons and taking his seat. Under the impression that he was about to do so then and there,

a cheering, excitable crowd of some five thousand persons poured down Whitehall and through Parliament Street into Parliament Square, and tried to flood Palace Yard with noisy humanity. A strong body of police were, however, in readiness; and though some score or so of people succeeded in getting in, the gates were speedily closed, and the shouting crowd effectually excluded. It soon became understood that the next day's demonstration was to be more serious. Long before midday on Wednesday, August 3, a crowd, at least as large as that of the preceding day, had collected in Parliament Square, cheering for Mr. Bradlaugh, and greeting with loud acclaim the various deputations that came up bearing petitions praying that Mr. Bradlaugh be allowed to take his seat. Palace Yard was guarded carefully by a very large force of police, and the bulk of the crowd were kept outside the gates in perfect order. But the bearers of petitions were allowed to come inside the gates, and to range themselves in order in Westminster Hall. At about twenty minutes to twelve Mr. Bradlaugh, accompanied by his friend Dr. Aveling, arrived before the gates of Palace Yard, and was at once admitted, amidst the wildest enthusiasm on the part of the crowd. Once inside Palace Yard, Mr. Bradlaugh was met by Inspector Denning, who quietly asked him what he proposed to do. Mr. Bradlaugh as quietly answered that he had come to take his seat; and entering Westminster Hall, where the ranged lines of petitioners greeted him lustily, he passed in through the members' entrance, and so into the lobby, and to the very door of the Chamber. Here Mr. Bradlaugh stood and waited until the Speaker should take the chair, the central figure of a crowd of excited and wondering members. The scene was strange enough. Across the door the serjeant-at-arms and his assistants were ranged, and near them were several of the House messengers, and some dozen policemen. The lobby was crowded by curious members—and by members only, as the strictest orders had been given and obeyed that day to let none but members and officials of the House into the inner lobby. As soon as the Speaker had taken the chair, Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been standing perfectly self-possessed in the middle of the lobby,

advanced to the door of the Chamber. His path was immediately barred by Mr. Erskine, who courteously enquired what he wanted. By those who crushed about and craned forward to hear the remarkable dialogue, Mr. Bradlaugh was heard to reply that, as the duly elected member for Northampton, he had come to take the oath and his seat. Mr. Erskine answered that he had received orders not to admit Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Bradlaugh responded that such orders were illegal, and that he had a right to enter. Once again Mr. Bradlaugh urged his right of entry, and once again Mr. Erskine pleaded his orders, and refused him admission. The conversation was carried on gravely and decorously on both sides, but the greatest excitement governed the crowd who surrounded the pair, and who listened to the dialogue while watching the well-guarded door. When Mr. Erskine made his final refusal to allow Mr. Bradlaugh passage, Mr. Bradlaugh immediately stepped forward as if to push his way into the Chamber. He was at once stopped by the officials; he offered resistance to their efforts, and in a moment was engaged in a sort of scuffle with one of them. Then followed probably one of the most extraordinary and painful scenes that the House of Commons had ever witnessed since Cochrane, the gallant Dundonald, the last of the Sea Kings, was haled from the House fighting with all the strength of his giant frame. The policemen who had been waiting in readiness seized Mr. Bradlaugh, and proceeded to drag him away from the entrance to the Chamber. Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of great physical strength, and he exerted himself to the utmost to free himself from those who held him. The spectators in the lobby hurriedly made way, and in the midst of the policemen Mr. Bradlaugh, offering a vigorous resistance, was hurried through the door of the lobby and down the stairs leading to the members' entrance, and so out into Palace Yard, where he was released, hatless, breathless, with his coat torn from the violence of the struggle that had just ensued. The police, it must be stated, did all that was possible under the conditions of the struggle not to hurt Mr. Bradlaugh; but it was impossible that the strife could have been other than severe and exhausting, when a man of powerful

build was being carried, struggling with all his might, downstairs and through narrow passages. For a moment there was a danger or at least the possibility of a conflict between the police and the crowd, as Mr. Bradlaugh stood there disarrayed, exhausted, and excited, in the sight of his followers. Men of all kinds were present in the crowd of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters that day, inside and outside the gates of Palace Yard, who would have been willing enough to use force to assist their leader. One man at least in that crowd deserves special consideration, James Thomson, true poet and brilliant writer, author of 'The City of Dreadful Night,' a poem whose profound pessimism is illumined by a melancholy beauty, and of some even more valuable songs of the joys and pleasures of the poor. Thomson had been of old a friend and follower of Mr. Bradlaugh; their ways of thought had varied of late, and their paths had separated; but here, in the moment of difficulty, Thomson came to do all he could for the cause which he believed to be just, the cause of his old friend. Thomson's wild genius and splendid gifts came to a sad end some eighteen months later, when he died suddenly in a hospital, still a young man, leaving behind him only a brilliant memory and some verses of great fulfilment and greater promise. His career was not unlike that of Henri Murger, or some of his clever, eccentric companions. Like Murger's, it was erratic, fitful, full of gifts and of promise; like Murger's, it came to an end too soon, and very sadly; like Murger's, it was much regretted.

Mr. Bradlaugh, however, made no appeal to his followers to come to his aid. Those who clustered about him were dispersed by the police. Mr. Bradlaugh drank some water and waited peaceably talking to Inspector Denning, until he received information that the House had, by its vote, approved of the action that had been taken. He then drove across to Westminster police court, to ask for a summons for formal assault against Inspector Denning. The magistrate, Mr. Sheil, found the case involved too many technicalities and complications to admit of his granting the summons just then; and Mr. Bradlaugh withdrew by the magistrate's door leading into Vincent Square, at the request of

the police authorities, in order to avoid a scene with the crowd outside.

In the meantime much had been doing inside the House of Commons. As soon as Mr. Bradlaugh had been removed, Mr. Labouchere complained in the House of the treatment of his colleague, and made a motion censuring the serjeant-at-arms and the officials of the House for the manner in which they had interpreted and acted upon the resolution of May 10. The motion was seconded by Mr. Ashton Dilke, and an active debate immediately sprang up, which was chiefly remarkable for a speech made by Mr. Bright, in which he spoke feelingly of the way in which Mr. Bradlaugh had been used, and warned the House that if it persisted in its present course, it would bring itself into some most unfortunate and calamitous position. In the end Mr. Labouchere's motion was defeated by 191 to 7—majority of 184; and an amendment of Sir Henry Holland's, pledging the House to approval of the action of Mr. Speaker and of the officers of the House acting under his order, was agreed to without a division.

Save for the Coercion and the Land Act, the session was unfruitful in Government legislation. With the exception of the Army Regulations Bill, which complemented Lord Cardwell's Army Organisation Bill by linking every regiment to a particular locality, and finally did away with flogging in the army, and the Naval Discipline Amendment Act Amendment Bill, which abolished flogging in the navy, all the other legislative measures proposed by the Government were withdrawn. Some measures, however, introduced by private members became law. One was Earl Cairns' Conveyancing and Law of Property Bill, for simplifying and improving the practice of conveyancing, with its pendant, the Solicitors' Remuneration Bill, providing for a uniform system of charges for conveyancing. Another was Mr. Hutchinson's Newspaper Libel Bill, making an important change in the law of libel by extending a privilege to the reports of meetings lawfully held, and by making the permission of the Attorney-General a necessary preliminary to a criminal information for libel. A Bill introduced and carried by Mr. Roberts enacted

that in Wales all premises in which intoxicating liquors were sold should be closed during the whole of Sunday. There were some changes in the Administration. Mr. Grant Duff was appointed to the Governorship of Madras. Mr. Leonard Courtney went to the Colonial Office. Mr. Herbert Gladstone came into the Ministry as a supernumerary Lord of the Treasury.

The Land Act had not disposed of Irish discontent or settled the Irish question. When Parliament rose, a great convention was held in Newcastle, at which Mr. Joseph Cowen spoke. Mr. Cowen was a brilliant speaker; he might fairly be called the foremost of all the younger generation of Parliamentary orators. Thackeray once spoke of writing down the names of all his real friends on a very little piece of paper. A little piece of paper would be quite sufficient to write down the names of all the orators in St. Stephen's. After Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright comes Mr. Cowen. When he made his first speech in the House of Commons on the Bill which proposed to add the title of Empress of India to the dignities of the sovereign, all who heard it knew at once that a new and powerful force was added to the Parliamentary debates. From that hour Mr. Cowen took high rank as a political influence. The music of his phrases, the passion of his language, the grace and beauty of his sentences, and the honourable independence of thought which inspired all his utterances never failed to make the majority of his hearers forget for the moment not merely the rough northern accent of the speaker, but the unpopularity of the opinions which he was expressing. It has been Mr. Cowen's fortune generally to support, in the House of Commons, causes unpopular to the majority in the House. Like Hal o' the Wynd, in Scott's story, Mr. Cowen has always fought for his own hand. His was the most serious attack upon the Queen's Title Bill, much more serious, for example, than the speech of vitriolic bitterness in which Mr. Lowe refused to have the lispings of the nursery foisted upon the House. Yet he made the best defence of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Cowen has, in fact, what some people would very likely call old-fashioned notions of the duties of an independent

member. He does not believe it to be a part of the duty of a member to accept the guidance of his political chief in all his actions, or to uphold that chief by voice and vote in every demand which he may make on the House of Commons and the country. He considers it to be the business of an independent politician to think for himself. When he imagines that his own party are in the wrong he is neither ashamed nor afraid to say so, and he is willing to admit that even a political enemy may at times have justice on his side, however unpalatable such an admission may be to his own companions. Such a man is seldom greatly loved by any political party. The Treasury bench likes men upon whom it can always fully rely. Ministers are not very fond of being told their duty by their followers. They like absolute obedience, and unhesitating readiness to follow them into the division lobby. Such a follower Mr. Cowen cannot be, and his sturdy independence becomes important when it is accompanied by a gift of eloquence now rare in the English Houses of Parliament. No Ministry cares much for the independence which can only express itself in a few brief, faltering, unimportant sentences. But it is compelled to care very much for the independence which can express itself with the passion, the beauty, and the purpose which men know they have now to expect from Mr. Cowen. Mr. Cowen's early life brought him into close contact with men like Herzen, and Kossuth, and Louis Blanc. His youth was closely linked with the man whose name hung like a shadow over Europe for a season, with Joseph Mazzini. To his association with these men and their like Mr. Cowen owes certain of the ideas which have made him stand somewhat alone in Parliament and in political life. But he has not borrowed his eloquence from them, or from any one else. He is an orator by nature, but it is his own earnestness, his own enthusiasm, his own unswerving honour and honesty, and no copying of the thoughts or the words of other men, which have given him a place among the comparatively few orators of the first class that the Victorian age has produced.

Mr. Cowen had been a persistent opponent of the coercive policy of the Government. He had spoken against it again and again; he had supported the Irish members time after time with his voice and with his vote in opposing the Bills. At the meeting in Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday, August 29, 1881, he attacked the Government with all his energy and all his eloquence. It had been found useless, he said, to argue with the master of many legions, even when that master argued on the extraordinary paradox that the only way in which the law could be maintained in Ireland was by its being superseded. The Land Act had failed as a means of pacification. It was too abstruse and complicated for plain men to understand, and its fair proportions were hidden by the repulsive screen of the Coercion Act. While he strongly condemned the wild writings and wild threats of the American Fenians, he attributed the fault of such writings and threats mainly to the action of the English Government itself. 'No more barbarous or inhuman treatment had been attempted against political prisoners in modern days in Western Europe than was meted out by the English Government to the Fenians. . . . By their treatment we converted men who might have been our friends into foes.' The outrages in Ireland, on account of which the Government had demanded coercion, were, Mr. Cowen contended, shamefully exaggerated. The reason for the exaggeration was this: the Irish executive feared that a Liberal Parliament would not pass a Coercion Bill, and that they could only get it by showing that the country was greatly disturbed, and law superseded. They therefore made no attempt to use the ordinary law with a view to restrain incipient excess, and their strategy succeeded. There was no constitutional country in Europe, Mr. Cowen concluded, in which such a state of things obtained as it did in Ireland. It was a scandal to our civilisation, and a disgrace to our statesmanship.

The convention at Newcastle was followed up by another convention in Ireland, in the Dublin Rotunda, a convention of delegates from the various branches of the Land League all over Ireland. The convention represented the public feeling of

Ireland, as far as public opinion ever can be represented by a delegated body. The descendants of the Cromwellian settlers of the north sat side by side with men of the rebel blood of Tipperary, with the impetuous people of the south, with the strong men of the midland hunting counties. The most remarkable feature of the meeting was the vast number of priests who were present. A great number of priests, young and old, spoke at the convention; all were warm in sympathy with the League and its leaders; all were ready to deal with the Bill as these leaders wished. Mr. Parnell explained his views to the convention. He announced that the League was willing to use the Bill as far as it went, but that the existence of the Bill did not put an end to the work of the Land League; it had still to be vigilant; it had to experiment upon the newly founded land courts with test cases, and in every way to watch over the interests of the tenant farmers. Not of the tenant farmers alone; the Irish labourers were to be thought of as well. The condition of the labourers in Ireland was very bad, and their complaints had gradually been taking organised shape. They were now formally recognised by the League, which became henceforward a Land and Labour League. The convention was singularly quiet; the speeches were all moderate in tone; the attitude of the League as represented by its delegates was pacific and constitutional. But the country undoubtedly was in a disorganised state. The fierce anger that the Coercion Acts and their operation had aroused was creating a widespread disorder, with which it seemed at first as if coercion itself could not successfully cope. The Land League leaders maintained always that they had the country entirely under their control, and that as long as they were to the front they could keep the disorder and violence in check. How far they could have carried this out—how far they could have overmastered the forces that were now at work in Ireland—it is impossible to say, for they were not given the opportunity of carrying out their promises.

The action of the Government during the couple of months following upon the rising of Parliament is wholly inexplicable.

They cannot have thought that the condition of the country was dangerous, for they saw fit to set free Father Sheehy, a step which it is difficult to believe they would have taken if they considered the country to be seriously disturbed. Yet, before the release of Father Sheehy, Mr. Parnell had received in Dublin the greatest tribute of popular enthusiasm that had been accorded to any Irish leader since the days of the Liberator. He had been attending meetings in the country. He returned to Dublin one night towards the end of September. He was met at the station by an enthusiastic crowd bearing torches, and was drawn through the Dublin streets to the Land League offices in Sackville Street. From the windows of these rooms Mr. Parnell and Mr. Sexton delivered speeches to the vast excited audience, who choked the whole of Sackville Street; and on the speeches made that night part of the Government case was afterwards made to rest. Yet it was after this demonstration and after those speeches that the Government thought proper to set Father Sheehy at liberty, although they must have known that he was scarcely likely to remain quieter after his experiences of a prison than he was before he entered it. Is it to be credited that the Government considered the country to be seriously disorganised and disturbed, and yet deliberately let loose among such elements of revolution an agitator who was doubly popular, and therefore doubly dangerous, because he was a priest, and was regarded by the people as a martyr? Father Sheehy at once commenced a vigorous crusade against the Government, and his entry into Cork, in company with Mr. Parnell, resembled a Roman triumph.

For a while after the session came to an end there appeared to be a lull in political excitement. The session had been so stormy, that it was not unnaturally hoped that it might be succeeded by a lengthened period of repose. One or two by-elections took place, without any marked result upon the conditions of parties. Even political foes as well as friends were not displeased when Mr. James Lowther returned to the Parliamentary field as member for North Lincolnshire. His majority might be a matter for Liberal regret, for it ran to 471; but if a

Tory were to be returned at all, why, then Mr. James Lowther was not unwelcome. He had not been a very successful Chief Secretary for Ireland under the late Government, because his genial indifference to the cares of office, and light-hearted contempt for official routine, were not calculated to render him a shining success in perhaps the most difficult post in the Administration. But as a free-lance he was known to be excellent. His humour and his good-humour lent an air of piquancy to his most glaring schemes of obstruction, which robbed them of half their horror, and his bitterest attacks upon his opponents were delivered with a schoolboy *bonhomie* which prevented them from being offensive even when they were most annoying. Few people seemed to enjoy the fun of political life more heartily than Mr. James Lowther, and for the sake of an assembly that wanted all the light-heartedness it could get, Mr. Lowther was welcomed back to Westminster. In North Durham Sir George Elliot was returned in the place of the late Colonel Joicey, a Liberal. In Cambridgeshire, Mr. J. R. Bulwer, Q.C., was elected without opposition in the room of Mr. Rodwell, Q.C., who had resigned. In the county of Tyrone, in Ireland, there were three candidates in the field rendered vacant by the appointment of Mr. Litton to a land commissionership—Mr. Dickson, a Liberal, Colonel Knox, a Conservative, and Mr. Rylett, a Land League candidate. Mr. Dickson came to the head of the poll by a large majority. Mr. Dickson had been in Parliament before, but had been thrown out at the General Election, which returned his son to Parliament with the proud distinction of being the youngest of its members. Mr. Dickson the younger had little more than barely come of age when he was returned to Parliament.

On Monday, September 19, 1881, General Garfield, the President of the United States, died. He had been fired at some weeks before by a crazy assassin named Guiteau, and had lingered for a long time, with varying hope of recovery. The assassination of the Czar Alexander II. in March had caused great horror in England; the death of Garfield created a profound sense of regret. Seldom, perhaps, has the death of the

chief magistrate of one country been recognised with so many public evidences of sympathy and sorrow in another country. On the day of the funeral, many persons in London, who were not American citizens, wore some sign of mourning in their dress, and in all the principal streets the shops displayed emblems of mourning. There was something especially tragic about the death of a brave soldier, an able man and statesman, by the hands of a semi-insane murderer, for whose crime no possible reason or shadow of a reason could be alleged. The murderer Guiteau was put on his trial. National patience has rarely been more sorely tested than that of the American public was, during the course of this protracted case, by the unseemly conduct of the unhappy wretch who had fired the shot. The highest praise is but their due for the quiet patience with which they endured all, and gave the murderer every privilege that the law allowed him. Months after Garfield was in his grave the trial was concluded, and Guiteau was executed.

Up to this time nothing new had taken place in Ireland. The convention had been held, and had passed off quietly. Mr. Parnell had spoken in Cork and Dublin; the Land League was advising the tenant farmers to wait for the submitting of their cases to the land courts until the test cases of the League had been decided; the Land League itself was in full activity, and seemed more popular than ever. Suddenly a series of events took place with great rapidity, which were more startling in their character than anything that had preceded them. Early n October Mr. Gladstone entered upon what was called his Leeds campaign. It was, in point of fact, a campaign against the Irish Parliamentary party, and against Mr. Parnell in particular. On Friday, October 7, 1881, Mr. Gladstone was at Leeds receiving an address from the Mayor and town council, and he made a speech. This speech was remarkable for the manner in which it singled out a political opponent for all the energy of Mr. Gladstone's powers of attack. Mr. Gladstone began by replying to the Conservative taunts over their victory at Durham. In Durham the victory had been won, it was said, by the Irish vote, and Mr. Gladstone at once turned to

the Irish question. After declaring that the condition of Ireland for generations, perhaps for centuries, its prosperity and happiness, or its loss of all rational hope of progress, depended upon its reception of the Land Act, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to draw a contrast between the conduct of politicians of the school of 1848, like Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and even of some advanced men of to-day like Mr. John Dillon, with the conduct of Mr. Parnell and his followers. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was delighted with the new legislation; Mr. John Dillon, rather than attempt to plunge his country into disorder by intercepting the operations of the Land Act, had withdrawn from politics; while Mr. Parnell, in carrying out his policy of plunder, was doing his best to arrest its action. 'Mr. Parnell,' said Mr. Gladstone, slightly confusing his Scripture history in the vehemence of the moment, desired 'to stand, as Moses stood, between the living and the dead, but to stand there not, as Moses stood, to arrest, but to spread the plague.'

Such a speech, made at such a time, naturally created the greatest excitement. Lord Salisbury attended a meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the following Tuesday, in which he pointed out humorously that Mr. Gladstone was unjust to Mr. Parnell. 'When Mr. Gladstone complains that Mr. Parnell has deserted him, I think he forgets that it is mainly due to the organisation over which Mr. Parnell presides that he is now Prime Minister of England. . . . Mr. Gladstone's complaint of Mr. Parnell for preaching the doctrine of public plunder seems to me a strange application of the old adage that Catiline should not censure Cethegus for treason.' In such terms the head of the Opposition bantered the head of the Government; but in Ireland the speech aroused replies that had little spirit of banter in them. At a meeting in Wexford on the Sunday following Mr. Gladstone's speech at Leeds, Mr. Parnell delivered a speech of vehement attack upon the Prime Minister. It was a curious duel of words, unlike anything that English political life had been accustomed to; a Prime Minister levelling a bitter personal attack upon a political opponent, and the opponent retorting in terms of equal fierceness. Mr. John

Dillon was not behindhand in replying to the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone had held him up as an honourable contrast to the conduct of Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Dillon angrily and scornfully repudiated the compliments of the Prime Minister. He had not, he assured the Prime Minister, retired from politics to allow free play to the Land Act. On the contrary, he deeply regretted that he had not been able to stand between his country and the Land Act altogether.

Mr. Gladstone's speech had aroused the greatest excitement in Ireland, and indeed in England too. People felt that such a pronouncement could not have been uttered merely *pour rire*—that something more was to come of it; and something more came. A few days after Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon had replied to the attack, the Government replied by a veritable *coup d'état*. A descent was made upon all the prominent Land League leaders in Dublin on Thursday, October 13. Mr. Parnell was arrested in Morrison's Hotel, and conveyed to Kilmainham early in the morning. Mr. Sexton, M.P., Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. J. P. Quinn, secretary of the Land League, were arrested in rapid succession, and conveyed to Kilmainham Prison. Warrants were out for Mr. Biggar, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Arthur O'Connor. Mr. Biggar and Mr. Arthur O'Connor got over to England, where Mr. Healy was, and orders were conveyed to them from their leader not to return to Ireland to certain arrest, but to remain in England, where they might be useful in keeping the agitation alive.

These wholesale arrests startled the whole civilised world. Continental countries, used to struggles with revolutionary parties, congratulated themselves on the discovery that England, the proud mother of free nations, had her difficulties as well as they, and could only meet them with the old methods. In England itself the *coup d'état* was received with satisfaction, almost with rejoicing, by the generality of the supporters of the Government, though it is hardly necessary to say that advanced Radicals like Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Thompson of Durham, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Storey, and Mr. Joseph Cowen did not share in this satis-

faction, and that the rejoicing was not unanimous even in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone was present at an entertainment given by the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall on October 13. Mr. Gladstone made a speech which might be regarded as the epilogue to his Leeds address. In the middle of an eloquent appeal to the principles of law and order the Prime Minister produced a telegram which he had just received, and in tones of triumphant exultation announced to his hearers the arrest of Mr. Parnell. The effect was curious. Had Mr. Gladstone informed his audience of the conquest of some foreign foe, of the successful conclusion of some long and hazardous war, or the consummation of some honourable and long-looked-for peace, his words could not have aroused a greater frenzy of enthusiasm. Every man in the crowded hall sprang to his feet and cheered till he could cheer no longer. 'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen,' said Mr. Gladstone; and the tumultuous applause with which he was greeted from political opponents, as well as political allies, must have assured him that he had wrestled well, and overthrown more than his enemies.

Across the Irish Sea everything was confusion. Arrests followed arrests; excited meetings were held all over the country; a Ladies' Land League, even a Children's Land League, and a Political Prisoners' Aid Society strove to keep the agitation alive; there were slight riots here and there; the Government took the most elaborate precautions against a possible popular rising. Suddenly the walls of Dublin were placarded by a proclamation calling upon the Irish people to pay no rent while their leaders were in prison. This document was signed by Charles S. Parnell, President, Kilmainham Gaol; A. J. Kettle, Honorary Secretary, Kilmainham Gaol; Michael Davitt, Honorary Secretary, Portland Prison; Thomas Brennan, Honorary Secretary, Kilmainham Gaol; John Dillon, Head Organiser, Kilmainham Gaol; Thomas Sexton, Head Organiser, Kilmainham Gaol; Patrick Egan, Treasurer, Paris.

The No-Rent Manifesto was dramatically effective, but it was not generally acted upon; its framers can hardly have expected that it would be. The clergy were entirely against it.

Even the most National of Irish ecclesiastics, Archbishop Croke of Cashel, condemned it unhesitatingly. A general strike of rent all over Ireland might have been a great political move if it had been possible, but it was not possible. The No-Rent Manifesto was a direct challenge to the Government, and the Government retaliated by declaring the Land League an illegal body, by proclaiming its meetings, and by arresting its remaining official, Mr. Dorris, and sending him to Dundalk Prison. Many women, members of the Ladies' Land League, were put into prison in different parts of the country. The most advanced of the National newspapers, *United Ireland*, was shortly afterwards proscribed, and for the time being practically suppressed. It carried on a fitful existence, printed now in Paris, now in Liverpool, and smuggled over as well as might be to Ireland, where it was sold surreptitiously, and seized by the police whenever they could lay hands upon it. The Government had done their best to stifle the Land League, to crush it out of existence altogether, and they appeared to have succeeded. They really seemed to think that by abolishing an association and suppressing a newspaper they could silence a national agitation, and summarily dispose of a complicated and vexatious problem.

As soon as Mr. Parnell was imprisoned the Lord Chancellor removed his name from the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wicklow. An effort was immediately made by the National section of the Dublin Corporation to confer the freedom of the city upon Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon. After a stormy discussion, in which Mr. Gray, M.P., and Mr. Dawson, M.P., led the National party, against Mr. Brooks, M.P., who opposed the proposal, the motion was lost by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor, Dr. Moyers. The proposal was only delayed. With the new year a new Lord Mayor was elected, Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P., a strong Nationalist. This time the National party in the Corporation were in a large majority, and by a large majority the customary vote of thanks to a retiring Lord Mayor was refused to Dr. Moyers for the part he had taken in defeating the freedom of the city proposal. This proposal was now revived and carried successfully. Such

an act on the part of the corporation of a city that had always been remarkable for what was called its 'loyalty,' which meant its subservience to Castle influence, was in itself deeply significant of the hold the National leaders had got upon the heart of the country. But a message from heaven would not have appeared significant to Mr. Forster if it had not accorded with his pre-established opinions of the way Ireland ought to be governed.

The suppression of the Land League did not make Ireland quiet. The imprisonment of the responsible leaders of the National party had removed all check upon the fierce and dangerous forces which are always at work under the surface of Irish politics. The secret societies, which had almost ceased to operate during the rule of the Land League, came into play again the moment the restraining influence of a popular, constitutional, and open movement was removed. Outrages increased daily, and were exaggerated out of all proportion to their increase, until to those at a distance Ireland appeared to be sinking into a condition of hopeless anarchy. The Chief Secretary had had his way; he had put into prison men, women, priests, according to his pleasure, and yet an obstinate island and an ungrateful people refused to justify him by being pacified. Order did not reign in Warsaw.

The year 1881 was rich in its record of illustrious dead. On February 5 Thomas Carlyle quietly passed away, at the age of eighty-five, in the little house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he had lived the greater part of his troubled, laborious, unhappy life. How unhappy that life was, few of those who most admired Carlyle had any conception at the hour of his death. It was left to Mr. Froude to drag the miseries and meannesses of Carlyle's private life into the cold, cruel light of publicity, and to drive for a time a disagreeable trade in the errors and the weaknesses of his dead friend and master. The reading world had long learned to look upon Carlyle as the preacher and expounder of grim, composed, almost Promethean resignation. 'Argue not with the inexorable.' That was the eternal text of Carlyle's homilies. 'It is an everlasting duty, the duty

of being brave.' 'All things considered, what right hast thou even to be?' 'O my brother, be not thou a quack. Die rather, if thou wilt take counsel; 'tis but dying once, and thou art quit of it for ever.' Carlyle's writings are full of such maxims as these, counselling resignation, renunciation, and that proud patience which the gods are said to love. Epicurus in his garden, 'the halting slave who in Nicopolis taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son cleared Rome of what most shamed him,' the Emperor Stoic Aurelius, never counselled firm and unfailing fortitude more eloquently or more persistently than Carlyle. No man was ever more scornful than he of the feebleness or the faint-heartedness of others. Thousands of human beings, since Carlyle began to write, must have found comfort, consolation, and courage, in his heroic philosophy. It is difficult to imagine a troubled, world-wearied spirit not learning some lesson of true nobility, nor deriving some fresh purpose for the fight of life, from the unconquerable manhood of 'Sartor Resartus.' Undoubtedly the feeling of the civilised world in the end of that first week in February was that a great and good philosopher had faded from the earth. Undoubtedly ever since that time the persistent and repeated efforts of the dead master's pupil have been to remove that impression, to teach the worshippers that their idol was not the least among the shams that he was always so bitter in assailing. In Carlyle's writings we find one man, in his life and letters we find another. Mr. Froude shows us a pitiful, querulous, feverishly impatient being, consumed and wasted by a devouring envy of all his intellectual peers and superiors, fretted by petty jealousies, mean hatreds, and morbid vanities. The words with which he has put on record his feelings towards his fellows eat like corrosive acid into their genius and their fame. He appears to have been almost incapable of an honest or honourable admiration for anything. The exquisite humour, the sweet and kindly spirit of Lamb stirred him only to a cankerous pity. 'This is not genius,' he snarls; 'it is sheer diluted insanity. Please take it away.' The pure, star-like soul of Mill—of Mill to whom he owed so much—rouses only a malign envy and a malign

contempt. 'Poor Mill,' he says again and again scoffingly of the man who was in many things so immeasurably his superior.

He seems, indeed, in all the hideous, dismal pages of his self-recorded life to have been animated by a malignant jealousy of others, which crippled within him the philosophy he preached so loudly for others. The *sæva indignatio* of Swift was at least directed against injustice, against untruth, against oppression; the 'fierce indignation' of Carlyle seems to have been directed against those who were successful, against those who had superior parts, against those who were more fortunate or more unfortunate than himself. He admires no one—except, indeed, here and there some member of the aristocracy, one of them a woman for whose sake he was quite willing to make his wife very miserable. The sufferings and misfortunes of others wake in him no gleams of pity; but his Stoicism only extends to the ills of others. The preacher of fortitude, of patience, of endurance, complains with querulous iteration of the smallest personal discomfort. The least annoyance, the minutest irregularity in the routine of his daily life, seems to have driven this last of the Stoics into a condition of impotent frenzy. The woman whom he married, and whom he succeeded in imbuing with something of his own scornful pity for every human being who was not Thomas Carlyle, suffered terribly at his hands. On her own showing, on his own showing, he made her life a misery. Thackeray has drawn a powerful, terrible picture of Swift, 'the lonely, guilty wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.' The picture finds its parallel in Carlyle's own agonies of pitiable remorse, in his wailings—occasionally in the Spanish language—over the life he had embittered, and the devotion he had disregarded.

It is difficult to see what purpose, not merely mercantile or merely cynical, was served by Mr. Froude's publication of the letters and papers of Carlyle and his wife. The familiar story of Socrates under the judgment of the physiognomist is indeed valuable. It is good to know that in the nature of the best and wisest Athenian lurked fierce tendencies to crime and passion. It is good to know this, because it is good also to

know that Socrates so conquered these evil inclinations that none of those about him suspected their existence, and were for laughing the expounder of character to scorn until the conscious teacher checked them. But it is not easy to see what good service can be rendered to the world by making it clear that the stern Stoic, the lofty teacher, was after all only a 'self-torturing sophist,' crammed to the lips with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, the heedless, heartless tyrant of the woman who loved him, a man whose clamours for strong men and strong methods of government were only the utterances of a feeble nature, harassed by dyspepsia.

'Truth, though the sky fall,' Mr. Froude might perhaps answer with his master. But how far is it truth? The confession of the repentant is often a darker record than the charge of the accuser. The business of the world was with Carlyle the author, not with Carlyle the *heautontimorumenos*, not with Carlyle the suffering invalid. It seems like treachery to take the world into such confidences. They are *sub sigillo*; they are not fair evidence for or against. So long as the world remains imperfect, so long as we do not live in a palace of truth, so long as men write and say of their fellows more than they exactly mean, and more than they would care to have repeated to the objects of their criticism, so long it will be unfair to judge a character like Carlyle's wholly by the records he may leave behind. Only wholly, however: partially he must be judged out of his own mouth; and to Mr. Froude, therefore, is due such credit as he may deserve for having successfully lowered the character of Carlyle the writer of books by too comprehensive revelations about Carlyle the man.

A thinker and teacher of a very different type from Carlyle died within the year. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, was one of the most remarkable ecclesiastics that the Church of England in the nineteenth century had produced. Born in 1815, he was only sixty-six years old when he died; but those sixty-six years were years of unceasing activity, which put more of life into them than many men put into lifetimes extending far beyond the limitations of the

Psalmist. Important as the part was which Dean Stanley played in the ecclesiastical history of his time, he will perhaps be most remembered for the books with which he enriched the literature of his age. His poem on the 'Gipsies,' with which he won the Newdigate prize in 1837, has indeed gone the way of most Newdigate prizes, and been forgotten. But his 'Memorials of Canterbury,' with its varied and glowing picture of the fortunes of the English metropolitan church; his 'Sinai and Palestine,' which is perhaps the most fascinating of all records of Syrian travel; his picturesque, if somewhat partial and one-sided, study of the 'Eastern Church,' and of the 'Jewish Church,' these will be remembered, these will form his fitting monument.

Over in Ireland another great Churchman died—John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, ninety years of age. The penal laws were in force during his childhood; he was seven years old when the rebellion of '98 against those laws and the principles they represent broke out. Under those laws the future archbishop, the future scholar, received his earliest education, at those 'hedge schools' which kept alive the light of learning and religion in Ireland, in times most evil for the country and her faith. The old ecclesiastical scholarship for which Ireland was famous found its fittest modern representative in Archbishop McHale; while his profound piety and saintly life would have done honour to the proudest epoch in the history of the Church of the West.

In the same year died George Borrow, the once famous author of the 'Romany Rye,' and of 'Lavengro.' The present generation had somewhat forgotten Borrow; he had fallen away from public attention, and chose to live a quiet and isolated, if not a lonely life. But the news of his death came like a shock to many who perhaps up to that moment were hardly aware that he was alive. He has given somewhere a curious picture, in verse, of himself as a 'man who twenty tongues can talk, and sixty miles a day can walk;' who, 'though averse to strife, could fight with pistol, sword, or knife,' and who could 'drink at a draught his quart of rum, and then

be neither sick nor dumb.' He was undoubtedly a man of many and varied gifts; he had lived through an adventurous and restless manhood into a long and quiet old age; and he faded out of a world in which his name had long been little more than a memory. Another life, no less restless and adventurous, ended in August, and removed one of the last of those who 'once saw Shelley plain.' Edward John Trelawney was one of the survivors of that matchless company of men with whom it was his good fortune to be intimate, one of the last links that bound the present generation to the time of Byron and Shelley. Trelawney will always be remembered as one of the few who performed Shelley's Roman rites by the shore of Spezia Bay, as one of the few who stood by the death-bed of Byron. Another wanderer, author, adventurer, who died this year, was Grenville Murray, once familiar in all men's mouths as the 'Roving Englishman.' He did a great many things very well, but nothing superlatively well. He wrote novels so very clever that they were sometimes mistaken for the works of greater men; he was a rattling, vivacious special correspondent in days when special correspondence meant less than it means in the days of Archibald Forbes, of MacGahan, and Edmund O'Donovan. He was a bright essayist, a good story-teller, an incomparable *flâneur*. For many reasons he found it convenient to exile himself from England during the latter part of his life. His tastes and sympathies were always much more Continental than insular, and he died, not inappropriately, in the city which he probably loved best of all cities, the city by the Seine. Among a crowd of others of less note may be mentioned John Hill Burton, the Scotch historian, the book-lover, the chronicler of the age of Anne; Mrs. S. C. Hall, an authoress of some gentle and pleasant stories of Irish life; Mrs. Ward, Nelson's adopted daughter, the 'little Horatia' of his letters; James Spedding, the Baconian scholar and critic; Samuel Sharpe, the Egyptologist; William Rathbone Greg, the essayist; Mr. Edward Miall, the Nonconformist, and E. A. Sothern, the actor, to be remembered in the annals of the stage as the inventor of Lord Dundreary. Out

in Madras died Adam, former Liberal whip, and for a short time Commissioner of Works under the new Government. His health had been failing when he accepted the Governorship of Madras; the change of climate came too late to save him. He was more, perhaps, sincerely regretted in the political world than is often the lot of minor politicians.

One young and promising career came to an untimely conclusion in this year. Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy had early taken a prominent place among the constellation of young poets who grouped themselves around the central sun of Mr. Swinburne. He was an official of the British Museum, like Theophile Marzials and E. W. Gosse; like Russian Ralston and Assyrian Smith; like Mr. Richard Garnett, most erudite of librarians, most scholarly of critics, most graceful of translators.

CHAPTER X.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The year 1882 opened with a grim sense of disquiet everywhere. In Ireland affairs were more disturbed than ever; Mr. Forster's policy of imprisoning the Land League leaders had completely failed in restoring anything like order to the country, and the general sense of England seemed to consider that he had made a mistake. For the moment, however, a feeling of helpless despondency with regard to Ireland existed in England. The chief topic of popular discussion was the proposed reform of the rules and regulations of debate in the House of Commons. Both the great political parties were agreed that some change was necessary, though they differed as to the nature and degree of the proposed alterations. Naturally any suggestion of change in Parliamentary institutions that had stood the test of centuries was in itself a proposition of such magnitude as to cause uneasiness even in the minds of those who most advocated the necessity for some alteration. The speeches of public men, the thoughts of private men, were chiefly occupied by the condition of Ireland, and the talked-of changes in the Parliamentary machinery which had in some measure been the outcome of the Irish question. There was one other topic, too, on which men's minds were agitated. Our relationships with Egypt were becoming more complicated every day.

Parliament met on February 7. The Queen's speech began by announcing the intended marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, with the Princess Helen of Waldeck and Pyrmont. The successful cession of Thessaly to the Greek Government was next mentioned; the affairs of Egypt were touched upon with no suggestion of alarm; the progress of the proposed new commercial treaty with France was alluded to. The condition of Ireland was declared to show some signs of improvement.

Proposals were mentioned for the establishment in the English and Welsh counties of the systems of local self-government which had been so long enjoyed by the towns; for the reform of the Corporation of London; for the introduction of Bills dealing with bankruptcy, with corrupt practices at elections, the criminal code, the consolidation of the patents laws, and the conservancy of rivers.

The Bradlaugh question immediately came up again with the meeting of the House. As soon as the new members who had been elected during the recess had come forward and taken the oaths and their seats, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself at the table, and demanded to be sworn in his turn. The resolution which had kept him from the precincts of the House being merely a sessional order had no longer any force, and Mr. Bradlaugh was perfectly free to enter the Chamber. Sir Stafford Northcote immediately rose and urged that the conditions of things were in no way altered, and he moved in consequence a resolution of a very similar nature to that of April 26 of the preceding year. Sir William Harcourt, as the representative of the Government in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, moved the previous question, and supported his motion by arguing that the House had no power either to alter the provisions of the statute under which Mr. Bradlaugh desired to be sworn, or to make any inquiry into the religious belief of duly elected members. Mr. Bradlaugh was then allowed once again to address the listening Commons from the bar. An orator of ability, pleading for a cause that had considerable public support, could hardly wish for a better rostrum than the bar of the House of Commons, or a more interesting audience than its medley of members. Mr. Bradlaugh, addressing the attentive Commons, may have felt something of the emotions of Talma addressing his *parterre* of 'princes orgulous.' It was admitted, even by those who were most opposed to Mr. Bradlaugh, that in his difficult position he comported himself with dignity and with eloquence; that, regarded simply as a piece of oratory, his defence of himself was worthy of the occasion. It was the more difficult for him to be at all impressive in his

appeal, because it was not the first, nor even the second time that he had found himself there addressing the House of Commons from the Commons bar. The House of Commons does not love repetitions, and it is so much the more to Mr. Bradlaugh's credit, artistically, that he was able to repeat once and again his part of pleader for his rights before the Commons without making his hearers either impatient or indifferent.

Mr. Bradlaugh urged that he had been misunderstood and misrepresented. If he were allowed to take the oath he should consider it as binding both upon his honour and his conscience. But he warned the House that he was determined to present himself again and again to demand his rights, unless indeed the Government were prepared to bring in some measure for the alteration of the existing law, in which case he would wait in patience till such law were passed. Mr. Gladstone, who had by this time come into the House, maintained his formerly expressed opinion that the matter was one with which the courts of law alone were properly competent to deal. The previous question being negatived by 286 to 228, Mr. Bradlaugh again advanced to the table. The Speaker ordered him to withdraw. Mr. Bradlaugh declined. The Speaker appealed to the House. Sir Stafford Northcote moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be directed to withdraw. The motion was carried without a division, and Mr. Bradlaugh withdrew under protest to his familiar seat under the clock on the Liberal side, a seat which, being below the bar, and therefore not technically in the House, he was at liberty to occupy.

He soon asserted his claim again. On February 21 his colleague in the representation of Northampton, Mr. Labouchere, moved for a new writ for Northampton. This was refused by the House by a large majority. No sooner was the division taken than Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been watching the proceedings, hurried up the floor of the House, stood before the table, and, taking from his pocket a New Testament, proceeded in a loud tone of voice to swear himself in. The respectable inhabitants of Veii, who were assembled in their temple on that auspicious day when the priest announced

victory to him who should make the impending sacrifice, could hardly have been more surprised when Camillus made his sensation leap through the floor, and performed the rite, than were the assembled Commons at beholding Mr. Bradlaugh standing at the table and calmly administering the oath to himself. Stupefaction held them still, as Mr. Bradlaugh, having sworn himself in to his own satisfaction, produced a paper announcing that he had duly taken the oath, signed this document, and laid it gravely on the table. By this time the House had shaken off its stupor, and was howling and shouting with inarticulate rage as Mr. Bradlaugh took a seat with the calm appearance of a man who had now succeeded in satisfying all scruples and pleasing all parties. Immediately a bewildering, confused debate sprang up. Lord Randolph Churchill argued vehemently that the extraordinary action which the House had just witnessed in itself vacated the seat. The law officers of the Crown disagreed, and could not see their way to declaring that any statute had been broken. Lord Randolph Churchill then asked if the insult to the House was to be passed over in silence; but upon the counsel of Mr. Gladstone the discussion of the matter was postponed till the next day, Wednesday, February 22.

The next day, accordingly, the wrangle began again. After much expostulation on the part of the Ministry, who evidently did not know what to do, and much fierce invective from the fierier Conservative spirits, Mr. Labouchere, by way of bringing everything to a genial termination, proposed that Mr. Bradlaugh should be heard in his own defence. It may be that Mr. Bradlaugh thought he had now addressed the House sufficiently often from the bar of the House. It is certain that the repetition of such speeches from the bar could not but prove injurious to any cause and to any orator. Whatever may have been his reasons, Mr. Bradlaugh was not going this time to keep within the old lines. He boldly entered the House, took a seat below the gangway, and argued with the Speaker his right to state his case from that position. This made the House more angry than ever. A stringent motion

for expulsion was at once brought forward by Sir Stafford Northcote, and carried by 297 to 80. Mr. Bradlaugh being thus formally expelled from the House, a new writ was immediately moved for, and granted without division. About the same time that Mr. Bradlaugh was thus being turned adrift from the Commons, the case of Clarke *v.* Bradlaugh was being argued over in the Court of Appeal, and the decision of the lower court, granting a new trial in Clarke *v.* Bradlaugh, was reversed. Mr. Bradlaugh once more came forward as a candidate for Northampton, and was once more triumphantly re-elected, defeating Mr. Corbett, who again opposed him, by a majority of 108 votes.

Once more, therefore, the House of Commons and Mr. Bradlaugh were opposed. On March 6 Sir Stafford Northcote, determined to do his best to keep Mr. Bradlaugh out this time, moved a stern resolution that the House, having ascertained that Mr. Bradlaugh has been re-elected for Northampton, affirmed the sessional resolution of February 7, and directed that he be not permitted to take the oath. To this Mr. Marjoribanks moved, as an amendment, a resolution urging a modification of the existing law, which would allow every elected member to take the oath or to affirm according to his option. This amendment was supported by Mr. Gladstone, who considered Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution of too aggressive a character, and believed that legislation would relieve the House from a painful position. The resolution, however, was carried by 257 to 242: majority, 15. The Government thereupon went through the now familiar performance of pretending to regard the leadership of the House in this matter as entirely in Sir Stafford Northcote's hands, and allowed it to be understood that they had no intention of bringing forward any legislation on the matter. They assumed, in fact, the attitude which of all others is perhaps the least becoming to a Government—that of the small boy who announces that he 'won't play any more,' because he thinks he has been badly treated by his companions in the game. A sort of understanding, however, was arrived at with Mr. Bradlaugh himself by virtue of which

he was allowed a seat on one of the benches below the clock, on condition that he did nothing to disturb the House, and made no effort to share in its debates.

Strife over the Bradlaugh question was not confined to the Commons alone. In the Upper House as well there was wrangling, and peer opposed to peer on the great question of oath or no oath. Lord Redesdale began the war by bringing in a Bill to exclude all atheists from Parliament; but it was defeated on its second reading, on March 23, by Lord Shaftesbury moving the previous question. For a while the Government made no reply to this attack, but three months later, on July 4, the Duke of Argyll made an effort to solve the difficulty by bringing in an Affirmation Bill of his own, which was promptly thrown out, on Lord Carnarvon's motion, by 138 to 62.

The Thanes were flying from Mr. Gladstone. One after another the old Whigs were dropping from his standard, and either holding aloof or formally going over to the enemy. In 1881 Lord Zetland had formally seceded from the Liberal party, an insignificant herald of more significant secessions. Early in 1882 Lord Grey cut himself off from Liberalism, and went over with much pomp and solemnity to the enemy. Lord Grey expressed himself as much alarmed by the harm Mr. Gladstone was doing to the land laws in Ireland, and was no doubt scheming to do to the land laws in England. He, at least, would not support Mr. Gladstone in a policy to which he no doubt thought—for he almost said so—that Lord Beaconsfield's expression of 'plundering and blundering' was singularly appropriate. With Lord Zetland Lord Grey refused 'to go on supporting a man who on every really important question acts against the old opinions of all the great Whig leaders in the old days, when the Whigs were a party to which I for one was proud to belong, and of which I will not give up the traditions because a set of men choose to call themselves the successors of a party with which they have really nothing in common.' So wrote Lord Grey angrily to Colonel Dawnay, brother of the man who was just about to be returned for the North Riding

by a comparatively small majority over Mr. Rowlandson, the representative of the Farmers' Alliance. Nobody paid any great attention to Lord Grey's retirement or to Lord Grey's pronouncement. The days of the old Whigs, to which he so fondly alluded, were as much a part of the past as the reigns and records of Egyptian Thothmes or Assyrian Assurbani-Pal. No human being was ever to be stirred again by any appeal to the venerable party cries and political watchwords which had done good service in the days when the house of Hanover was yet young in England, and Walpole was setting an example to commoner Prime Ministers. Lord Grey was an eccentric statesman, who had long ceased to play any part of the least importance in politics. He was the son of that Lord Grey, the friend of Fox, the father-in-law of Lord Durham, who had been so much under the domination of his strenuous, great-hearted son-in-law. The present Lord Grey was determined not to understand that the world had advanced at all from the days of the first Reform Bill. He lived entirely among the traditions of the past, in that peaceful time before energetic Radicalism had reared its head high; he still fondly imagined the world to be in the Saturnian age of politics. He was out of tune with the modern mind, to whom the Whig is almost as much an anachronism as the mastodon, or the men in armour of a Lord Mayor's Show. He did not see that the strife henceforward was not between Whig and Tory, but between Tory and Radical; that the *moderados* of both parties, the Whig on he one hand and the Conservative on the other, were bound to disappear from the bustle and strife about them, and to take their proper place as the curiosities of a museum.

On March 20, 1882, the debate on the proposed alterations of the new rules of Parliamentary debate may be said to have practically begun. The first resolution had actually been moved by Mr. Gladstone on February 20, and Mr. Marriott, Q.C., the Liberal member for Brighton, had brought forward his famous amendment; but the Bradlaugh episode, and the quarrel with the Lords, and the necessity of obtaining Supply, had inter-

vened, and occupied Parliamentary time to the exclusion of other business for the succeeding month.

The first rule gives the Speaker, or the chairman of a committee of the whole House, the power of informing the House when he considers it to be the evident sense of the House, or of the committee, that the debate should close; whereupon a motion 'that the question be now put' might be at once decided in the affirmative, if supported by more than two hundred members, or opposed by less than forty members, and supported by more than one hundred members. The second rule restricts the making a motion for adjournment before the orders of the day or notices of motion have been entered into. The third limits the debate on such motions strictly to the matter of the motion; and prohibits any member speaking to such a motion from moving or seconding a similar motion during the same debate. The fourth rule allows the Speaker, before a dilatory division, to call upon the members challenging it to rise in their places, and if they are less than twenty to declare the determination of the House without a division. By the fifth rule the Speaker may call the attention of the House to continued irrelevance or tedious repetition on the part of a member, and direct him to stop speaking The sixth decides that, in committee on a Bill, the preamble shall stand postponed without debate until after the consideration of the clauses. The seventh allows the chairman of a committee, who has been ordered to make a report to the House, to leave the chair without the question being put. The eighth amended the half-past twelve o'clock rule of February 18, 1879, by declaring that the rule should not apply to the motion for leave to bring in a Bill, nor to any Bill which has passed through committee. The ninth gives the Speaker, after naming a member, the power of putting the question for his suspension without any debate, and rules that any member suspended under this order should be suspended on the first occasion for a week, on the second for a fortnight, and on the third for a month. The tenth allows the Speaker to put the question at once, whenever he considers any motion of adjournment to be made for the purpose of obstruction.

The eleventh and twelfth provide for considering an amended Bill, and for going into Committee of Supply under certain conditions without putting any question. Then followed some rules empowering the formation of two grand committees —one on law and justice, and the other on trade, shipping, and manufacture, to which Bills belonging to either of these divisions were to be committed. It was soon made evident that these innovations were not to be accepted without a severe and protracted struggle. Notices of amendments to all these various proposals literally were showered upon the order books. The amendment which was first considered, that of Mr. Marriott, was one of the most important, because it came from a supporter of the Government, and because it struck at once at the chief principle of the new proposals. Mr. Marriott's amendment declared that no change in the rules of debate could be considered satisfactory which gave to a majority in the House of Commons the power of closing a debate. Mr. Marriott did not limit his censures to the proposals; he freely attacked the manner in which he considered that the proposals had been forced on the House by the machinery of the caucus, as applied by Mr. Chamberlain, and he vigorously attacked the dangerous influence which, according to him, Mr. Chamberlain exerted in the Cabinet. This was the point at which the Government had arrived, when first Mr. Bradlaugh, then the Peers, and finally Supply, had interfered with its further progress.

When the discussion on Mr. Marriott's amendment to the first of the procedure resolutions was resumed on March 20, Lord Hartington, as the spokesman of the Ministry, announced that the Government were determined to stand by the principle of closure by a bare majority. This principle was not merely obnoxious to the whole body of the Opposition; it was vigorously assailed from within the Liberal ranks. Mr. Marriott himself had declared his opposition by his amendment, while supporters of the Government like Sir John Lubbock, and even Mr. Walter, were urgent in advising the Government to yield to some compromise, such as that of a two-thirds majority. For

ten nights the debate on this question was carried on, in which both sides displayed an ingenuity of argument that was not a little bewildering to the unprejudiced student, whose opinions wavered one way as he heard Sir Michael Hicks-Beach point out the horrors of the tyranny which the Government were about to impose upon a once free Commons, and veered back in the other direction as he listened to Mr. Bright painting the reign of peace which would be sure to follow upon the successful adoption of the Ministerial proposal. When the division was taken on March 30, the numbers stood 318 in favour of the Government to 279 against it—a decidedly larger majority than the Ministerialists had really ventured to hope for. When the rules had reached this point the House adjourned for Easter, in the full confidence that the discussion would be soon resumed and soon finished. But it was decided by the destinies that, with the exception of a single discussion on May 1, the new rules were not to be heard of again till the end of the session.

Early in March Parliament was able to congratulate the Queen on her escape from the attack of a madman. The Ministerial proposal to increase Prince Leopold's allowance of 10,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* in view of his approaching marriage was carried on March 23, after some sharp Radical opposition, by 387 to 42, the minority being the largest ever recorded against a grant to a royal prince. On March 24 the old spirit of protection, which was deemed to have been exorcised and laid long ago, strove to rise from its grave and display itself in all its terrors to an undismayed majority. Mr. Ritchie, it is true, did not avowedly call himself a protectionist; he merely moved for a committee, in the interests of fair trade, to consider the operation of foreign tariffs on British commerce. But it needed a very slight display of the arguments of Mr. Ritchie and his supporters to show that new fair trade was indeed but old protection writ short. Sir Stafford Northcote, it is true, who had once been looked upon as the staunchest Conservative opponent of protection, and who had shown himself such on the protection motion of two years before, now declared himself ready to vote for Mr. Ritchie's inquiry. In spite, however, of this example, only 89 members supported Mr. Ritchie. as

opposed to 140 who declined to have any dealings with protection, however cunningly disguised.

Parliament reassembled on October 24 to discuss the rules of procedure. Lord Randolph Churchill immediately attacked the Government for departing from constitutional usage by assembling for the discussion of business after passing the Appropriation Bill. The Appropriation Bill, Lord Randolph Churchill urged, was almost invariably kept for the last measure of a session, in order to preserve the privileges of members after Supply had been closed. By abandoning this principle, Lord Randolph Churchill declared that the Government were putting the House at their mercy. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, admitted that it was unusual for Parliament to reassemble after the passing of the Appropriation Bill, but that the course was not unprecedented; as in 1820, when Queen Caroline was tried, the House adjourned three times after passing the Appropriation Act, and transacted public business each time. Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out that the cases were not parallel, as the Government in 1820 only kept the House sitting for the purpose of the Queen's trial, and brought forward no business of their own. Lord Randolph Churchill's motion for adjournment was defeated by 209 to 142.

The debates on the Procedure Rules were long, and it must be confessed wearisome. There was vigorous opposition offered to all the Ministerial proposals, but on the strength of its great majority the Government was unwilling to make many concessions, and in most cases carried its point triumphantly. The great battle of the protracted debates was fought on the question of closure by a majority pure and simple, or by a proportional majority of two-thirds, or some other ingenious device. Compared with this question, in which the whole principle of closure was involved, all the other portions of the Ministerial proposals were comparatively unimportant, and on this question the opinion of the House was widely divided. The majority of the Conservative party, following Sir Stafford Northcote's lead, declared themselves opposed to the introduction of closure at all. Still, if closure they must have, let it be the proportional closure, as being on the whole less mischievous than the closure by a

pure and simple majority. To this Lord Randolph Churchill and the extremer members of the Tories below the gangway disagreed. Bad as closure was, proportional closure was worse. Closure by a bare majority would be more likely to bring the system into contempt than the more speciously fair-seeming system of proportional closure. The vast majority of the Liberals were in favour of the absolute closure. The really advanced Radicals, as represented by Mr. Labouchere, wished to see closure frequently employed against even the formal and recognised opposition. The 'democratic creed,' as expounded by Mr. Labouchere, was 'that there ought to be very frequent elections, say once every three years; that certain measures ought to be presented to the people at these elections; that there should be a plébiscite with regard to them; and that if the people made up their minds that they should pass, the Ministry representing the majority having received an imperative mandate to carry them through, discussion was therefore useless.' The Government received further the somewhat rare support of the Irish members, who, as a party, voted for closure pure and simple, on the ground that the two-thirds scheme was aimed at the Irish party alone, while by the Government plan the measure would be meted out to the Opposition as well as to the Irish party. Mr. Gibson's two-thirds amendment was defeated by 322 to 238, a much larger majority than the supporters of the Government had ventured to hope for. The Opposition made various other attempts to amend and oppose the first rule, but the final division on it was taken on November 10, when by a majority of 44—the numbers being 304 to 260—the principle of closure familiar to Continental parliaments was for the first time introduced into the procedure of the English House of Commons. The passing of the other rules was a mere question of time. Six weeks after the House had met for its autumn session the new rules were finally disposed of, and had become a part of the institutions of Parliament. But tinkering of this kind was of very little use. The Parliamentary machine was well-nigh worn out. The conduct of the Conservative opposition in 1884 made it quite clear that its antiquated forms and formalities had had their

day, and were now only impediments to the progress of public business.

A further effort to shorten the time devoted to public business was made by the creation of the two grand committees, one to deal with Bills relating to law and justice, the other to consider measures relating to trade, shipping, and manufactures. Each committee was to be composed of not more than eighty and not less than sixty members, twenty to form a quorum. Their sittings were to be public, and were not to be carried on while the House was not sitting unless by special order. These committees were empowered to consider all Bills entrusted to them, to debate upon and amend according to all the rules of the House. Measures considered by them would be then sent to the House, which had the power of re-discussing the whole measure point by point. It was, however, hoped that the House would not invariably make full use of this privilege, and that the grand committee would therefore materially facilitate business. The experiment was limited at first to one session; rooms were fitted up in the House for the reception of the new institutions. These rooms had all the appearance of mimic parliaments—toy parliaments, their opponents contemptuously called them—with their Ministerial and Opposition benches, or rather rows of chairs, their gangway, and their table for chairman and clerks.

CHAPTER XI.

IRELAND IN 1882.

As far as the Commons were concerned, it seemed at first as if the session was not to be devoted to the Irish question so completely as the previous sessions had been. The Irish questions had, indeed, been discussed in the Lower House during the debate on the address. Mr. Gray had attacked the Government for imprisoning the Irish leaders, and had moved unsuccessfully for a committee of inquiry. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, as leader of the Irish party in the absence of Mr. Parnell, had arraigned

the Irish policy of Mr. Forster, and the Chief Secretary had made his defence. Mr. P. J. Smyth, an Irishman of the '48 school, who was as unpopular now in Ireland as he had been in England in his younger days, moved an amendment of his own, supporting a restoration of the Irish Parliament, and had been defeated after offering to withdraw his amendment. Mr. James Lowther, delighted to find himself once more in Parliament, and happier in opposition than in office, had made a rattling attack upon Mr. Gladstone and the Ministry generally, accusing them of making use of agitation and of outrage for the purpose of coercing Parliament. The Irish members had called upon Mr. Gladstone to explain his speech upon Mr. Smyth's amendment, in which he had uttered some words which had seemed to indicate sympathy with the demand for Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone had replied that he had always been of opinion that a demand from Ireland for some form of local government was not too dangerous to be considered, but that up to this time no case, properly formulating the Irish claim, and including needful precautions for the preservation of the supremacy of the British Crown, had been presented. But all these various discussions of the various points of the Irish question had passed over without much difficulty, and for a moment it seemed as if Ireland were not to be the all-engrossing topic of the session, when suddenly, from the quarter where it might least have been expected, the whole question was raised anew and with aggravated intensity. This new quarter was the House of Lords. On Friday, February 17, Lord Donoughmore moved for a select committee to inquire into the working of the Land Act. The step was undoubtedly extraordinary and unusual. The Land Act had only been some four months in actual working operation, and here was a proposition gravely made among the peers to inquire into its workings and reopen the whole land question and perhaps the land agitation again. The Government fought desperately against the proposal, but wholly in vain. Many of the peers had regretted bitterly the way in which they had been forced to accept the Land Act; many, perhaps, fancied that after all, if they had stood out

firmly at the time, they might have successfully rejected the Bill, and possibly destroyed the Ministry. They saw now that the Ministry was embarrassed; they believed that it was unpopular; time and the hour seemed ripe for their revenge. The landlord party, always strong in the House of Lords, denounced the partiality of the new land commissioners and sub-commissioners. They attacked Mr. Gladstone for his observations about Home Rule, in which they detected darksome schemes for the entire destruction of landlordism in Ireland. But most of all, perhaps, they dwelt upon a certain pamphlet which had just been issued with the official approval of the Irish Land Commission. This pamphlet, which had for title 'How to become Owner of your own Farm; why Irish Landlords should Sell, and Irish Tenants should Purchase; and how they can do it under the Land Act of 1881,' consisted of a reprint of a series of articles which had appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*. The pamphlet was written by Mr. George Fottrell, a Dublin solicitor of position, who had been appointed secretary to the Irish Land Commission. It skilfully and strenuously defended peasant proprietorship; described the Land League as 'the most widespread, the most powerful, and in its effects, we believe, the most enduring organisation of our time;' and spoke of the cause for which 'Parnell and Dillon and Davitt laboured and suffered.' This was one of the pieces of ill luck that had pursued the Government ever since they had taken office. No blame was attachable to Mr. Fottrell. He had written to the *Freeman* his opinions on the land question; he had thought that their republication would be of service to the Land Commission, by making its powers and its purpose more easily intelligible to landlord and to tenant; he was a well-to-do man, who had nothing to gain by his secretaryship to the Commission, which he immediately resigned as soon as the pamphlet became a cause of quarrel and was withdrawn from official circulation. But the pamphlet, of course advocating extreme views, commending an organisation that the authorities had suppressed as illegal, and praising men who were at that moment in prison by order of the executive, gave the Lords

an opportunity of attacking the Government, of which they gladly made use. Lord Donoughmore's motion was carried by 96 to 53, no less than twelve Liberal Peers voting in the majority.

The Government met this challenge, which was practically a recantation of the consent of the Lords to the Land Act, and a direct censure upon the Ministry, by refusing to recognise the committee, or have anything to do with it. Unabashed and undismayed the Peers went on. Lord Donoughmore moved the appointment of his committee, consisting of fourteen Peers, a few of whom were Liberal in name, like Lord Dunraven and Lord Brabourne. Lord Salisbury sounded some notes of defiance against the Ministry; Lord Granville protested futilely, and the commission was appointed without a division. The Prime Minister answered defiantly this defiance from the Upper House. He at once moved what was practically a vote of censure on the Lords for their conduct. He brought forward on February 27 a resolution showing that any Parliamentary inquiry into the working of the Land Act at so early a period of its career must be injurious to its successful action, and to the administration of government in Ireland. The debate lasted for several nights, during which various hopes of a compromise of some kind were frequently raised, to be as frequently destroyed. Finally, on March 9, Mr. Gladstone's resolution was carried by 303 to 235.

In the meantime the condition of Ireland was in no wise improving. Mr. Forster had been entrusted with tremendous powers; he had imprisoned men by hundreds; he was practically as much the master of Ireland as Mouravieff was of Lithuania, and yet it was being admitted on all sides that he had wholly failed to pacify the country. When he had first asked for coercive powers he had distinctly led the House and the country to understand that he knew exactly the men who were causing agitation, and who ought to be arrested, and he left the logical inference to be understood that, these men once arrested, agitation would of necessity cease. Agitation had not ceased. There were 918 arrests under the Coercion Acts up to April 18; there were over 600 men in

prison, including the Parliamentary leaders of the Land League, and yet the country was more dangerously disturbed than ever. While the Land League existed, and was drawing into its open agitation all the discontent of the country, the secret societies had practically ceased to exist. The moment the open agitation was put down by the strong hand of the Government, that moment the secret societies found new strength, and began to thrive and flourish. The horrors and terrors of the days of the tithe war were revived again. From all sides arose a demand for some alteration in the treatment of Ireland. The advanced Radicals called for a marked change in the Irish executive; the Liberals who did not go so far as this felt that the Forster policy could be pursued no longer. The Conservatives themselves became impressed by the real magnitude and importance of the Irish question, and were prepared to make concessions to Irish demands. Mr. W. H. Smith brought forward a proposal for a large establishment of peasant proprietors in Ireland, which was a practical development of Mr. Bright's theories on the subject, and a great advance upon the purchase clauses of the Land Act of 1870. Lord Salisbury gave his cordial support to Mr. W. H. Smith's proposals. At a meeting in Liverpool on April 12, Lord Salisbury declared that it was necessary to alter the Land Act, and that the alterations could only take place in a forward direction. Lord Salisbury saved himself from any accusation of change of ground with great skill. 'I am not one of those,' he said, 'who believe that after a revolutionary step you can go back. It is one of the curses of revolution that it separates you by a chasm from the past which you have left—a chasm which you can never recross.' But he went on to say that the only hope of establishing peace and contentment in Ireland lay in the effort to bring the ownership of the land back again into single hands. The utterances of the Conservative chief were repeated in all directions by the Conservative clansmen, and the Government soon found themselves in the awkward position of either having their hand forced, or being outbid by their political opponents.

On April 20 a sharp debate sprang up in the House on the conduct of an Irish resident magistrate, Mr. Clifford Lloyd, one

of Mr. Forster's favourite subordinates in the carrying out of the Coercion Acts. Mr. Clifford Lloyd was special magistrate at Clare. He was perhaps the most unpopular magistrate in Ireland, where he was as disturbing an element as he has since proved in Egypt. As it was believed that his life might be endangered every precaution was taken to afford him protection. All ordinary precautions of course it was the duty of Mr. Clifford Lloyd and of the police under him to provide, but in one instance a subordinate took extraordinary precautions. A circular was issued by the county inspector of Clare to the sub-inspectors under his command, warning them to be on the alert to prevent any attempt to assassinate Mr. Clifford Lloyd. 'Men proceeding on his escort should be men of great determination as well as steadiness, and even on suspicion of an attempt should at once use their firearms, to prevent the bare possibility of an attempt on that gentleman's life.' This marvellous document concluded by assuring those to whom it was addressed that 'if men should accidentally commit an error in shooting any person on suspicion of that person being about to commit murder,' this county inspector was prepared to 'exonerate them by coming forward and producing the document.' Now this document was, on the face of it, wholly illegal. There is nothing whatever in the British constitution which allows any one, even a county inspector of police, to exonerate any one else from the responsibility of killing an innocent person. The law does not recognise the capacity of one citizen to take upon himself the responsibility for another citizen's act of murder or of manslaughter. But, apart from the gross illegality of the circular, it was a terrible document to issue at such a time. An armed policeman, primed by the perusal of such a circular, would not be likely to reflect very profoundly upon its legality, would not be likely to waste much time in considering whether, after all, his superior officer had the power of exonerating him from any of the effects of his own rashness. In the excited condition that the disturbed districts of Ireland were then in, a policeman might fancy he discerned signs of an intent to murder in any wayside

beggar or worker in the fields, or peaceful pedestrian, and open fire upon him without hesitation, confident of complete absolution at the hands of his county inspector for any unfortunate mistake. Of course the executive could not tolerate such a circular. It was shown that the inspector issuing it was an excitable man, who lost his head in the presence of danger. The debate got mixed up with other questions as to the right to erect Land League huts for evicted tenants, but the circular itself was kept steadily in view throughout the debate, and was condemned on all sides. During this debate, one statement was made which deserves quotation as throwing a curious light upon the manner in which Mr. Forster conducted his government of Ireland. Mr. Redmond, member for New Ross, had said that Mr. Forster was in the habit of consulting Mr. Shaw, member for Cork county, upon his coercive policy; a little later Mr. O'Connor Power rose and commented upon this statement. 'I also,' said Mr. O'Connor Power, 'have been reputed to share the distinguished honour of the political confidences of the right honourable gentleman.' In order to appreciate the full importance of Mr. Power's succeeding remarks, it is necessary to have clearly before one's mind the exact position both of Mr. Shaw and of Mr. O'Connor Power. Mr. Shaw was a conspicuously moderate man. He had lost the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party because of his studied moderation; he had been opposed in the county he represented by a Land League candidate; he was a man of means, of position; his good sense and shrewd ability had often won him warm Ministerial praises; he was a strong Liberal, and a staunch supporter of the Government. When the Irish extremists sat in opposition, he remained resolutely in his old seat below the gangway on the Opposition Liberal side. Here was a man whom one would have thought a Chief Secretary for Ireland would be glad to consult with. Mr. O'Connor Power was a man also of great ability, who had begun his political career as a man of extreme National views, but who had been gradually outstripped in extreme opinions by others, until he now ranked as a moderate Home Ruler. He was very

unpopular with the Land League; he was very popular with the Liberal party, to whom his really remarkable gift of eloquence had been more than once of signal service. He, too, might be taken, like Mr. Shaw, as representing the opinions and expressing the demands of the really moderate men of Ireland. They were the Gironde, they were something less than the Gironde, of Irish discontent. If England was to pay any attention at all to any Irish claims or any Irish grievances, these were the very men whom one would imagine the head of an Irish executive most anxious to consult, and most eager to understand. Yet, 'I am able to say,' said Mr. O'Connor Power, 'on behalf of the honourable member for Cork county, Mr. Shaw, as well as for myself, that the right honourable gentleman, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has not thought either of us worthy of being consulted. Nor, indeed, has the right honourable gentleman taken into his confidence a single representative of Ireland with regard to his Irish policy.' Mr. O'Connor Power further related a conversation he had with a member of the House, who had been returned by a large Irish constituency as an avowed supporter of the Liberal Government, and said that the member had assured him that Mr. Forster had never asked him a single question about the Government of Ireland since he had taken his seat on the front Government bench. Any comment upon such conduct on the part of a Chief Secretary trying to deal with an agitated country would be indeed superfluous. The dry statement is in itself as cutting as the keenest satire or the bitterest condemnation.

The case of Major Traill was very different. Major Traill was a resident magistrate in Mayo. It was unfortunate that the career of the most conspicuous of the resident magistrates engaged in carrying out the Coercion Act was not altogether irreproachable. Major Traill had been captain in the first battalion of the 19th Foot, and while in that capacity had been reprimanded by the general commanding the brigade at Aldershot, in the presence of his brother officers, and his commanding officer had, in consequence, represented the desirability of his removal from his battalion. He afterwards retired from

the army, and received the honorary rank of major on being appointed to his resident magistracy by the late Government. Major Traill had the reputation of being a somewhat eccentric magistrate, and it was said of him that on one occasion he drove into the town of Claremorris, and threatened to arrest his shoemaker under the Coercion Act, because he had not mended a pair of his old shoes. But he was determined to preserve his own life, and to teach others to do the same, taking for his text the legal words, 'No punishment or forfeiture shall be incurred by any person who shall kill another by misfortune, or in his own defence, or in any other manner without felony.' In accordance with this principle Major Traill always went about with a guard of two policemen, one armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, carrying twelve rounds ready and fifteen rounds in reserve; the other provided with a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, and carrying eight rounds in reserve. He himself carried a revolver and six extra cartridges, and his groom was similarly armed. 'The man who attempts my life,' Major Traill wrote in the letter which described his precautions, 'and lives to be tried by a jury, is entitled to their merciful consideration as a brave man.' Against any such precautions as these there was nothing to be said. A man had a perfect right to defend himself thoroughly against attempts at assassination, and to be at all times prepared to make any would-be assassin pay dearly for his attempt. But the circular which had been issued with regard to the safety of Major Clifford Lloyd was of a wholly different nature.

In the meantime Mr. Parnell had occupied himself in his prison by drafting a Bill to meet the difficulty of the arrears of rent under which the tenant farmers were weighed down. This Bill was sent out of Kilmainham to the Irish Parliamentary party, and was put into the hands of Mr. Redmond. It proposed to relieve distressed tenants of all arrears of rent up to the time of the passing of the Land Act, in August 1881, and to apply the funds of the Irish Church to the payment. This Bill was brought forward in the House, and was favourably criticised by the Prime Minister. He did not, indeed, accept

the measure as it stood, but he hailed it as an expression of the desire of the Irish party to make the Land Act effectual, and he allowed it to be understood that if the Irish party consented to withdraw the measure—which, of course, they had not the slightest chance of passing unassisted—the Government would see its way to introduce a measure of some similar purport to deal with the question of arrears. This announcement on the part of the Government was only the herald to a series of more surprising concessions. It was on the face of it inconsistent that the Government should be accepting with approval Irish schemes of legislation whose authors were at the time in prison. It soon became rumoured abroad that the Irish policy of the Government was about to undergo a radical change; that there were great dissensions in the Cabinet in consequence, and that strange things might be looked for. The strange things came to pass.

Undoubtedly the Government were very much embarrassed by their position. They could not keep some hundreds of 'suspects' perpetually in prison; neither could they hold Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Kelly always in Kilmainham. Private overtures of liberation had indeed been made to the three imprisoned members of Parliament on the part of the executive on condition of their leaving the country for a time. The offer was refused, and was renewed in another form. The imprisoned members were offered liberty if they would even consent to leave the country for a very short term—if they would only cross the water to France, free to return when they pleased. The prisoners steadily refused these offers. They had been unfairly imprisoned, they considered, and they would come out under no compromise. Early in April it suddenly became known throughout Ireland that Mr. Parnell had been released, and every village in Leinster, Connaught, and Munster blazed into bonfires at the news, only to flicker down again when it became known that the release was merely temporary—a liberation on parole to allow Mr. Parnell to go to Paris for a few days to attend the funeral of a relative. Mr. Parnell was bound by the terms of the parole to take no political action of any kind

during his brief period of liberty, and of course the engagement was strictly observed. There was a faint feeling, half hope, half fear, among some of the Castle clique in Dublin that Mr. Parnell would not return to Kilmainham; but any such feeling was quieted by Mr. Parnell's return to his prison on April 24. It was felt pretty generally, however, that this temporary release was only the herald of final freedom, and this feeling was confirmed by the reception Mr. Gladstone accorded to the Irish Arrears Bill. On Monday, May 1, the first definite sign that something had taken place was given by Lord Salisbury in a question, or rather a string of questions, which he addressed to Lord Granville in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury sought some explanation of 'the prodigies which have appeared in the political sky.' In other words, he wished to know if it was true that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cowper, had resigned; that Lord Spencer had taken his place; and that there was a change of policy indicated by the change of officers. Lord Granville declined to reply to the questions till the next day. On May 2, therefore, Lord Salisbury repeated his questions, and then Lord Granville made his answer. The answer was full of surprises. Lord Granville announced that Lord Cowper had resigned—had, in fact, done so some weeks previously, but had left it to the option of the Prime Minister when the resignation should take effect. Lord Spencer was appointed in his stead. Furthermore—and this was the most important and the most surprising part of the answer—the Government had made up their minds to liberate the three imprisoned members, and to examine into the cases of other suspects. Finally, the Government intended legislation on the arrears question and on the 'Bright clauses' of the Land Act.

In the House of Commons the same day Mr. Gladstone made a similar statement. Seldom in the history of Parliament, seldom certainly in our own time, has a Ministerial declaration so important and so unexpected been given from the Treasury bench. Perhaps the nearest parallel we can find to it is when Sir Robert Peel announced that his Government had abandoned the principles of protection, and come round to the views of the

Anti-Corn Law League. The news was certainly of a nature calculated to take away the breath of those unprepared for it. Ever since their accession to power the Government had been pursuing a certain line of policy with respect to Ireland. Suddenly, after having carried that policy out in the most extreme manner, the Government changed its front without warning, and inaugurated a diametrically opposite line of policy. Under such conditions Mr. Forster's resignation was inevitable. The Ministerial change was in effect, though unavowedly, a direct and severe censure upon his hopeless failure to deal with the Irish difficulty, and a direct admission on the part of his chief of the incapacity of the subordinate. Mr. Forster had of course failed hopelessly. How hopelessly he had failed was not known then, nor for nearly a year later. We know now that the result of his extraordinary policy was to increase instead of diminishing agitation and disaffection in Ireland. While he was proudly boasting that he had all the discontented and the dangerous in prison, safe under lock and key, the real danger existed unknown to him, striking at his own life. While he was confident that he had manufactured a peace upon the method of Agricola, he only escaped from the blows of assassins, of whose existence he was helplessly ignorant, by a series of chances which can be called little less than miraculous. Ireland has had in her time a series of Chief Secretaries of many kinds and various abilities; but it may fairly be said that she never had any one so incapable of attaining even a dim and shadowy understanding of the conditions of the problem with which he had to deal as Mr. Forster. It might well be written of him, in paraphrase of what was once written of Lord Eldon, that it had been given to no human being to do so much good in Ireland as he had prevented. It has been happily said that, under the new Government, Ireland had suffered from three things—famine, the House of Lords, and the administration of Mr. Forster. Of the three, the last was the worst, for famine could not be more blind nor the House of Lords more prejudiced than Mr. Forster. It is easy to understand, it is even easy to pity Mr. Forster's position. He had

gone over to Ireland convinced that the Irish question had been reserved for him and him alone to settle; that the hour had brought the man. He believed that he would be received with joy by a grateful people, that he would return in triumph, a sort of new and vastly superior Cicero, to tell his country that there had been an Irish question. When he found that the difficulties of centuries were not to be removed by a wave of his hand, he lost his temper and his head. He became hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the Castle nets; he learned to see only with Castle eyes, and hear only with Castle ears. The position of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant is at all times thankless enough; to succeed in it is almost an impossibility; not to fail altogether requires infinite patience, infinite moderation. Mr. Forster had no patience and no moderation. When he found that everything would not go at once as smoothly as he wished, he tried to force it his own way. Alexander, unable to disentangle the Gordian knot, and cutting it with his sword, has remained to all time a satire upon petulant impatience. But Ireland was not the knot of Gordius, and Mr. Forster was not Alexander. His methods, alike of repression and conciliation, were clumsy, capricious, almost ludicrous, had not their effects been so disastrous.

The surprises were not quite over. On May 4 Mr. Cowen asked Sir William Harcourt if the Government were willing to order the release of Mr. Michael Davitt. The Home Secretary answered that the Government had decided to release Mr. Michael Davitt unconditionally. A little later the same day Sir Henry Wolff asked a question which was the ominous herald of many a long and weary wrangle. He wished to know whether the releases were made in consequence of any assurance received by the Government from the leaders of the Land League that the 'No-Rent' circular would be withdrawn. In reference to the long and vexed question which arose out of this matter, it should be borne in mind that Mr. Gladstone, in his statement of May 2, had said that the measures of the Government had been taken by them upon their own responsibility entirely, 'after gathering all the information which it was

in their power to extract, either through the medium of debate in this House, or by availing themselves of such communications as were tendered to them by Irish representatives;' and was 'an act done without any negotiation, promise, or engagement whatsoever.' Now, in answer to Sir Henry Wolff's question, Mr. Gladstone said, 'The intentions which are entertained in regard to the "No-Rent" circular, which are important, form a portion of the subject to which I have already alluded when I stated that her Majesty's Government had received information tendered to them which they deemed to be of great importance, which justified and mainly prompted their conduct in the matter of the recent releases.' Sir Henry Wolff, seeming to consider the reply unsatisfactory, announced that he would repeat his question in the next week. The moment he had sat down, Mr. John Dillon, who had just come across from Ireland, from prison, rose and asked the Prime Minister if he meant to say that any information had been sent to him from him (John Dillon) with reference to the 'No-Rent' manifesto. Mr. Gladstone had not heard Mr. Dillon's name used in any information that had been conveyed to him on the subject. Mr. O'Kelly immediately rose, and repeated Mr. Dillon's question, applying it to himself, and was immediately followed by Mr. Sexton, who, as another signatory to the 'No-Rent' manifesto, wished also to know if his name had been mentioned to the Prime Minister. As these members rose one after another to question the Prime Minister thus, the House became painfully excited. Something was evidently coming; what revelations would now take place? Mr. Gladstone, with an appearance of surprise, answered that no name of any of the members who had just spoken had been separately mentioned to him, but that he was bound to say that he had heard statements which appeared to him to include them. In a House more excited than ever, but holding its breath to lose nothing of what might be forthcoming, Mr. Dillon rose to assure the Prime Minister and the country that if his name was included it was without his authority, knowledge, or consent. Mr. O'Kelly made the same statement; Mr. Sexton, too, disclaimed it.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach immediately rose, and put the wonder and curiosity of the House into spoken words, asking the Prime Minister from whom he had received the statements. Mr. Gladstone replied slowly that he had received statements from members of that House, one of whom was not in his place, whose duty it was to consider when or whether they should make an explanation on the subject to the House. For himself he stood by his statement that the Government had had information voluntarily tendered to them with regard to the intentions of the Irish members, on which they had acted. Several other questions were at once showered upon the Prime Minister but he declined to make any further answer until the members responsible for the communication upon which the Government had acted should have made whatever explanation they thought fit to the House.

A few minutes later Mr. Forster rose to make his personal explanation of his resignation. In a speech which seemed studiously contrived, under the appearance of candour and rugged honesty, to injure as much as possible the Government he had left, Mr. Forster defended his present position and his past career. He had advocated the imprisonment of the three members; he was now opposed to their liberation. They had been arrested, not merely because they were obstructing the carrying out of the Land Act, but because they were trying to carry out their unwritten law to a degree that would have left the Government a sham, and made Mr. Parnell in reality what he was called by many of his friends, the uncrowned king of Ireland. To the late Chief Secretary's mind there were three conditions in virtue of which he would have consented to the liberation of the imprisoned members, but to his mind not one of these three conditions had been fulfilled. There should have been a public promise on their part; or Ireland quiet; or the acquisition of fresh powers by the Government. Had the three members promised to make no further attempt to set up their will against the law of the land, he would have taken their word. 'The honourable member for Cork knows how I differ from him; he knows what a wonder and surprise it is to me

that he can bring himself to do what he has done; but he is not only a gentleman in station, he is a man of honour, and I would have taken his word.' This condition had not been obtained, nor was Ireland quiet. Its condition was better than it had been. The Land League had been defeated, Boycotting checked; outrages had, on the whole, diminished. Still the battle of law against lawlessness was not won, and there never was a time, in Mr. Forster's opinion, in which it was more dangerous to relax the authority of the law. The third condition—the passing of a fresh Act—was, indeed, in the mind of the Government, but it was to be postponed until the passing of the Procedure Rules, instead of taking, as it should, precedence of all other measures.

So far Mr. Forster, who sat down amidst enthusiastic Conservative cheers. He was immediately followed by Mr. Gladstone. He was evidently strongly impressed with the painful nature of the situation, and of the difficulty in which Mr. Forster's well-planned attack had placed him. After paying an eloquent tribute to the services and ability of his late Chief Secretary, the Prime Minister regretted that he should have allowed himself to charge the Government with giving Procedure precedence of all other questions, indifferent as to the grave condition of Ireland. He proceeded to parry with great skill the strokes of his late colleague. He fully admitted his responsibility for the liberation, as for the arrest, of Mr. Parnell and his friends. But he refused to admit that he or the Government had any right to question Mr. Parnell and his companions for any avowal of change in their views. That would be something like, in effect, asking for a penitential confession. 'I am not the man to go to any member of the House and ask him for a statement involving his won humiliation.' To Mr. Forster's appeal to the Government not to buy obedience to the law by paying any blackmail of concession, the Prime Minister replied by assuring the House there was no arrangement between the Government and Mr. Parnell. 'There is no bargain, no arrangement, no negotiations; for nothing has been asked, and nothing has been taken.' The promised Arrears Bill

had nothing to do with the release of Mr. Parnell. When it had been promised, the Government had not received the information which had since come to their knowledge. 'We received information upon evidence which we knew to be most trustworthy. . . . . Was it possible for ministers of the Crown, possessed of such information in regard to persons whose honour we have no title to dispute, to treat it as if it had never reached them, and to continue them in their confinement?'

Mr. Parnell then rose to assure the House that in any communications, verbal or written, to his friends on the state of Ireland, which may have come to the attention of the Government, the question of his own release or the release of his colleagues had never been entered into. He had, however, both said and written that a settlement of the arrears would have an enormous effect in the restoration of law and order in Ireland. He was followed by Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Kelly, who disclaimed having made any suggestion of any sort for release, or any conditions of any kind with the Government. Then Sir Stafford Northcote moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the situation, and a lengthy debate sprang up, in which the Conservatives bitterly attacked the Government, whose conduct was defended by Sir William Harcourt and Lord Hartington.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIXTH OF MAY.

For the first time since the Liberal Government had taken office the aspect of Irish affairs was really hopeful. The misunderstanding between the Liberal party and the Irish party, which had grown wider and more embittered during the past two years, seemed to have passed away for good. The Government appeared to have at last resolved to act upon Fox's principle of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas; it looked as if a golden age had actually arrived in Irish politics. Then

came the terrible tragedy which suddenly shattered all those fair hopes, and made the dark history darker just at the moment when men were fondly fancying that the new era had begun.

On Saturday, May 6, Lord Frederick Cavendish arrived in Dublin. He came out full of hope to deal with the difficult problem, under the new and better conditions that now appeared to govern it. He took part in the procession which attended the entry of the new Viceroy, Lord Spencer. It was said at the time that at one point in the journey to the Castle a man out of the crowd that filled the streets came to the carriage in which Lord Frederick Cavendish was seated, and asked which was the new Chief Secretary; and that, Lord Frederick answering, the man looked at him long and curiously, and then disappeared into the crowd. Afterwards, it was thought that this incident, if it ever took place, had something to do with the dismal story—a belief in the end disproved when it became known that the murder of Lord Frederick was unintentional. When the inaugural ceremony was over, Lord Frederick Cavendish walked towards the residence appointed for him in the Phœnix Park. On the road he was overtaken by Mr. Burke, a Castle official of long standing and of great unpopularity. Mr. Burke stopped his car, got off, sent the car away, and, joining Lord Frederick Cavendish, walked with him through the long broad road that leads through the park past the viceregal lodge. It was a bright, beautiful summer evening; the time was between seven and eight, and the light was scarcely less clear than at noonday. The park was not lonely or deserted; there were many people in it enjoying the fine summer evening. What happened would seem to be impossible were it not too terribly true. On the wide highway of the park, with grass-grown spaces at each side, with trees indeed here and there, but none in such number as to in any place darken or cover the spot; in the vivid light of a May evening, with many people about; these two men were killed, almost cut to pieces, by a band of armed assassins. Some men on bicycles, who were riding through the park, passed Lord

Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke walking together within a few yards of the Phœnix monument. The bicyclists went round the monument: coming back, they met an outside car with four men on it driving rapidly away. A little further on they found two bodies lying on the ground, covered with wounds and soaking in blood. From the windows of the viceregal lodge, which lies to the right of the road, Lord Spencer himself and his friends had been looking out. They had seen some sort of scuffle going on in the road some hundreds of yards away, and had thought unconcernedly that they were looking at some rough horse-play. A man who was walking with his dogs at some little distance from the scene of the murder beheld what he too thought was rough horse-play, saw two men fall to the ground, and the rest drive away, without any thought that he was witnessing a terrible murder. The assassins themselves had made their escape. The car and its occupants had driven rapidly off in the direction of Chapelizod, the Dublin suburb that takes its name from that Belle Isoud, who was daughter of the fabulous King Anguish, of Ireland—a monarch most appropriately named. They seemed to have wholly disappeared; darkness apparently had swallowed them up for ever from the eyes of men.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the horror that fell upon England on that Sunday morning in May when the news was known. The crime was without a parallel in the recent history of England and Ireland; it was as unexpected as it was terrible. The manner in which the murder was done, with knives—and the knife was hitherto almost unknown in all cases of outrage in Ireland—the escape, the absolute disappearance of the assassins, the moment chosen for the crime, at a time when the hostility of two years seemed at an end, the fact that the chief victim was the herald of the new policy of peace; all these things combined to make the deed of especial blackness. It should never be forgotten that at a time when England and all the world were thrilled with horror at the murder, at a time when the passions of the coolest men might well be stirred to their worst, the tone of English opinion and of the English

press was with rare exceptions just and moderate. No howl of hate was raised; no wild cry for indiscriminate revenge. In the face of the awful catastrophe the English leaders and the English people were able to govern their anger, and to meet the situation with honourable dignity and composure.

The three chief Irish leaders, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Dillon, held a hurried meeting together. Mr. Davitt had come out of Portland Prison the previous night, had been welcomed joyously by his friends, but all joy in his release faded before the news of the murder. He and his two friends prepared a hurried address to the Irish people, expressing in their own heart-stricken grief the sorrow and shame of the party and the people they represented. The document concluded, 'We feel that no act has been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles for social and political rights of the past fifty years that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger; and that until the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke are brought to justice, that stain will sully our country's name.' At meetings all over the country the crime was no less bitterly denounced. A meeting in Cork, composed chiefly of Nationalists and Land Leaguers, passed unanimously a resolution declaring 'that this meeting of the citizens of Cork, spontaneously assembled, hastens to express the feelings of indignation and sorrow with which it has learned of the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke last night; to denounce it as a crime that calls to Heaven for vengeance; to repudiate its authors, whoever they may be, with disgust and abhorrence, as men with whom the Irish nation has no community of feeling; and to convey our condolence with the families of the murdered.' The Corporation of Dublin passed a resolution declaring that, until the perpetrators of the crime were brought to justice, all Irishmen must feel dishonoured. Resolutions of kindred nature were passed in all parts of Ireland, and the deepest sorrow and indignation appeared to prevail throughout the country, but no trace of the assassins was discoverable. Many arrests were made, but nothing could be

proved against the men arrested. Some few madmen in different parts of the world accused themselves of the crime, as is always the case when any such crime is committed, and were found on investigation to be insane. For a time it seemed as if the authors of the crime had succeeded in hiding themselves for ever from the pursuit of law.

The Government at once decided to abandon for the moment the Procedure question, and to bring forward Bills for amending and extending both the Land and the Coercion Acts of the previous session. All this was resolved at a hurried Cabinet Council called on the Sunday succeeding to the murder. A new Chief Secretary, too, was to be appointed. The names of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke at once occurred to many minds. It was generally believed that either of them would have accepted the offer of the post without the slightest hesitation, in spite of the terrible fate of Lord Frederick Cavendish; but neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Sir Charles Dilke would accept the position of Chief Secretary unless the post was accompanied with the privilege of a seat in the Cabinet. It is in the highest degree probable that the appointment of either of these statesmen might, at that critical point in Irish affairs, have been productive of great good. Both were men of wide and profound political knowledge, both were distinctly in advance of the conventionalities of party politics; both were known to have great sympathy with the grievances of Ireland. The Government, however, did not see their way to appointing either of the only two men who could possibly have been able to deal with the Irish question in a spirit of broad and comprehensive statesmanship. It is of course possible that the conditions of the place are too severe for any ability; it is possible that either Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Charles Dilke would have injured in vain a brilliant reputation and marred a distinguished career by the effort to manage the affairs of Ireland from within the walls of Dublin Castle. It is difficult to imagine either Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Charles Dilke submitting tamely to the sordid routine and stubborn officialdom of Dublin Castle. It is easier to believe that the Castle clique would have found a master and not a

servant, a rod and not a tool. The Government, however, was determined not to allow a seat in the Cabinet to go with the Irish secretaryship, and the post was given to Mr. George Otto Trevelyan.

Mr. George Otto Trevelyan's career is a curious example of the infatuation with which the passion for political life can inspire its victims. Mr. Trevelyan was a clever man in a variety of ways, but he was, beyond and above all, a really brilliant man of letters. He had written very few books, but among that few some were certainly among the best that his time had produced. His 'Cawnpore' is an honourable example of beautiful English prose worthily applied. Seldom has a sad and simple story of suffering and heroic deeds found fairer interpretation. The record of that desperate siege, of the courageous defence, of the fatal catastrophe, and of the bloody, swift revenge, reads with something of the strength of an Homeric rhapsody, with something of the vivid genius which records the taking of the Bastille. Yet 'Cawnpore' must rank second to 'The Early Years of Charles James Fox.' In those pages the wild youth who was to be one of England's greatest statesmen lives again. He is as real there as Harry Esmond, or George Warrington, or Sydney Carton; as truthful as any last century chronicle written in the acid speech of a Hervey or the courtly slanders of a Chesterfield. All the last century lives in those delightful pages, in which the author seems to have inherited his uncle's marvellous prose, and to have adopted the kindly, loving keenness of insight with which Thackeray gazed upon the dim and faded canvases of last century heroes and beauties and statesmen. It is deeply to be regretted that the early life alone of Fox is told. The gain to English literature would have been great indeed had Mr. Trevelyan consented to carry that resplendent career, from its wild Tory boyhood, through those years of a statesmanship in advance of its epoch, into the grave over which Freedom might well have wept! But we are given to understand that the unfinished window in Aladdin's palace is destined to remain unfinished. Mr. Trevelyan, uniting the rare qualifications of being a man of fortune

and a man of genius, chooses rather a life of Parliamentary drudgery and narrow official distinction to the honour of being one of the foremost authors of his time. He prefers that instead of teaching men to say of him, He wrote the Life of Fox, they shall say instead, He served without much notice in Parliament for many years, and filled some small offices unworthy of his name, in order that he might become an unsuccessful Irish secretary, and walk the streets of Dublin or of London with an armed detective at his heels.

Other Ministerial changes took place. Mr. Leonard Courtney was given Lord Frederick Cavendish's Financial Secretaryship of the Treasury; Mr. Campbell Bannerman went from the War Office to the Admiralty, and was succeeded by Sir Arthur Hayter. Mr. Courtney's Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies was taken by Mr. Evelyn Ashley, whose place at the Board of Trade was given to Mr. J. Holms, while Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. R. W. Duff were advanced to Treasury vacancies. Later on Mr. Gladstone resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Childers. Lord Hartington came to the War Office. Lord Kimberley took the India Office. Lord Derby became Colonial Secretary. Sir Charles Dilke entered the Cabinet as President of the Local Government Board in the place of Mr. Dodson, who became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster on the resignation of Mr. Bright.

Parliament met on May 8 to pay tribute of regret to the memories of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Lord Granville spoke in the Upper and Mr. Gladstone in the Lower House. Mr. Parnell expressed, on the part of his friends and on the part, as he believed, of every Irishman, in whatever part of the world he might live, his unqualified detestation of the horrible crime which had just been committed in Ireland. He wished to state his conviction that the crime had been committed by men who absolutely detested the cause with which he was associated, and who devised and carried out the crime as the deadliest blow which they had it in their power to deal against the hopes of the Irish party, in connection with the new course on which the Government had entered.

The House met on May 11 at nine in the evening, after the funeral of Lord Frederick Cavendish had taken place at Chatsworth. The first reading of the new Prevention of Crime Bill was at once introduced by Sir William Harcourt. The new measure contained some startling proposals. To meet the difficulty of punishing crime caused by the intimidation of jurors, who might be afraid to return, at the peril of their lives, a condemnatory verdict, it was proposed that where the Lord Lieutenant was of opinion that a just and impartial trial could not be had of persons charged with treason, murder, and crimes of exaggerated violence, he might appoint a Special Commission, consisting of three judges of the Supreme Court. This court would sit without a jury, and decide the questions of law and fact, and their judgment would have to be unanimous. To meet some of the objections that would be raised against such an unusual tribunal, an appeal was to be allowed in all cases tried before such a court to the Court of Criminal Cases Reserved, in which a quorum of five judges decided cases brought before them by a majority. The second part of the Bill gave the police power, in proclaimed districts, to search houses by day or night for the secret apparatus of crimes. Another clause provided for the arrest of persons found prowling about at night and unable to give a proper account of themselves. To meet the importation of crime from abroad, it was decided to revive the Alien Act, giving power to arrest and to remove from the country foreigners who might be considered dangerous to the public peace. All kinds of intimidation would be summarily punished; the Government would be empowered to seize all newspapers inciting to crime; and the Lord Lieutenant was given special powers to deal with unlawful assemblies by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, consisting of two resident magistrates. The duration of the Act was to be for three years. The measure was received with something like enthusiasm by the majority of the House, only one English member, Mr. Joseph Cowen, speaking against it. Mr. Parnell expressed his deep regret that the Government should have found it necessary to introduce such a measure, which could only result

in more disastrous failure than the failure of the previous coercive policy. On a division the Bill was read for the first time by 327 to 22, only two English members, Mr. Joseph Cowen and Mr. J. C. Thompson, of Durham, voting in the minority. Opposition to certain portions of the Bill came from a more unexpected quarter than that of the Irish members. The Irish judicial bench publicly proclaimed their unwillingness to accept the new duties which the Government Bill would have put upon them. So grave a change in the principles of the administration of justice was most unwelcome to the majority of the Irish judges; and one of them in especial, Justice Fitzgerald, was conspicuous for the opposition he offered to the Ministerial proposal.

Before the new Coercion Bill was brought forward for its second reading, the question of the negotiations between the Government and the imprisoned Irish members came up again, negotiations which about this time received the name of the 'Treaty of Kilmainham.' On May 15 Mr. Puleston asked the Prime Minister if he would produce the documentary evidence of the intentions of the recently imprisoned members of Parliament with reference to their conduct if released from custody. Mr. Gladstone declined, on the ground that the production of the letters which had passed between certain members of the House might tend to diminish the responsibility of her Majesty's Government. The moment Mr. Gladstone had finished speaking, Mr. Parnell rose and offered to read the letter which he understood to be the documentary evidence alluded to. The letter, which was dated from Kilmainham on April 28, 1882, was addressed to Captain O'Shea, member for Clare, and ran as follows:—

'I was very sorry that you had left Albert Mansions before I reached London from Eltham, as I had wished to tell you that after our conversation I had made up my mind that it would be proper for me to put Mr. M'Carthy in possession of the views which I had previously communicated to you. I desire to impress upon you the absolute necessity of a settlement of the arrears question, which will leave no recurring sore

connected with it behind, and which will enable us to show the smaller tenantry that they have been treated with justice and some generosity. The proposal you have described to me, as suggested in some quarters, of making a loan over however many years the payment might be spread, should be absolutely rejected, for reasons which I have already fully explained to you. If the arrears question be settled upon the line indicated by us, I have every confidence—a confidence shared by my colleagues—that the exertions which we should be able to make, strenuously and unremittingly, would be effective in stopping outrages and intimidations of all kinds. As regards permanent legislation of an ameliorating character, I may say that the views which you always shared with me as to the admission of leaseholders to the fair-rent clauses of the Act are more confirmed than ever. So long as the flower of the Irish peasantry are kept outside the Act there cannot be the permanent settlement of the Land Act which we all so much desire. I should also strongly hope that some compromise might be arrived at this session with regard to the amendment of the tenure clauses of the Land Act. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the enormous advantages to be derived from the full extension of the purchase clauses, which now seem practically to have been adopted by all parties. The accomplishment of the programme I have sketched out to you would, in my judgment, be regarded by the country as a practical settlement of the land question, and I believe that the Government at the end of this session would, from the state of the country, feel themselves thoroughly justified in dispensing with further coercive measures.'

Mr. Parnell read this letter, not from the original, but from a copy furnished by Captain O'Shea, who had misquoted the last paragraph. Mr. Forster immediately called attention to the misquotation, and put into the hands of Captain O'Shea a copy of the letter, in which the concluding paragraph ran thus :—'The accomplishment of the programme I have sketched out to you would, in my judgment, be regarded by the country as a practical settlement of the land question, and would, I feel sure, enable us to co-operate cordially for the future with

the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles; and I believe that the Government at the end of the session would, from the state of the country, feel themselves thoroughly justified in dispensing with future coercive measures.' For the moment the matter dropped; but the same evening Captain O'Shea, speaking on the first reading of the Arrears of Rent (Ireland) Bill, made an explanation of the negotiations, and the part he had played in them. In considering the condition of Ireland in April, Captain O'Shea had come to the conclusion that the country was in a state most conducive to the proposal of a truce, and to the ultimate hope of a permanent peace. He accordingly wrote to the Prime Minister, offering to submit to him a statement on Irish affairs as they appeared to him. While he was waiting for a reply, Mr. Parnell, who was out of prison on parole, called upon him on April 11. The two conversed on Irish questions, and Mr. Parnell appeared anxious that Captain O'Shea should exert all his influence with the Government to get the question of arrears practically adjusted. Captain O'Shea then asked whether, in the event of the arrears question being satisfactorily settled, Mr. Parnell would not consider it his duty to use his immense personal influence for the purpose of assisting in the preservation of law and order in Ireland; to which Mr. Parnell had replied, 'Most undoubtedly.' Captain O'Shea received a letter next day from the Prime Minister, in reply to which, on the 13th, Captain O'Shea sent the statement on Irish affairs, and also mentioned having seen Mr. Parnell, but that Mr. Parnell was unaware of his intention to write. The Prime Minister replied in a letter expressing his warm desire for the pacification of Ireland. Captain O'Shea had also written to Mr. Chamberlain, enclosing a copy of his letter to the Prime Minister; and Mr. Chamberlain had replied, concurring with his view that it was the duty of the Government to make themselves acquainted with representative opinion in Ireland; but urging, on the other hand, that the leaders of the Irish party should pay attention to public opinion in England and Scotland. Inspired with confidence by these two letters Captain O'Shea had many conversations with members of the

Government, including Mr. Forster. Through Mr. Forster he was enabled to correspond privately with Mr. Parnell in prison, and Mr. Forster gave him the pass which allowed him to visit Mr. Parnell in Kilmainham. On April 30 he handed Mr. Forster the letter from Mr. Parnell which had been read to the House. After he had done so it occurred to him that one phrase in that letter might be misunderstood by the only persons whom he could have supposed would ever see it. He accordingly saw a Cabinet minister, and stating to him that he considered his authority extended to the use of his own judgment in such a matter, asked that the sentence in question should be expunged. Mr. Parnell had kept no copy of the letter, and when he accordingly asked Captain O'Shea for a copy to read to the House, Captain O'Shea wrote out what he believed to be a true copy and gave it to Mr. Parnell, who had no idea that there was any omission whatever in the letter.

Mr. Forster then made an explanation. According to the late Chief Secretary he had had an interview with Captain O'Shea after his return from Kilmainham, and had made a memorandum of the conversation. According to this memorandum Mr. Forster was dissatisfied with Mr. Parnell's letter to Captain O'Shea, who offered to get other words, but said that what was obtained was 'that the conspiracy which had been used to get up Boycotting and outrages will now be used to put them down.' Here Captain O'Shea interposed, objecting to the word 'conspiracy.' Organisation, was, he believed, the word used. Mr. Forster went on to say that Captain O'Shea said that Mr. Parnell hoped to get back from abroad a released suspect named Sheridan, who would be able to help him to put down agitation, 'as he knew all its details in the west.' Mr. Forster began to regret that he had had anything to do with the negotiation, and resolved that he would have nothing more to do with it.

Now came Mr. Parnell's turn, and the House listened to his explanation with the greatest curiosity. The letter he had written to Captain O'Shea was marked 'private and confidential,' and was never meant to be shown to Mr. Forster.

If Captain O'Shea had made use of any suggestion about an organisation which had been used to promote outrages being used again to put them down, it was on his own responsibility, for he (Mr. Parnell) had used no such words and conveyed no such impression. With regard to Mr. Sheridan, all Mr. Parnell had asked was 'that Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Egan might be permitted to come back in the event of this question being settled; he also mentioned Mr. Davitt's name, saying that it was of great importance that Mr. Davitt should be released. Mr. Sheridan was—and he had so told his honourable friend—one of the chief organisers of the Land League in Connaught. He had told his honourable friend that if Mr. Sheridan were permitted to return to Ireland, he believed he would be able to use his influence to discourage the commission of outrages, and to induce the tenantry to accept this settlement of the arrears question.' He had no reason to believe that Mr. Sheridan had ever incited to the commission of any crime. There was some further slight discussion that day, but the matter was renewed the following day, Tuesday, 16th, when Sir Stafford Northcote asked the Prime Minister what other members of the Government besides the Prime Minister and Mr. Forster had communication, direct or indirect, with Mr. Parnell before his release; whether these communications were made known to the Government as a whole, or to Mr. Forster in particular; whether any members of the Government had personal interviews with Mr. Parnell before his release, and how far the release of Michael Davitt was stipulated for in the communications. Mr. Gladstone replied, pointing out that the House was already aware that Captain O'Shea had had communication with Mr. Chamberlain as well as with himself and Mr. Forster. With regard to the second question, Mr. Gladstone had no knowledge of the matter except what was in possession of his colleagues in the Government as a whole, and such he believed to be the case with regard to Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Forster. No members of the Government had had personal interviews with Mr. Parnell, and no stipulations had been made for the release of Mr. Michael Davitt. After some desultory wrangling, Mr.

A. J. Balfour moved the adjournment of the House, and attacked the Government for having made a compromise with Mr. Parnell by which Mr. Parnell was to get his release and legislation as to arrears, while the Government was to obtain in return peace in Ireland and Parliamentary support. Mr. Gladstone angrily replied that there was not one word of truth in Mr. Balfour's accusation from beginning to end, and defied him to prove his charges. Mr. Gibson then followed with a long speech, in which he described the letter sent by Mr. Parnell to Captain O'Shea as a protocol—'a despatch sent by an engaging and attractive ambassador, who had the usual diplomatic direction as to leaving a copy with the other party, and giving any further explanation that might be demanded.' This letter, as addressed to shrewd capable men, and not to simpletons, distinctly disclosed three considerations which were to move from the Government, and two that were to move from the member for Cork. The question of the release of the writer was not mentioned, because it was too obvious to be stated. No Government entertaining such a letter would keep its writer in custody twenty-four hours afterwards. Sir William Harcourt answered with a slashing, hard-hitting defence of the Government, denying the existence of any secret understanding, and delivering a clever side stroke at Mr. Forster for having read a memorandum of a private conversation, without going through the usual diplomatic practice of first submitting it to the other party to the conversation, in order to know whether he admits the accuracy of it. More futile debating, if indeed profitless recrimination could be called debating, followed, and then Mr. Chamberlain gave an explanation. With regard to the famous omitted sentence in the Parnell letter, Mr. Chamberlain said that Captain O'Shea had indeed expressed his wish to have one sentence of it withdrawn, but Mr. Chamberlain had not paid much attention to this desire : first, because he could not see what authority Captain O'Shea had to withdraw any part of the letter ; and next, because he did not consider the matter of sufficient importance. In fact, it so entirely escaped his memory, that when the letter was read out by Mr. Parnell, he had not

the slightest idea that any sentence had been withdrawn from it. As to Mr. Forster's memorandum, with Mr. Parnell's pledge to use the organisation which had been employed in getting up outrages to put them down again, he had never attached much importance to it, because it appeared to him on the face of things absolutely impossible to suppose that Mr. Parnell, whom everyone knew to be a man of great ability, 'would have committed the supreme folly of making such an incriminating confession. Mr. Chamberlain therefore assumed that these words, if used at all, had been used by Captain O'Shea; in which case they were of small importance, because Captain O'Shea was not a member of Mr. Parnell's party, nor even a follower of Mr. Parnell, and would undoubtedly regard the Land League with very different eyes from Mr. Parnell. This debate did not definitely close the Kilmainham question, it still kept cropping up every now and then, often in debates where it was least expected, still more often in the form of ingenious questions to members of the Government. It made one of its latest appearances when Mr. Reginald Yorke tried to interrupt the progress of the procedure rules by moving for a committee to inquire into the whole business, and the motion was talked out. But nothing further came of questions or debates, and indeed just then the public mind was somewhat diverted from any question of the Kilmainham compacts by the two important Irish measures which immediately occupied the attention of the House, the new Coercion Bill and the Arrears Bill.

It is not necessary to go at any great length into the detail of the debates on these two measures. The Irish members opposed the Coercion Bill by all the means which the forms of the House allowed them. On June 30 the obstruction came to a head over the manner in which the assessment on the ratepayers of any district for compensation where crime had been committed. Early in the afternoon rumours of an all-night sitting began to circulate through the lobbies. It was said that the Government were determined to force down the Irish opposition; that arrangements for relays had been arranged by the Ministerialist whips; that the Irish, on their side, were busily

organising their plans for an enduring struggle. The expectations were not disappointed, and the curious who had the courage to remain in the galleries of the House all through the long hours of that debate may boast that they had witnessed one of the most exciting of the historical all-night sittings. June passed away and became July; the warm lights of the chamber were extinguished, and the grey summer morning lit up the dreary scene, and still the debate went on. Chairman after chairman had swayed, or tried to sway, the committee; Irish member after Irish member had spoken again and again on motion after motion; there had been scenes of fierce attack and stormy recrimination, followed by long lulls of dull debate, during which the Commons seemed to have fallen into an apathy as complete, if not as pleasant, as that of the dwellers in the Castle of Indolence. At last, about nine o'clock on the Saturday morning, Mr. Playfair suddenly rose in the middle of a speech by Mr. Redmond, and warned the House that for the last three days the progress of business had been retarded by systematic obstruction, and that he should soon have to indicate to the committee who were the members engaged in it. Mr. Redmond resumed his speech, but the warning had spread through the House, and the almost empty Chamber began suddenly to fill up again in expectation of something new. From upper lobbies, where they had been trying to sleep, from the dining-rooms, where they had been seeking to recruit their strength with hurried breakfasts, supporters of the Government, members of the Opposition, and followers of Mr. Parnell, came hurrying into the chamber in obedience to the summons of scouts, who had rushed out after Mr. Playfair's warning to collect their forces. Mr. Playfair had a good audience when he rose again, interrupting Mr. Redmond, who was still speaking. Mr. Playfair announced that the time had come to stop the systematic obstruction, and he read out, amid loud and indignant protests from Mr. O'Donnell, who had just come, the names of fifteen Irish members, whom he accused of taking part in it. Dramatically, the stroke was a fine one; artistically speaking, it lacked rehearsal, for, whereas Mr.

Playfair read out the names of only fifteen Irish members to the House, Mr. Childers, whose duty it was to move their suspension, quickly inserted another name, and moved the suspension of sixteen. On a division the suspension was carried by 126 to 27, and the sixteen members immediately left the House. But the storm and stress was not over. Mr. Playfair then reported Mr. O'Donnell for having insulted the chair by his interruption when his name was read in the list of those suspended. Mr. Joseph Cowen gave notice of a vote of censure on Mr. Playfair. The Irish members still left unsuspended carried on the debate with vigour unabated, until at about seven on the Saturday evening Mr. Playfair named nine more Irish members, whose suspension was carried by 128 to 7. There being then practically no Irish members left to carry on the debate, the Government ran through the amendments with great rapidity, passed the thirtieth clause, and progress was reported, after a continuous sitting of some twenty-three hours. On Monday, July 3, Mr. O'Donnell's case was brought forward, and Mr. O'Donnell was suspended from the service of the House for fourteen days. On Tuesday, July 4, Mr. Gladstone moved and carried, by 402 to 19, a motion that the business of the House was urgent. The Speaker then immediately rose and laid on the table the urgency rules that had been in force the previous year, supplemented by an additional rule, under which closure could be enforced by a majority of three to one. Mr. Justin M'Carthy then rose and read a resolution, drawn up by the Irish party, condemning the conduct of the Government; after which the Irish party immediately left the House, to take no further part in the coercion discussion. One result of the withdrawal was a Ministerialist defeat on July 7, on a Government amendment to clause fourteen, regulating the right of the police to make midnight searches. The defection of many of the Whigs was the primary cause of this defeat. They were hostile to any amendment which in any way lessened the stringency of the Coercion Bill; and they preferred to risk a change of Ministry to allowing the Government to carry a conciliatory amendment. There were wild rumours at once of resignations,

of great Cabinet changes, even appeals to the country. Nothing, however, of the kind happened. Mr. Gladstone explained that under ordinary circumstances he would have gone no further with the Bill, but that he could not do so in the existing condition of Ireland, nor would he resign.

Once sent to the Lords, the Crimes Bill soon passed into law. The amended Arrears Bill was then carried after long debates in the Commons, and sent to the Lords, who did not give it the same warm welcome that they had afforded to the Crimes Bill. Coercion is always congenial work to the Peers, but ameliorative legislation of any kind is opposed to their tastes and their traditions, and the Arrears Bill was soon sent back to the Commons, cumbered with some heavy amendments that practically rendered it valueless. Mr. Gladstone took the challenge of the Lords very composedly. The serious amendments which involved any radical change in the nature of the measure he calmly declined to accept. For the sake of compromise he consented to accept some trifling amendment which scarcely altered anything, and so the Bill was returned to the Upper House. The Ministry were playing the part of Falconbridge to the modern Lord Salisbury.

> Put up thy sword betime,
> Or I'll so maul thee and thy toasting iron
> That you shall think the devil is come from hell,

are the words with which Shakespeare's Falconbridge meets the anger of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Gladstone's reply to Lord Salisbury's successor was not couched in the same vehement terms, but it conveyed something of the same idea. The Lords felt that they had gone too far. The country never in the end encourages the Lords to offer any prolonged resistance to the will of the Commons. Lord Salisbury, it is said, was all for fighting the matter out to the bitter end. Perhaps his warlike ardour was not diminished, but he was certain that his followers were not so bellicose as he, and that he might therefore be bold enough without any fear of causing a Ministerial complication, or provoking battle between the two Houses of Parliament. The

Arrears Bill was accepted without division, and became law on August 10.

The Arrears Bill and the Crimes Bill were the only important measures which the Government were able to deal with during this protracted session. The Corrupt Practices Bill had to be abandoned; the Ballot Act, instead of being improved, had to be bundled at the last moment into the Expiring Acts Continuance Act. The Bankruptcy, County Government, and Municipality of London Bills never made their appearance at all. The Electric Lighting Bill was carried by Mr. Chamberlain; it gave municipalities the right to adopt the electric light for street and other purposes by the permission of the Board of Trade alone, instead of a local Act of Parliament. Mr. Fawcett carried his Parcels Post Bill, enabling the Post Office to convey and deliver parcels up to a prescribed limit of weight at a settled charge, without regard to distance. The Married Women's Property Bill, introduced by the Lord Chancellor, practically placed married men and married women on an equality before the law as far as regarded their private income, earnings, or inheritance. The Municipal Corporation Act and the Bills of Exchange Act, Earl Cairns's Settled Lands Bill, removing many of the restrictions in dealing with entailed estates, and a new education code were the principal other performances of the session.

On April 24 Mr. Gladstone had brought forward a respectable, if somewhat colourless budget. On July 24 he introduced a supplementary budget to meet the cost of the Egyptian War. He asked for a vote of credit for 2,300,000*l.*, of which 900,000*l.* was for the army, and 1,400,000*l.* for the navy. Mr. Gladstone proposed to meet this by increasing the income tax from 5*d.* to 8*d.* in the pound, which, as two quarters had already been collected on the lesser rate, was equal to the levy of a tax of 6½*d.* for the whole of the year.

On August 15 a great national celebration took place in Dublin. The Exhibition of Irish Arts and Manufactures was opened. Foley's statue of O'Connell, which had been set up at the lower end of Sackville Street, opposite to what was once called Carlisle, and is now called O'Connell Bridge was unveiled.

The peculiarity of the Dublin Exhibition was its entirely national character. For the first time in the history of Dublin since the Union an enterprise was carried out which disdained the patronage of the Castle, and appealed directly to popular support. To the great disappointment of the Castle *clientèle* the exhibition was a success. The building, skilfully and pleasingly composed of that combination of glass and iron which Sir Joseph Paxton was the first to apply to the purposes of exhibitions, was erected at the back of the Rotunda. Inside, it was crowded with the productions of Irish art and of Irish manufacture, which were the most convincing arguments of the commercial possibilities of the country whenever her resources were properly worked. This day of national celebration deserves to be commemorated for the perfect peace and order with which it passed off. There had been grave apprehensions in England, and in Ireland as well, that the celebration would be made the occasion for wild outbreak of some kind. The purely national character of the proceedings, the numbers of persons from the country round about the city who would flow into Dublin on the day, the excited condition of the people—all these were brought forward as arguments in favour of the probability of some dangerous disturbance taking place. The authorities deserve commendation for the way in which they made no outward sign of being affected by any such rumours. The surest way to have provoked some collision on such an occasion would have been to make an overawing demonstration of military or police force. The executive wisely did nothing of the kind. Every precaution was taken to meet any sudden emergency of unexpected riot, but no evidence of these precautions was made visible. In Sackville Street, which was of course the theatre of that day's events, with its exhibition at one end and its statue at the other, there were practically no police. As far as could be judged by the outward appearance of the city, its safety and welfare, its peace and order, were left in charge of the people themselves. The people acquitted themselves of their trust admirably, and thoroughly justified the authorities in acting with an unfortunately too rare sense and prudence.

There was no rioting, no disturbance of any kind. The great procession of Dublin trades and guilds, headed by carriages containing the popular Irish members, went its appointed way all through the city in perfect quiet and order. The statue was unveiled; the exhibition was opened, all in peace. There was enthusiasm everywhere, but it was perfectly law-abiding enthusiasm.

The next day the freedom of the city was conferred on Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Dillon. The same day another popular Irish member, Mr. Edmond Dwyer Gray, M.P., owner of the *Freeman's Journal* and High Sheriff of Dublin, was committed to Richmond Prison, O'Connell's old prison, on a charge of contempt of court, which was afterwards the cause of a Parliamentary inquiry into the exercise of that curious judicial privilege. Mr. Gray had written in the *Freeman's Journal* some censures on the conduct of a jury whose verdict had sentenced a man to death. The jury had been accused of spending the night previous to the finding of the verdict in a condition of noisy intoxication in the Imperial Hotel. Mr. Justice Lawson, the judge before whom the case had been tried, immediately summoned Mr. Gray before him, sent him to prison for three months, and fined him 500*l.* After two months' imprisonment Mr. Gray was released; the fine was paid by public subscription in a few days. There was great excitement in Dublin when the news of the arrest was made known, and the fears of disturbance were at once revived; but a proclamation, signed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Dawson, and by Mr. Parnell, was distributed through the city, urging the people to make no disturbance, an order which was implicitly obeyed. Some of the Irish members in Dublin went back to London, where Parliament was just drawing to its end, to put the case before the House. Mr. Gladstone, however, pointed out that the House of Commons was powerless to take any action in the matter. It could not possibly release Mr. Gray, and therefore he judged it best to leave the matter over for consideration until the House met in October. When later in the year the whole question was made the subject of an inquiry of a committee of the House of Commons, it was decided that no action could be taken, as Judge Lawson was within his legal right in what he had done.

When the Land League was suppressed the secret societies began to thrive again. In some parts of Ireland an organisation known as Moonlighters, headed by a mysterious Captain Moonlight, committed various crimes for some time in secret, until a man was arrested who seemed to be, and said he was, Captain Moonlight himself. This man turning informer, many arrests were made. But the kind of outrages which moonlighting represented did not cease. Nor did the accounts of outrages that never took place. The record was gloomy enough without the busy voices and tongues of rumour being allowed full licence to spread abroad the wildest exaggerations. Archbishop Croke declared that many of the outrages were either invented or exaggerated with the intent to rouse hostile feeling against the Land League and the National movement.

Early in January two bailiffs named Huddy, an old man and his grandson, were murdered in Joyce's country, Connemara, and their bodies thrown into Lough Mask. In February an informer named Bernard Bailey was shot dead in the streets of Dublin. In April an attempt was made to murder Mr. Smythe, an unpopular landowner in Westmeath. The shots fired missed Mr. Smythe, and killed his sister-in-law, who was sitting in the carriage with him. In May came the Phœnix Park murders. In June Mr. Walter Bourke and his military escort were shot dead. In the same month Mr. John Henry Blake and his steward Mr. Keene were both shot dead near Lough Rea. In August, a fresh murder in the Joyce country was supposed to reveal the authors of the murders of the Huddys. This murder took place in Maamtrasna, on August 17. A family of the name of Joyce were murdered by a party of men, their neighbours, who feared that the victims knew and would betray the murderers of the Huddys. The alleged murderers of the Joyces were arrested, tried, convicted; three of them were hanged. One of the three, Myles Joyce, was declared by his companions to be innocent. The evidence against him was terribly unreliable, but though an inquiry was often asked for it was always refused. Five others pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to death, but the death penalty was commuted. In November a m[illegible]

was arrested for an attempt to assassinate Justice Lawson. Towards the end of the same month an attack was made. There was a scuffle in Abbey Street between some detectives and some armed men whom they were watching, and one of the detectives was killed. The next night, November 26, a man named Field, who had been a juryman in the trial of a man named Walsh, who was executed for the murder of a policeman at Letterfrack, was attacked outside his house in Frederick Street, and dangerously wounded. His assailants escaped for the time, and their victim, though severely wounded, recovered.

CHAPTER XIII.

EGYPT.

To understand the position in which England found herself placed with regard to Egypt, it is necessary to look back a little into the history of modern Egypt, and examine the causes which led to the present crisis.

As far as we are immediately concerned, the Egyptian question began when Mehemet Ali flung off the complete control of the Porte, and finally established himself as a vassal, indeed, but only of a nominal vassalage, to the Turkish Empire. Mehemet Ali had made himself master of Syria, and he and his adopted son, Ibrahim Pasha, inflicted defeat after defeat upon the armies of Turkey. In 1839 a series of events combined to give over Egypt into the hands of Mehemet Ali. Ibrahim gained a great triumph over the Porte. The Sultan Mahmoud died. The Turkish Admiral with all his fleet went over to the cause of Egypt. Had he been left to himself, Mehemet Ali would not even have allowed the Ottoman Empire to keep any semblance of authority; but the Powers of Europe interfered then, as they have interfered since, with Egyptian politics. England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia combined to restrain the Porte's rebellious vassal. France alone, swayed by the jealous spirit of Thiers, who dreaded an English plot

to lay hold of Egypt, held aloof from the alliance, and was at one time not very far from going to war with England. Two treaties, signed in London in the Julys of 1840 and 1841, arranged the affairs of Egypt, and compelled Mehemet Ali, sorely against his will, to give up his Asiatic possessions, and to accept the suzerainty of the Porte. But he demanded, and demanded successfully, the hereditary transmission of the viceroyalty to the eldest male heir of his own line, and a degree of independence which left the Sultan little more than the shadow of command. The most varied judgments have been formed of the character of Mehemet Ali. All historians are compelled to agree upon the ferocity which crushed the power of the Mamelukes by a more than Elizabethan treachery; but Mehemet Ali appears to some historians as on the whole, for an Oriental, a great and just ruler. He seemed to Richard Cobden nothing more than 'a rapacious tyrant.'

Cobden, who saw Mehemet Ali at Cairo in 1836, when the Pasha was still dreaming of the future of Egypt and himself, wrote thus:—'Mehemet Ali is pursuing a course of avaricious misrule which would have torn the vitals from a country less prolific than this, long since. As it is, everything is decaying beneath his system of monopolies. . . . The Pasha has by dint of force and fraud possessed himself of the whole of the property of the country. I do not mean that he has obtained merely the rule of the Government, but he *owns* the whole of the soil, the houses, the boats, the camels, &c. There is something quite unique in finding only one landowner and one merchant in a country in the person of its Pasha.' Cobden goes on to describe the magnificent cotton works which Mehemet Ali had built, and the miserable way in which they were allowed to go to ruin. 'All this is not the work of Mehemet Ali. The miserable adventurers from Europe who have come here to act the parasites of such a blood-stained despot—they are partly the cause of the evil. But they know his selfish nature and his lust of fame, and this is only their mode of deluding the one and pandering to the other.' The opinion of a man like Richard Cobden on such a matter is of the profoundest

political importance, but we who are his warmest admirers may well believe that the picture drawn by the young traveller of thirty-three years was somewhat highly coloured; that the peculiar characteristics of all Oriental rule were not sufficiently taken into account in estimating the character of Mehemet Ali. At least he tried to make Egypt great as he had made her independent, and he failed only because he attempted to raise Egypt at once to the level of a great power. In 1848, when madness deprived Egypt of her strange ruler, the succession came to his son, Ibrahim Pasha, whose statue stands in the Cairo Square, to remind the traveller from afar, and the Arab who lounges at its base, that Egypt had a past, and may yet have a future. But the hero of Koniah and Nezib was not destined to be famous as a Pasha of Egypt. He died within four months of his accession, and was succeeded by Abbas Pasha, the son of that son of Mehemet Ali whose tragic end is told by Warburton. Ismail Pasha, Mehemet Ali's second son, was burnt to death by a Soudan chief, Nemmir, 'the tiger,' King of Shendy, from whom he had too imperiously demanded tribute. Under Abbas Pasha nothing was done to advance Egypt. A Tacitus or a Suetonius is needed to fitly present this Egyptian copy of the degraded Cæsars. He lived like a later Roman Emperor, a vicious, fearful life, ever dreading the death by assassination which came at last in 1854, and handed over Egypt to Said Pasha. The contrast between Said and Abbas Pasha is as great as between Marcus Aurelius and Nero. Where Abbas was lonely, hostile to foreigners, and unable to speak any of the alien tongues, Said was hospitable, closely linked with Europeans, whose life he carefully imitated, and he was a brilliant French scholar. He encouraged foreign immigration, inaugurated the custom of employing Europeans in all the important administrations, and he greatly advanced the general condition of the country by removing many of the meaningless restrictions upon trade and commerce, and by seeming to recognise that the Egyptian labourer was something more than a mere beast to be worked and taxed to death. Through the influence of England, the railroad system had

been established in Egypt during the rule of Abbas. Under Said's prospering reign railways and telegraphs were extended over Egypt. The Suez Canal was begun. Machinery of all kinds became familiar to the Egyptian mind, and the finances showed an increased revenue of six millions a year. But while Abbas, with all his faults, left Egypt not only agriculturally prosperous, but clear of debt, Said, with all his virtues, left her the beginning of that public debt which is now of such intense interest to the outer world. A series of strange chances allowed Ismail Pasha, warrior Ibrahim's second son, to become the immediate successor of Said Pasha, and with his accession in 1863 begins the particular condition of things which we familiarly speak of as the Egyptian question. Under the foreign policy of Nubar Pasha, Ismail succeeded in 1866 in obtaining from the Porte the title of Khedive, and the direct descent of the title from father to son, on consideration of increasing the annual tribute from nearly four hundred thousand pounds to nearly seven hundred thousand pounds. Again, in 1872, the Khedive obtained the privilege of making treaties with foreign Powers, of owning vessels of war, and of raising troops. Indeed, the whole of Ismail's reign was marked by steady and incessant aggrandisement of the power and the position of Egypt, and the weakening of the chains which bound her to the Ottoman Empire. But for every step which Egypt thus took, for every link she severed in the Turkish chain, she had to pay a heavy price to court and courtiers at Constantinople.

If the Khedive was prepared to spend money freely for his own personal advancement and authority, he was no less lavish for the advancement of his country. Improvements of all kinds were carried out; the Suez Canal was completed—by the *corvée*—railroads and telegraphs increased rapidly. Ismail was going too fast. Egypt prospered socially and commercially; financially it was a great failure. With all his talent, Ismail Pasha lacked several of the qualities necessary for a great financier, and between his fingers the money of Egypt ran like desert sand. Cotton fell. Ismail became deeply in debt to the

European Powers, most of all to France and England, and anxiety for the security of the shareholders furnished these two Powers with justification for a close inquiry into the financial condition of the country.

The first decade of Ismail Pasha's reign showed an apparently widespread prosperity, and a corresponding increase in the public debt. The 1864 loan of 5,700,000*l.* was supplemented in 1868 and 1870 by further loans for 3,000,000*l.*, 1,200,000*l.*, and 2,000,000*l.*, and in 1873 there was another for 32,000,000*l.* in Mr. Dicey's round numbers. The Khedive's private loans were about 11,000,000*l.*, and the floating debt represented from 25,000,000*l.* to 26,000,000*l.* Up to 1876 the regular payment of the high rate of interest kept good the credit of Egypt. But the Russo-Turkish war, while it revealed the emptiness of the Ottoman treasury, served also to unsettle men's certainty of the credit of Egypt. Unable to raise fresh loans, or to meet the demands upon him, the desperate Khedive sold all his shares in the Suez Canal to England for the sum of four millions in November 1875. The idea of buying the Khedivial shares belongs to Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It was hailed with general delight at the time, though it was then, and has since been, savagely attacked by a certain kind of Liberal politicians. Mr. Dicey points out that it is certainly a financial success, as the shares are now worth more than double the price we paid for them. Assuming the importance of a control of the Suez Canal to England, it is difficult to see how she could have done better than buy of the well-nigh bankrupt Khedive. The politicians who were most bitterly opposed to the purchase would have been still more unwilling to see England set a corporal's guard at Port Said, and hoist the Union Jack in the Egyptian Delta. At all events, England had her shares, and the Khedive his four millions, but he did not keep them long. Four millions were soon swallowed up in the whirlpool of his debts, and money was as much needed as ever. The Khedive turned again to England. A nation who was so ready to buy might no less readily lend, but the Khedive was shrewd enough to know that she would not lend without security. He invited England to

study the state of his finances before advancing, and England in reply sent out the late Mr. Cave, at the end of 1875.

The revenue was drawn from direct taxes on land, on date trees, on trade licences; from indirect taxation in the form of custom and tobacco duties; from the Moukabaleh, the village annuities, from railway profits, and miscellaneous dues. The Moukabaleh, which means compensation, was a fancy measure introduced in 1871 ostensibly to redeem half the land tax, in the hope of paying off the floating debt. The Government undertook to give the Egyptian landholders, who had no regular title-deeds, indefeasible titles, and to reduce permanently the land tax by one-half, in consideration of their paying six years' land tax in advance; a financial operation which has introduced terrible complications into the duty of unravelling the Egyptian finances.

Mr. Cave made his famous report, showing that nothing could be done without accepting heavy pecuniary responsibility. Then he returned home, and Mr., now Sir Rivers Wilson, the controller of our own National Debt Office, went out to advise the Khedive, only to be recalled soon after. The Khedive had so far failed to draw England, and at last, in May 1876, he calmly issued a decree of repudiation. This was rendered a dead letter by the international courts, tribunals which had been substituted by the European Powers for the old consular jurisdiction, and which had great authority in Egypt. These courts decided that the Khedive had broken his contract to his foreign creditors, and his May decree took no effect. The French bondholders then proposed a scheme of their own for the consolidation of the debt, which fell through owing to the objections of the English bondholders. The two parties then agreed to send out a joint mission to negotiate with the Khedive, and Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert proceeded to Egypt at the end of 1876. The Khedive agreed with them to pay an annual sum, as interest and sinking fund, of about, in round numbers, seven per cent. on a capital of 100,000,000*l*. But Ismail, who, when the question was one of borrowing money, had contrived to show marvellously good revenue statements, was equally dexterous

in showing bad statements when the question was how much the State could pay on its debt. In less than a year, he declared that this arrangement was based upon highly untrustworthy returns, that the debt must be reduced, or Egypt would be ruined by the taxation enforced to pay the interest, and once more he demanded a fresh commission.

When a country has once accepted an investigation of its finances by foreign Powers, and given the practical control of its treasury into the hands of foreign representatives, its claim to independence can hardly fail to be regarded as signally diminished; and it is hardly surprising that both England and France began to think themselves something more than the mere friends and advisers of the Khedive. A suspicion of the Khedive's honesty led the French Government to decide that any inquiry now set on foot should apply itself, not only to ascertaining the resources of Egypt, but the causes which brought about Egypt's embarrassments. In this demand England was induced to join, and the Khedive was forced to allow a commission to practically place him upon his trial. It was soon shown that the Khedive had become the owner of one-fifth of the entire cultivated land of Egypt, and that the funds oppressively raised from this vast monopoly were, in Mr. Dicey's words, 'so miserably administered as to result in a loss, not only to the country at large, but to the Khedive himself.' A threat of the Khedive's that he would be unable to pay interest on the Unified Debt in full forced matters to a crisis. France insisted on the interest being paid in full, and somehow or other paid in full it was. This strong action on the part of a European Power may have convinced the Khedive of the hopelessness of his position. At last he met the report of the commission, which declared that real financial reform must commence with the concession of his estates, by yielding up a million of acres of Daira land to the creditors of the State.

The next step in the work of the commission—the inquiry as to what amount the country could afford to pay annually in respect of its debts, without injury to its own interests and to those of its creditors—was interrupted by the Khedive's

unexpected summons of Nubar Pasha from exile to form a Ministry, in which the portfolio of finance was to be entrusted to Mr. Rivers Wilson. Mr. Rivers Wilson was controller-general of the English National Debt, and he succeeded in obtaining permission from his own Government to retain this office while accepting the portfolio offered him by the Khedive. This permission aroused the gravest suspicion in France, where it seemed to statesmen as if England, after all her pledges, was seeking by underhand means to obtain complete supremacy in Egypt; and, in order to satisfy the complaints of France, M. de Blignières was appointed, much against England's will, as the colleague of Mr. Rivers Wilson in the new Nubar Ministry.

Having yielded thus far, and made such concessions, the Khedive was seized again with a despotic mania, which led him, on the strength of a small army *émeute*, to dismiss Nubar Pasha, and shortly after to dispense with the services of his French and English ministers. The dismissal of the Anglo-French ministers caused greater annoyance even to France than to England, and the French Government proposed to compel the Khedive by armed force to reinstate Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières. The arguments of England, however, prevented this step, and strong despatches alone were addressed to the Khedive. This action convinced the Khedive that he was perfectly safe in doing as he liked, and naturally he did not reinstate his Ministry. His former clique of Pashas were restored to power, Nubar and Riaz Pashas were exiled, and money was raised in the old evil ways. The warnings of England and France were despised, and he finally issued a decree, leaving entirely in his own hands the regulation of the liabilities of Egypt. The Khedive appeared to be entirely triumphant, and France and England seemed content to do nothing, when the sudden intervention of Germany forced them into action. The German consul at Cairo informed the Khedive that the German Government was prepared to defend the interests of German subjects at all hazards. Then England and France joined together, and accepted the offer which had been made before by the Sultan to depose the Khedive. The

moment the order came, the power and triumph of Ismail Pasha vanished into nothingness, and the bold defier of united England and France hurried away as rapidly as he could to Naples with his harem and his ill-gotten treasure, leaving his son Tewfik on the throne.

After the fall of Ismail the Anglo-French influence was re-established. M. de Blignières was reinstated, and Mr. Baring, who was afterwards succeeded by Mr. Colvin, took the place of Mr. Rivers Wilson. They were given great authority. They had the right to be present on the ministerial council, to advise on all financial questions, to appoint resident inspectors and receive their reports, and they were irremovable save with the consent of England and France. But in the face of their trying task even such powers seemed slight. Their difficulties lay not alone in Egypt; Austria, France, and Italy insisted that any financial settlement must be arranged by an international commission, in which other Powers besides France and England should be represented; and such a commission was at length appointed, with French, English, German, Austrian, and Italian members. The powers of the commission were theoretically unlimited; practically they had many limitations. They could not, like ordinary liquidators, bring the bankrupt whose estate they were considering to reason. So long as the European Powers were not agreed together in compelling the Khedive to accept the advice of the commission, the commission had to wait his consent for any arrangement they made. As Mr. Dicey shows, the bankrupt was able to estimate his own revenue, to fix his own allowance, and to appropriate the bulk of an eventual surplus, after which the liquidators were allowed to distribute the sum which the bankrupt considered available for the payment of a composition to his creditors. The Moukabaleh claims were quietly shelved after a fashion much more agreeable to the Egyptian Government than to the claimants. To Mr. Dicey the liquidation seems 'not in any sense a comprehensive settlement of the Egyptian financial problem;' and he maintains that 'the consolidation of all Egyptian loans into one stock, paying one uniform rate of interest, and the collection of the revenue

by one central administration, are the essential conditions of any effective and permanent reorganisation of Egypt.'

In the meantime, however, there had been growing up in Egypt a spirit of hostility to the European intervention. A party calling itself the National party began to lift its head against foreign rule. 'Egypt for the Egyptians' was its cry; it refused to tolerate ministers representing some special European influence; it demanded for Egypt the right to govern itself in its own way. The doctrines of the party, at first circulated by stealth, soon became more widely known; it was presently to be discovered that it had the army at its back. A bloodless insurrection, the famous 'insurrection of the Colonels,' suddenly gave the National party a position and a leader. This leader was Arabi Bey, who for a time appeared to hold the fortunes of the Egyptian Government, as Kossuth held the destinies of the House of Hapsburg, in the hollow of his hand. From the day when the soldiery of the citadel pronounced against the Khedive, the star of Arabi Bey was in the ascendant. The so-called Egyptian Parliament was no sooner summoned than it found its real master in the Colonel, and not in the Khedive. Tewfik's Ministry fell before his dictation: the Ministry that took its place was practically in his hands. A wondering world began to ask whether Arabi Bey was the Cromwell of a great movement against an Egyptian Charles; the Garibaldi of a struggle for national liberty against a foreign rule; a scheming political adventurer, fighting for his own hand like Hal of the Wynd, or only a puppet, whose actions were guided by mysterious, unseen strings. Sir William Gregory, who was in Egypt at this time, told the world in a letter to the *Times* what he thought of the practical dictator of Egypt. He saw in Arabi Bey a man of great and patriotic ideas, with the eloquence of Sophocles' Antigone, and inspired by the loftiest love of his country. This opinion was practically shared by another Englishman, whose name is associated with Egyptian politics, Mr. W. S. Blunt, who, having sung of many loves under the name of Proteus, found sterner pleasure in the struggles of the Egyptian democracy.

There were no visible signs of danger in Egypt in the end of 1881 or the beginning of 1882. European tourists lounged lazily on the verandah at Shepheard's, and consented to be amused by the snake-charmers, ape-leaders, and juggling-girls, who made merry for them in the street below. They rode out to the citadel, or across the lion-guarded bridge which led to the Pyramids, mounted on the stout fleet donkeys that are the delight of the Englishman in Egypt. They haggled in the bazaars, and stared at the wonders of Boulak with listless wonder, and drove in the Shoubra to catch a glimpse of the pale face of the Khedive as he passed by. They—the males of them—made little excursions at night into the depths of the town, spent a few minutes in a hasheesh den, or a dancing-house, or flung away a five-franc piece at 'Eldorado,' and fondly fancied that they were seeing life, and would return to England as thoroughly Orientalised versions of Tom and Jerry. To aid this transformation they, of course, bought tarbushes and colossal amber mouthpieces. They were quite happy and secure, enjoying themselves along the Nile, and in what their ancestors called Grand Cairo—very much like the grand seigneurs and fair ladies revelling in Versailles before Paris marched upon them, or like those old Romans in the theatre, to whom the startled actress shrieked out that she saw the Gauls coming. And yet there was danger about them. There was revolution in the air. Tourists starting off for a run down to Luxor, or the first cataract, would laughingly wonder if 'the revolution' would break out before their return. People who had lived long in Cairo or Alexandria shook their heads, and said that anything might happen. Everybody seemed to expect something; nobody seemed to be alarmed. There is a loud shouting in the street, and a carriage drives by, surrounded by a crowd of running footmen, and greeted by the Oriental crowd with loud acclaim. It only contains a soldier-looking man, no longer young, in Egyptian uniform. The languid people on the Shepheard piazza get up to see; the lounging British and French in the street stop and look round to watch Arabi Bey whirl by, and talk to each other of him when he is out of sight. Is he

going to dethrone the Khedive? Will the Khedive imprison him? When will the revolution come? Yes, everybody seems to expect the revolution, and yet nobody, except perhaps a few of the old hands who have lived long in the East, seems at all frightened. Who would be alarmed by talk of a revolution at Margate; of the danger of a popular movement in Pegwell Bay? All these donkey riders, these Mouski haunters, these drifters down the Nile in dahabiehs or steamers managed by Cook, regard Alexandria and Cairo very much as they would regard Margate or Pegwell Bay, or Boulogne-sur-Mer. They have been there often; most of the people they know have been there. It is as easy to get to Cairo as to Paris. Mr. Cook will see you there and back, and you need never, if you so please, hear a word of any tongue but English, or move among other associates than the tweed-clad travelling Briton. Egypt was a pleasant ground for Englishmen, and though the Egyptians might come to blows among themselves, no harm could possibly happen to the tourist in his pith helmet, who bought tarbushes and cheap attar of roses, and was beloved by Egyptian donkey-boys. The British or French tourist was not alarmed, because neither the British tourist nor his French companion could possibly believe that he was in the slightest danger.

People at home were scarcely less self-confident in a somewhat different way. We had put up the Khedive, it was argued, and of course no one in his senses, Arabi Bey or another, could dream of trying to knock him down again. Arabi Bey was only an adventurer after all; he had no following whatever, except a few discontented colonels in the army; and as for the people, the fellaheen neither knew nor cared for the name of the authority to whom they paid their taxes. There was no National party at all. It was only the dream of a few well-meaning English sympathisers, and a few needy speculators. The British Ministry seemed to be saturated with this kind of sentiment. To the very last they persisted in regarding Ahmed Arabi as a mere military adventurer, with little or no real influence, and practically no adherents. Nevertheless it did become obvious, as the days went on, that some-

thing would have to be done to keep Egypt in order. 1881 had faded into 1882, and 1882 was getting on in its youth, and things had not quietened down in Egypt, and Arabi had not disappeared. The English Government kept their counsels and their aims very close. The Opposition persisted in trying again and again, always unsuccessfully, to find out what steps the Government really meant to take with regard to what was now known as the Egyptian question, when it was not called the Egyptian difficulty.

The curious attempt to introduce Parliamentary institutions into Egypt was not very successful. In the old days of the former Egyptian Parliament it was impossible to carry on the little game, owing to the refusal of any member to play at being in opposition. Ismail is said to have suggested, entreated, bribed, and threatened in vain; he could not by any means get up even a decent show of opposition to his Ministry and himself. Tewfik's assembly of Notables had not proved quite so futile. It had encouraged and supported the military party; it had strengthened Arabi's position as representative of the claims of the malcontent colonels. England had favoured the formation of the Egyptian Parliament; but she now got alarmed at the result of the experiment, and made ready, if the worst came to the worst, to put down the military party by force. But before anything could be done by anybody there had to be a vast amount of diplomatic negotiations between the representatives of the great Powers of Europe. The chief difficulty to any settlement from outside of the affairs of Egypt lay in the peculiar relations between France and England in that country. However much Mr. Dicey, and the political school which he represents, might regret that England had ever allowed France to obtain a foothold in Egypt, there appeared to be no use in wasting time in regret now. France was in Egypt; it seemed most unlikely that she would consent to any independent action on England's part, as such consent would practically give to England the supremacy in Egypt which she had lost by the establishment of the dual control. It appeared, therefore, at first that nothing could be

done by England without the active co-operation of France. This view was supported on January 8 by the presentation of an identical note from the British and French Governments addressed to the Khedive, in which the two Powers expressed their determination 'to ward off by their united efforts all causes of external or internal complications which might menace the *régime* established in Egypt.' This was practically an announcement that the two Powers were determined to support the existing dual control and the position of the Khedive. But the menace—for it must be looked upon as a menace—was disregarded, if not defied, by the Chamber of Notables. On January 18 the Chamber claimed the right of regulating the national Budget. The controllers objected, but the Chamber held firm. The National party were with them; the Sultan, jealous of European interference in his suzerainty of Misr, was with them; perhaps, too, they knew that the difficulty of getting France and England to agree to any joint action was also with them. Cherif Pasha resigned, despairing of finding a middle road of conciliation. The Khedive left the formation of a new Ministry to the Chamber. The administration was under the nominal rule of Mahmoud Samy, surnamed el Baroudi, the powder-maker. It was really under the control of Arabi, who immediately became War Minister. The tone adopted by the new Ministry was almost aggressively defiant to the control; and France, as represented by M. Gambetta, was eager in urging upon England some joint action to support the old order which was crumbling away so rapidly. But while England was hesitating, unable to make up its mind whether Arabi and his followers were really leading a National party, and ought therefore to be put down by the strong arm or no, one of the frequent ministerial changes took place in France, and, by a sudden alteration in her foreign policy, deprived her of the opportunity of retaining her hold upon the destinies of Egypt. M. Gambetta fell from power, and was succeeded by M. de Freycinet, who was as much opposed to active interference in Egypt as M. Gambetta was in favour of it. Arabi and his followers were not slow to

perceive the advantage which the disunion between France and England gave to them; they continued to assert their right to settle the Budget; the controllers continued to protest to the Khedive, and to their Governments, against this change, which would undoubtedly alter very greatly the position of the two Powers in Egypt. Another joint note was addressed to the Khedive, but nothing came of it. M. de Blignières, finding, it may be, his position untenable, resigned his post. Arabi Bey was made a Pasha. The representatives of the National party were loud in their complaints against the control, and against the great number of foreign officials who were settled upon the country.

Arabi Pasha now appeared to be master of the situation. It is evident that he thought himself so, but it is not quite easy to understand the course which he took. From this period he acted as if it were certain either that England would not have the courage to interfere, or would be prevented by other foreign Powers; or, if she did interfere, could be easily coped with by the Egyptian army. In April, a plot on the part of certain Circassian officers in the army to murder Arabi was discovered, or said to be discovered. Some thirty-one Circassian officers were arrested on the charge of desiring to overthrow both Tewfik and Arabi, and restore Ismail Pasha, were tried in secret, and condemned to degradation and exile for life. The Khedive, acting on the advice of Sir Edward Malet, refused to sign the decrees of the courts. Mahmoud el Baroudi hinted that the Khedive's refusal would be answered by massacres of foreigners, but denied the threats when called upon for explanation by the representatives of England and France. English and French ironclads were at once ordered to Alexandria. The English and French consuls urged that Arabi and his immediate allies should be compelled to quit the country. Arabi, who had been making terms with the sheiks of the Bedouins, refused, and he and his Ministry tendered their resignations. Tewfik accepted the resignations, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to form a new Ministry. The army, as represented by Toulbah Pasha, announced that it refused to

obey the joint note, and would only recognise the authority of the Porte.

For the first time, perhaps, it became evident that the situation was indeed dangerous. Alexandria was being rapidly fortified. The greatest alarm now existed among the European inhabitants of both Cairo and Alexandria, where menaces of massacre were not infrequent. Mr. Cookson, the English consul in Alexandria, wrote home warning the Government that there was danger of bloodshed in Alexandria, as the Egyptian soldiery were being stimulated against the European inhabitants. The arrival of Dervish Pasha from Constantinople as Turkish commissioner produced no pacifying effect. It may be assumed that Arabi himself could have had no interest whatever in any massacre of Europeans. From the merest motives of policy, such action could in no way further his hopes or better his position. But in a town like Alexandria, with a considerable European population filled with a not unreasonable alarm, and a native population stirred to the wildest excitement by the condition of affairs and the inflammatory cries of the native Press, some sort of collision was perhaps inevitable. Given panic on one side, and suspicion, hate, and anger on the other, some explosion was almost unavoidable. On June 11 the crisis came. It is practically impossible now to know the exact beginning of the riot which broke out, or who struck the first blow and fired the first shot. The disturbance began somehow in some quarrel between the natives and Europeans; a good many people, including French and English subjects, were killed, and our consul, Mr. Cookson, was dragged from his carriage, seriously hurt, and narrowly escaped with his life. The immediate result of this was a general flight of Europeans from Cairo and Alexandria. Every train from Cairo was loaded with Europeans hurrying from what they regarded as a doomed city; every ship that sailed from Alexandria's harbour was crowded with refugees eager to save their lives at the expense of their property.

Diplomacy was still struggling on. A conference of European Powers at Constantinople had been proposed, and the proposition had come to nothing. The British Government,

even after the riot of June 11, were unwilling to land troops, though they announced that they would protect Tewfik's life and position against Halim Pasha or any other pretender favoured by Arabi Pasha. The Khedive and Dervish Pasha had by this time left Cairo and come to Alexandria, where the Khedive set up his court. Here the influence of Germany and Austria seemed to be in the ascendant. In obedience to the advice of the Consuls-General of these two Powers, Raghed Pasha was entrusted with the formation of a Ministry in which Arabi Pasha was once more War Minister. The patronage of the Porte was ostentatiously bestowed upon Arabi; he was decorated with the Order of the Medidjie. His defiance of England and France increased; the defences of Alexandria, which had been abandoned for a time, were resumed and pushed on with great rapidity. Up to this point the great aim of the British Ministry appeared to be to keep well in accord with France, and to influence Egypt by the combined weight of a European concert. Now, however, quite suddenly, they resolved to act alone. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was ordered to forbid the progress of the Alexandrian fortifications; and when Sir Beauchamp Seymour's orders produced no effect, he was ordered by telegram on July 10 to give notice that, unless the forts commanding the harbour were surrendered for the purpose of being disarmed, the English fleet would commence action. Up to that moment the influence of the Turkish Government appeared to have been chiefly devoted to retarding any solution of the difficulty. But when the British admiral delivered his ultimatum to the military commander, Turkey made one final appeal for more time. Give but twenty-four hours more, and all should yet be well. Those twenty-four hours were never obtained. Most of the European subjects had by this time got safely out of Alexandria, on every vessel that could take them. At nightfall on July 10 the British fleet withdrew from the inner harbour to take up its position. The French fleet showed its determination to take no share in the work by steaming away to Port Said. The British fleet consisted of eight ironclads and five gunboats, with a total force of 3,539 men and 102 guns.

At seven in the morning of July 11 the fight began. A shot was fired from one of the British ships, and was at once replied to from the Egyptian forts. The fight was not of long duration, nor was its result for a moment doubtful. The Egyptians certainly handled their guns better than was expected. Some idea of the popularity of Arabi with the people may be learned from the fact that women and even children could be perceived by glasses from the ships to be serving the guns against the fleet. By evening, however, all the forts were silenced, and in many cases had been entered by spiking parties. The bombardment began again on the morning of July 12, as no message of surrender had come from Alexandria. After a few shots a flag of truce was hoisted in the town, whereupon an envoy was sent from Admiral Seymour to demand the immediate surrender of the forts at the entrance of the harbour before any negotiations were entered into. Toulbah Pasha, who received the British envoy, declared that he could not do this without the Khedive's sanction. A truce until half-past three o'clock was agreed to, but no reply coming from the town when the time had expired, firing was commenced again. Another flag of truce was immediately seen flying from the town, and once again the Admiral sent an envoy, who returned with the news that under cover of the flags of truce Arabi and his troops had abandoned the entire line of fortifications, and that the city was in a state of the wildest confusion and anarchy.

It was singularly unfortunate that the Admiral had to begin the bombardment without having a sufficient force to occupy the town as soon as the forts were silenced and abandoned. The result was that for two days Alexandria was left to the mercy of the mob, and plunder, murder, and arson raged through the city. The city was fired in several places; houses were broken into and plundered; and upwards of 2,000 Europeans, chiefly Levantines, were massacred. The beautiful city, with its great square in which Mehemet Ali rode in bronze, its stately houses and handsome gardens, its crowded busy streets, its palaces and bazaars, was all a ruin, smoking, smouldering, blood-stained. A new Isaiah would have found

melancholy subject to bewail the burden of Egypt in this new 'City of Destruction.' Every battle of the warrior is, indeed, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but this was with 'burning and fuel of fire.'

At length, when the condition of the city became fully known to the fleet, the Admiral consented to land blue-jackets and marines, who lost no time in suppressing with sharp sternness all the burning and plundering that was going on. All offenders caught in the act of robbing were shot on the spot; others implicated in the outrages were promptly conveyed to prison to await more formal trial. Order was restored; the city was patrolled; the Khedive was escorted back from Ramleh to Ras-el-Tin, and guarded by a force of 700 marines. The position of the Khedive during the bombardment had not been agreeable. He had retired from Alexandria to his palace at Ramleh as soon as the firing began. Ramleh is a pretty part of the country, about four miles outside Alexandria. Here he would seem, as far as can be ascertained from the confused and contradictory accounts, to have been practically a prisoner. It was said that he was in fear of his life; that on the day when Arabi retired from the fortifications, Arabi sent down some 500 men to Ramleh with instructions to kill the Khedive. Some of those about the Khedive were eager, so the story goes, to resist by force the new-comers, but the Khedive deprecated all violence. He dissuaded his bellicose companion, Dervish Pasha, from carrying out his intention of shooting down the leader of the five hundred as a rebel and traitor. Tewfik advocated more diplomatic measures. There chanced to be in the Ramleh Palace a considerable quantity of Turkish orders of various grades and degrees, which Dervish Pasha had brought with him from Constantinople. By lavish distribution of these orders, and by ready promises of money, the Khedive succeeded in winning over first the officers and finally the men of the five hundred who had been sent to kill him. It is further told that after he had thus bought off his would-be murderers, he lulled the suspicions of Arabi by telegraphing to him that he was coming to Cairo, and so gained time

until the entry of the English and the presence of the 700 blue-jackets secured his safety at Ras-el-Tin. How far this story is accurate there is no means of knowing. It does not seem very likely that Arabi, having failed in his first effort to hold Alexandria against the British, would deliberately try to ruin his cause and himself in the eyes of Europe by the purposeless murder of the Khedive. His own safety, and the principles of Egyptian liberty for which he professed to be fighting, would alike be endangered by such crimes as sanctioning the destruction of Alexandria, the massacre of Europeans, and aiming at Tewfik's life. Without offering any opinion on the complicity or non-complicity of Arabi in these crimes, it may at least be said that if he was implicated in the massacres and the attempted murder of the Khedive, then the remarkable ability and statesmanlike qualities, of which he had shown himself to be possessed up to the time of the retirement from Alexandria, would seem to have completely deserted him at the moment when he needed them most.

Alexandria was now nominally in our possession; but no time was to be lost in pouring in reinforcements of troops to make good our hold, and to, as the phrase went, assist the Khedive in putting down his rebels. The term rebels seems curiously misapplied to the soldiery who were with Arabi. They were the Khedive's soldiers; all the Khedivial army was with Arabi; up to the very last moment the Khedive had been, nominally at least, acting in concert with Arabi. At no time had Tewfik made any application to the British or French fleets to come to his assistance in any way. It must be admitted that our action in conquering Egypt for the Khedive had in it something of the quibbling spirit which inspired Cromwell's Ironsides to declare that they were fighting for the king. The Khedive had made no appeal to us for aid; up to the moment when we sent our first shot against the low line of Alexandrian forts, he and Arabi were outwardly in complete accord. It would seem as if some subtle spirit of intuition, almost akin to the supernatural, had made the Government acquainted with the moving of the Khedivial mind, and had told

them at what particular moment the whole Egyptian army had ceased to be the soldiers of the Khedive and had become rebels. However, it had been settled in some mysterious way to the satisfaction of the Ministry, firstly, that the followers of Arabi were rebels against the Khedive; and secondly, that it was England's duty to assist the Khedive against these rebels with British ships and British bayonets. Troops were poured into Alexandria, where Sir Garnet Wolseley himself soon arrived to command the operations. The result of the struggle, never doubtful, was not long delayed. The safety of the canal was fortunately secured. The English troops marched out against Arabi; the decisive battle took place before Arabi's entrenched position at Tel-el-Kebir. With Sir Garnet were some 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns. There were no means of precisely estimating the strength of the Egyptians entrenched behind Arabi's earthworks, but they greatly outnumbered the attacking force. At about half-past one on the morning of September 13 the British advance began. Just as dawn was beginning to show the van came upon the Egyptian entrenchments. The Egyptians, taken completely by surprise, opened a desultory fire, but could not stop the rush of the assailants. The British charged with the bayonet, and carried the first line of defences at a rush. The Egyptians fought desperately enough, but never rallied from the effect of the first wild charge of the British. In twenty minutes the right and left of Arabi's position were in the hands of the assailants; in little more than half an hour the Egyptian army was hopelessly disorganised and in full retreat, and Tel-el-Kebir was won. Without delay the main strength of the cavalry and mounted infantry struck out across the desert for Cairo. There is something really heroic in the story of this forced march, and of the appearance of the wearied troopers under the walls of Cairo. A handful of travel-stained men, tired with fighting and forced marching, drew rein before a city full of troops, and called upon it to surrender. Like the knight-errants of the old tales of chivalry, these Amadises in jack-boots ordered the city to yield, and it obeyed their summons. 'Had any resistance been made there were soldiers

enough in Cairo to annihilate the little band of British who rode triumphantly into the town and received the sword of Arabi. The next day Sir Garnet Wolseley with more troops entered Cairo. The war was over. Arabi was a prisoner.

It was not a victory to make much of a work about. Nobody expected that the Egyptian levies would fight as the Afghans or the Sepoy mutineers fought. But every credit is due to Sir Garnet Wolseley for the manner in which he accomplished his task. The war was not a great war, but it presented many difficulties and dangers, all of which Sir Garnet Wolseley had practically surmounted before he landed in Alexandria. He had surveyed the situation, had decided where he would fight, and fixed the length of the campaign before he left for the scene of war, and everything fell out as he had expected. The place, the time he had specified, were fulfilled to the letter. People who delight in diminishing, or in trying to diminish, the reputation of a great man, are fond of calling Sir Garnet Wolseley a lucky soldier. What they call luck is military genius. Mere luck never yet made a warrior 'famoused for fight.' The mind which can arrange beforehand all the details of a campaign, can say where and when the decisive blows shall be struck, is a mind of the highest order in the soldier's craft.

After the fall of Cairo the rest was easy. The other strongholds of insurrection surrendered. The re-embarkation of British troops at once began, some ten thousand men being, in Sir Garnet's opinion, a sufficient force to keep the country in order. Baker Pasha, who had hurried from Constantinople for the purpose, was entrusted with the formation of a gendarmerie. The Khedive and a new Ministry, with Cherif Pasha at the head, returned to Cairo. The trials of the prisoners began at once. At first the advisers of the Khedive were eager to try and punish their enemies as quietly and as quickly as possible. But in England and in Europe there was little faith put in Egyptian methods of procedure with fallen foes. The hostility to Arabi in England had subsided the moment after his defeat, and all parties in England were determined to secure him a fair trial. Arabi was defended by Mr. Broadley, into whose hands

Arabi entrusted various important documents. There were no startling revelations at the trial, however, which was finally brought to a conclusion by what looked like an ingenious arrangement between the English and Egyptian Governments. Arabi pleaded guilty of rebellion, and was sentenced to death. The sentence was immediately commuted by the Khedive to perpetual exile, and Arabi, with a few of his fellow-rebels, went to Ceylon, after giving his parole of honour to the British Government that he would not make any attempt to withdraw from his place of exile. There Mr. Henry W. Lucy saw him not long since, when he stopped at Ceylon on his way round the world. Mr. Lucy found Arabi apparently contented, learning English, very grateful to his English friends, and waiting upon 'Kismet,' which may bring him back to Egypt and to authority again, one of these days.

The Egyptian war was the direct cause of the death of one of the most brilliant and most profound of English Oriental scholars. Professor Edward Palmer was one of those rare men who possess what appears to be an almost incredible facility for learning languages. He was well-nigh the ideal scholar, devoted to learning for learning's sake, yet never tainted by the faintest tinge of pedantry, pride, or affectation. The story of his life has been told by his close friend, attached admirer, and literary colleague, the well-known novelist, Mr. Walter Besant. It is a touching and a thrilling record of marvellous accomplishments, of brilliant performance, of patient determined struggle towards success, of success achieved, of honours won, of firm friendships, and a peaceful, happy home—and all ended by a sudden, terrible death in the Wady Sudr. In the summer of 1882, Professor Palmer agreed to go out for the Government to Egypt to prevent any alliance between Arabi and the Bedouin tribes of the desert. It seems strange that so precious a life should have been risked on such an errand, though Professor Palmer's knowledge of the languages of the East was proverbial. It is not very surprising that when he and his party were captured by hostile Arabs their doom should be death. It is certain that short work would have been made of any emissary from Arabi

who was caught attempting to interfere with the relations existing between some English general and, say, an Indian regiment. We shall, perhaps, never exactly know the story of the tragedy near Nakl. It is certain, however, that Palmer and his companions were captured, through the treachery of the sheikh Meter Sofieh, who was their guide, and that Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington were shot. Some thirteen of the Arabs of the tribe that killed Palmer and his companions were afterwards captured, brought to trial, and five of them were hanged at Zagazig on February 28, 1883. The remains of Palmer, Gill, and Charrington were recovered, carried to England, and interred in St. Paul's Church.

The death-roll of 1882 is studded with some famous names —and many remarkable names. On April 9 died Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet, and one of the strongest influences upon the painting and the poetry of his age. He, with a few others, Millais and Holman Hunt among them, was the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which strove to break away from the hideous conventionalities of the art then existing, and to find fresh inspiration in the works of the greater Florentines, and in a closer and truer appreciation of nature. As a school the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood did not last very long. It was short-lived, like the magazine, the *Germ*, in which its founders sought to express their pictorial and literary theories, and whose few numbers are now among the most precious of a modern book-lover's possessions. Each of the brethren went his own wild way, whither that led him. One it led to long wanderings in the East, and to the creation of pictures with religious subjects treated from the standpoint of the Syria of to-day. Another sought popularity and success, and found it, and was, perhaps, content. Dante Rossetti went on as he had begun, living for the two arts, in certain phases of each of which he was so consummate a master. With the big, bustling, struggling world about him he had little or nothing to do. He had no need for travel to stir his imagination. Much as he loved his mother Italy, much as he cherished that loveliest of all books of love, the 'Vita Nuova,' much as his fancy delighted to

live with Dante and Beatrice, he never, we believe, visited Italy, never saw the flower-city of his dreams and of his pictures. Nor did he ever covet society or the voices of society, its praise or its patronage. He lived his own life in his own way. He painted his sad, beautiful faces, and clad his wonderful witch-women in exquisite harmonies and subtle contrasts of colour, till the sense ached at their strange, luxurious loveliness; he wrote his passionate, melancholy sonnets, which enshrine and embalm the emotions of a soul born out of its time, or the tragic, fantastic ballads, in which the spirit of a departed time lives like a rekindled flame, and held aloof from the noisy world, and was proud, and patient, and unhappy. When his young wife, the wife of his youth and his love, died, he had laid the manuscript of his poems in her coffin, and they were buried under the earth. Years after, the entreaties of friends persuaded him to disentomb his poems, and they were given to the world, and the world made much of them both in praise and blame. Their influence upon contemporary poetry and contemporary thought was profound. Many years after, shortly before his death, Mr. Rossetti brought out a fresh volume of poems, only less beautiful than the first because it was not the first. It showed no sign of changed mood or method; it was not an advance, as it was not a falling off, from the earlier volume. We may rest assured that Dante Rossetti's too early death has not at least been injurious to his fame as a poet. He had given the world his best.

In the same month, ten days later, Charles Robert Darwin died, greatest of the naturalists of his epoch, the founder of the modern scientific school. It matters little to his fame that the so-called Darwinian theory was in some measure anticipated theoretically by others, by Oken of Jena, and by Goethe. Darwin devoted to the principle a laborious lifetime of research. The problem on which he worked may have been guessed at by a great poet, or dimly conceived of by a Privatdocent of Göttingen, but it was Darwin who carried out the problem, who traced it to its conclusions, who made it his own by more than forty years of patient, unwearying study. He was buried in

Westminster Abbey. Science, that had lost her oldest servant in Darwin, suffered much, a little later, by the loss of one of her youngest, Professor E. M. Balfour, one of the many victims annually offered up to the worship of Mont Blanc. Mr. Balfour was looked upon as one of the 'coming men' in science. He was just thirty years old. Mr. Stanley Jevons, who was drowned while bathing off St. Leonards in August, had earned a considerable position as a logician and political economist. He owed his success in life largely to Mr. Mill's generous recognition of his ability as a young man, and it was regrettable that he should have devoted much of the latter part of his life to a futile and ungrateful attempt to lower Mill's reputation as a thinker and a philosopher.

Literature and art lost Harrison Ainsworth, whose stories have been the delight of generations of schoolboys, and of more than schoolboys; Denis Florence M'Carthy, the Irish patriotic poet, the translator of 'Calderon;' Mr. W. B. Rands, essayist and author of 'Lilliput Levee,' a dainty book of child-lyrics; Mr. James Rice, Mr. Besant's colleague in a whole series of popular novels; Dr. John Brown, the sweet-spirited author of 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' and of 'Rab and his Friends;' Hablot Knight Browne, the once famous, lately somewhat forgotten 'Phiz;' John Linnell, the landscape painter; Cecil Lawson, a young landscape painter of brilliant promise and brilliant performance; and Benjamin Webster, the actor. The deaths of Longfellow and Emerson in America were equally regretted on both shores of the Atlantic. With Dr. Pusey died the founder of the school of ecclesiastical thought which, advancing from the circle of the Church of England, paused halfway upon the journey towards the Church of Rome.

In December Mr. Anthony Trollope died, at the age of sixty-seven. He has left on record in his autobiography, published after his death, the method of working at his novels, and the somewhat formal and mathematical regularity of his method has left its mark upon the character of his books. Mr. Trollope made something like an effort to do for English society what Balzac did for French in his 'Human Comedy.' Some

of his characters, Planty Palliser and others, permeate a whole series of his stories, as Rastignac and Maxime de Traill do those of the French novelist. But Mr. Trollope had not the genius though he almost rivalled the fecundity of Balzac; and while Balzac's novels have already become classics, it is not probable that Mr. Trollope's novels will occupy any enduring place in literature. In the telling of a story, which after all is one of the first purposes of fiction, from the days of the Sindbad Nameh or the 'Thousand and One Nights,' to those of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, he was not, except in one or two instances, very successful. It is on his study of character that his fame will rest; he was the apostle of the commonplace, but he was occasionally something more than commonplace. There are some at least who think that 'Nina Balatka' and 'Linda Tressel,' two of his least known stories, are worth all the 'Chronicles of Barset' put together.

The political world dropped a link with the past in the death of Sir George Grey. For many years he had played no part in public life. Nor was the part he played in former days a very great one. His name is most likely to be remembered in connection with the measure passed in 1857, which abolished transportation. The Tory party lost one of its ablest lawyers by the death of Sir John Holker in May. Mr. Bernal Osborne was chiefly conspicuous for his remarkable power of saying bitter things, and the impartiality with which he exercised the power. One of his latest and bitterest sayings was occasioned by the death of Lord Beaconsfield. The length of time during which Lord Beaconsfield lingered offered Mr. Bernal Osborne an opportunity which he could not miss. 'Overdoing it as he overdid everything,' was his kindly comment on the dying statesman. The death of Mr. Edwin James reminded London for a moment of what once promised to be a successful political and legal career. He first became prominent by his skilful defence of Dr. Bernard in the Orsini business of 1858, and he shortly after entered Parliament. His talents had almost won for him the position of Solicitor-General, when money difficulties caused him to quit England and go to America, where he made some way

at the American Bar. He returned to London in later years to find himself almost forgotten, and to fail in the attempt to make a new career for himself. Captain Hans Busk, the inventor of the Volunteer movement; Sir Henry Cole, inventor of the South Kensington Museum, and Joseph Aloysius Hansom, who invented the Hansom cab, died in this year.

During the summer of 1882 London was delighted by the presence of a curious guest. London is made as happy as ever old Rome was by the visit of some barbaric or semi-barbaric sovereign. It forgot its horror of the Cretan massacres in its eagerness to welcome the ill-fated Abdul Aziz; it went wild over the Shah of Persia and other Oriental potentates. Now it was rejoicing over the Zulu king Cetewayo. Cetewayo, after being dethroned and kept in long confinement was brought on a visit to England and entrusted to the care of Mr. Whiteley, the world-renowned 'universal provider,' who has given an amusing account of his experiences in providing for an African monarch. Cetewayo with some of his companions was installed in an 'æsthetic' red brick house in Melbury Road, where he was fed on overdone beefsteak, where he drank large quantities of champagne, and where he received endless visitors who came to pay their respects and to converse with him through the medium of his interpreter, Mr. Shepstone, Sir Theophilus Shepstone's son. After a while London got tired of Cetewayo; it was felt that he had been sufficiently impressed by the greatness of the British Empire, and by the charms of Mr. Whiteley's champagne, and he was sent back to Africa, and for a time restored to his dominion. He soon got into a war with another chief and was defeated; it was reported that he was killed. The rumour of his death proved to be unfounded just then. He gave himself up to English authority again, and died not long after—of heart disease, it was said. Possibly successive disappointments, and an inability to understand the policy of the Government, had something to do with the ill-starred king's decease.

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUBLE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE new year 1883 opened sadly enough. The sorrow was more another nation's than ours, yet it had its echo here. The man who had died in France just as the old year was fading into the new, had begun to play a great part in history, and his influence had counted for something in the politics of England. All over London, on the Monday which was the first day of the year, the placards of the evening papers announced that M. Gambetta was dead. He had been ill some time, through a mysterious accident, with regard to which many vague and meaningless rumours were in circulation, as such rumours always circulate when a great statesman is struck down. He had somehow wounded himself with a pistol; the wound was slight in itself, but Gambetta's health was bad, and suddenly, almost before people were aware that he was in serious danger, he was dead. Seldom perhaps has the irony of existence, the vanity of success, been more grimly accentuated. Gambetta was on the threshold of a great career; he was already the greatest statesman in France, the one man in whom people recognised a spirit that was not unworthy to cope with that of the German Chancellor. He had become almost suddenly famous in France. The war gave him his opportunity to show himself a soldier, a statesman, and an orator. He seemed to be walking with a sure tread to the highest successes that a political life can dream after and attain. He had the rare gift of patience; he knew how to wait. He was content, if needs were, to stand aside for a while and watch the play; quietly confident that when his cue came he could strike in again and fill the stage with his presence, and cause all the other actors to be forgotten. And now, long before the play was played out, while it was but beginning, the great actor was gone. The effect was strange, startling, even ghastly. The drama has been going on, and the

audience have been applauding; in scene after scene the actor has appeared and been successful, and suddenly, while all are looking for greater things yet, the curtain is rung down, and we are told that the great actor has died while waiting to come on the stage. He is dead, and the play will never be finished. M. Gambetta had many bitter enemies. The bitterest of them might be willing to admit that there was something profoundly melancholy, something inexpressibly tragic in that swift, untimely, meaningless conclusion to a great career. If life were indeed, in the words of Mr. George Meredith, 'a supreme ironic procession, with laughter of gods in the background,' there might well be immortal mirth over such an ambition coming to such an end. M. Gambetta died at Ville d'Avray, a little country place not far from Paris, in the villa called 'Les Jardies,' which had once belonged to Balzac, and which had been a cause of much pride and much torment to the great French novelist. There was everything in the career of Gambetta to excite the admiration of the old master of 'Les Jardies,' and something in its futile farewell of which he, perhaps best of all men who have ever written, could have understood the pity and pathos.

On February 10, 1883, the representatives of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and Great Britain met at the Foreign Office, to hold a series of conferences respecting the navigation of the Danube. They had actually met two days previously, but had adjourned out of compliment to the Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pasha, who had not then received the full powers enabling him to take part in the conference. The question which the conference had to decide upon were not only of the highest international interest, but were of especial importance to British commerce. By the Treaties of Paris of 1856 and 1857 Russia ceded to Turkey the whole of the islands at the mouth of the Danube, from the Belgarod or most northern outlet of the Kilia branch, down to the St. George's or most southern mouth, with the addition of the Isle of Serpents. Thus every navigable outlet of the Danube into the sea passed from the control of Russia to that of the Porte. The contracting parties to the Treaty of Paris placed all matters

connected with the improvement and navigation of the Danube under two Commissions. In the first or European Commission, each of the contracting parties was to be represented by a delegate, and the duties of the Commission were to put the mouth of the Danube into the best possible state for navigation, and to settle the fixed duties which should be levied to defray the expenses connected with these works. It was expected that this Commission would have completed its task in two years, and in the meantime a permanent Riverain Commission was to be formed of delegates from the various riverain states of the Danube, to whom the improvement of the river and the regulations of navigation throughout its entire course were to be entrusted. The Riverain Commission never acted. The European Commission was unable to accomplish its work in the proposed two years. The work it had to carry out proved to be of a much more serious character than was at first expected, and its existence was renewed from time to time by prolongations in 1866 of five years, and in 1871 of twelve years. Before this latter period of twelve years was little more than half expired, Russia's victory over Turkey gave her the opportunity of effacing the very last of the humiliations that had been inflicted upon her by the Crimean war. The forty-fifth article of the Treaty of Berlin compelled Roumania to restore to Russia the greater portion of the Bessarabian territory which Russia had lost by the Treaty of Paris in 1856. Thus all the Kilia mouths of the Danube, with the exception of that of Stary Stamboul, were comprised within the Russian frontier. By the forty-sixth article the islands forming the Delta of the Danube, including the Isle of Serpents, were added to Roumania. By the fifty-third article Roumania as an independent power was granted a representative on the European Commission.

The European Commission, through a committee of its members, drew up certain draft regulations for that portion of the river between the Iron Gate and Galatz, and recommended the formation of a permanent mixed Commission, consisting of representatives of Austria, and of the Riverain States of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, to enforce these provisions.

It was further proposed that the Austrian member, out of courtesy to a great Power, should be president of this mixed Commission. These proposals met with many objections. Roumania was opposed to the presence of any Austrian member on the Commission, Austria not being a riverain state. Bulgaria objected to the presence of either Austrian or Roumanian members on the mixed Commission on the ground that these Powers were already represented on the European Commission by permanent members. The French commissioner on the European Commission, M. Camille Barrère, then proposed that Austria, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria should each be represented on the mixed Commission, and that each of the members of the European Commission should serve on the mixed Commission successively for six months at a time, in the alphabetical order of the countries they represented. This proposition was eventually agreed to and signed by all the commissioners and delegates, with the exception of Roumania. The English Government in the end of 1882 issued invitations to France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, and Turkey, to assemble their representatives in conference at London, with a view to deciding upon the confirmation of these regulations, and the extension and prolongation of the powers of the European Commission. On this conference the riverain states who were especially interested were not represented at all. All that the plenipotentiaries would concede to the riverain states was that representatives from Roumania and Servia might be admitted to the conference with a consultative voice, and that the Bulgarian representatives might be present at the conference and hear all that was said, but would only be suffered to speak themselves through the mouth of the Turkish ambassador. These concessions were naturally very galling to the pride of the riverain states, and though Servia accepted them, both Roumania and Bulgaria refused, and declared that they would not be bound by any decisions that might be taken without their participation.

In all this the riverain states, and Roumania especially, appear to have been somewhat roughly used by the great Powers. Prince Georges Bibesco, in his valuable book 'Histoire

d'une Frontière; la Roumanie sur la rive droite du Danube,' has given a very clear and fair account of the hard treatment Roumania had to undergo at the Congress of Berlin, where the independence conceded to her was certainly made as bitter as possible by the conditions demanded and the concessions enforced. In the question of the navigation of the Danube, she would certainly seem to be geographically entitled to a voice in the matter; but at the London conference of 1883 her rights were ignored, or at least recognised in such a manner as made the recognition almost more humiliating than a direct refusal. Lord Granville was very bland and very gracious, and if he suffered Roumania to be dealt with at the pleasure of the great Powers, his attitude was polished and courteous. There was, undoubtedly, a considerable feeling of opposition to the riverain states in this country. The Associated Chambers of Commerce, bodies of great influence, believed that the representatives of the riverain states on the proposed permanent mixed Commission would endeavour to restrict the coasting trade of the upper portion of the river to their own vessels. As such a condition of things would be highly injurious to the trade and shipping of this country, the Associated Chambers of Commerce had memorialised Lord Granville in the April of 1882, urging him to ensure to English shipping all the rights and privileges it then enjoyed as regarded the free navigation of the Danube. Though it is by no means certain that Roumania had any such intentions as were set forth in this appeal, the appeal would undoubtedly have great weight with Lord Granville.

The result of the conference was practically to gratify all the demands made by Russia. Russia carried her point about being allowed, in conjunction with Roumania, to have the free supervision of the Kilia branch, and constructing in that branch and its embouchures works of a commercial nature for the purpose of improving the navigation. Russia, moreover, had the right to levy tolls intended to cover the expenses of any such works undertaken by her; in fact, the principal result of the conference was to yield to Russia all the concessions she demanded, and to place Roumania very materially under Russian influence

and Russian authority. The nature of the mixed Commission was agreed upon. The powers of the European Commission were extended to Ibraila. The powers of the European Commission were prolonged for a period of twenty-one years; and on the expiration of this term it was further decided that the Commission should continue to exercise its functions for periods of three years, unless, one year before the expiration of one of these terms of three years, any one of the contracting Powers gave notice of a wish to propose modifications in the constitution or powers of the Commission. A date of six months later than the conference was assigned for the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, which accordingly took place at the end of August 1883.

Parliament opened on Thursday, February 15, 1883. The Queen's Speech expressed satisfaction at the settlement of the Egyptian struggle, announced that a conference of the great Powers had assembled in London to consider the questions relating to the navigation of the Danube, and pointed out the revival of disturbances in Zululand. Several measures of legislation were announced—for the codification of the criminal law, for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, for the amendment and consolidation of the laws relating to bankruptcy and patents, for preventing corrupt practices at elections, for perpetuating and amending the Ballot Act, for the better government of London, and for general reform in the local government of the country. Bills were also promised dealing with the conservancy of rivers and the prevention of floods, with the police and universities of Scotland, with education in Wales, and compensation to tenants for agricultural improvements in England and Scotland. The Speech concluded with the hope that Parliament might be able to deal with some of the legislative wants of Ireland for which provision had not yet been made.

In conformity with the habit of Parliament under the new administration, a long debate sprang up upon the address. People who objected to the policy of the Government in Egypt and in Zululand, or who objected to other actions of the Govern-

ment, or who wished to point out what the Government ought to do, expressed their opinions with sufficient copiousness. Mr. Gorst was the first to bring Ireland prominently forward by an ingenious amendment, expressing a hope that no further concessions would be made to lawless agitators in that country. This at once aroused all the old Kilmainham treaty excitement. In these debates Mr. Gibson and Mr. Plunket are always in their element. Like the great twin brethren who were always supposed to have a special eye to the safety of Rome, and to interfere in person where the fortunes of the 'Nameless City' were going badly, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Plunket are ever in the van of the Conservative battle when an Irish question gives them the chance of showing that the Conservative party really have some of the old fighting spirit left in them. The Kilmainham treaty has been the greatest of blessings to these two gentlemen. The curious resemblances that exist between them increase their likeness to the Dioscuri, and lend a piquant attraction to any of their united attacks upon the Ministry accused of unholy compact with the Third Party. Both represent the same constituency, both are clever lawyers, both are exceptionally able speakers, both have peculiarly eighteenth-century faces, both pride themselves on their gifts of satiric speech, both are endowed with a certain quality of theatrical display which enables them to make the very most of even the slightest rhetorical opportunity, both were law officers of the Crown under the late Administration. But just as Castor was not wholly like Pollux, or Pollux like Castor, so Mr. Gibson and Mr. Plunket have certain points of difference, which serve perhaps only to heighten the general similitude. Mr. Gibson is, perhaps, the harder hitter; Mr. Plunket the more poetically minded. Mr. Plunket is more showy than solid; Mr. Gibson more solid than showy. On this occasion both speakers were in full force. Mr. Gibson attacked everybody fiercely—the Government, the Irish members, and especially Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who had made a speech at Leeds which stirred Mr. Gibson to a passion of indignation. The Dioscuri raised the Kilmainham ghost again, showed that it had been neither laid nor exorcised by all the debates that

had been devoted to it, and succeeded in bringing up Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster has a peculiar affection for the Kilmainham treaty topic. It allows him to figure, like Rogue Riderhood, as 'a honest man,' and it enables him to gratify his sense of injury against the colleagues who did not properly appreciate his worth and his ability. Mr. Forster's speech was a long attack upon Mr. Parnell, interrupted at one point not undramatically. Mr. Forster had used words which, whatever they were meant to convey, gave to their hearers the impression that he charged Mr. Parnell with conniving at murder. Mr. O'Kelly impetuously interrupted him by crying out thrice, 'You lie!' and was immediately suspended. This debate took place on Thursday, the 22nd, and the next day Mr. Parnell replied in a brief speech, in which he coldly repudiated Mr. Forster's insinuations. In the course of the debate some ingenious use was made by Mr. Forster's opponents of former utterances of his own, and journalistic comments upon them. Mr. Forster had made a speech in March 1864, defending Mazzini as a man of high character, whose friend he should not be ashamed to be, as he was not ashamed to be his acquaintance. This declaration was made after long quotations had been read in the House from Mazzini's letter on 'The Theory of the Dagger,' in which he had written, 'Blessed be the knife of Palafox; blessed be in your hands every weapon that can destroy the enemy and set you free. The weapon that slew Mincovitch in the arsenal initiated the insurrection in Venice. It was a weapon of irregular warfare, like that which three months before the republic destroyed the minister Rossi in Rome.' These were the utterances of the man whom Mr. Forster considered of high character, whose friendship he would not repudiate. The quotation of these passages was appropriate. They were not brought forward to convey the idea that Mr. Forster approved of political assassination; that, of course, would have been absurd. The intention was to show how easily such accusations are trumped up, and also how liable English statesmen are to commend, or at least to condone, principles of revolution in foreign states, which they view, and rightly view

then, in a very different light when they are applied at home. The Kilmainham treaty was not heard the last of in this debate. It came up again and again. Whenever adventurous members of the Opposition had nothing better to do or to talk about they turned to the Kilmainham treaty, and made it the sempiternal text for attacks upon the Government. But no amount of indignant inquiries or pertinacious onslaughts succeeded in eliciting any further facts as to the alleged 'treaty.' The Government had given its explanation, and declined to amplify it to suit the sensational and mysterious suggestions of an incredulous Opposition.

Once more the Bradlaugh question came prominently to the front. During the recess Mr. Bradlaugh had been going about the country addressing meetings, and had brought an unsuccessful action against the serjeant-at-arms for expelling him from the House. On the day when Parliament met a great meeting was held in Trafalgar Square to support Mr. Bradlaugh's claims, at which Mr. Bradlaugh announced that unless the Government brought in some Bill that would allow him to affirm, he would take his seat as before. The Queen's Speech, as we have seen, contained no reference to any Bill of the kind suggested by Mr. Bradlaugh, but it was nevertheless noised abroad that the Government did propose to introduce legislation on the subject. In answer to an appeal from Mr. Labouchere, Lord Hartington announced that the Government intended to bring in a Parliamentary Oaths Amendment Bill, which would enable members objecting to the oath to affirm. In consequence of this pledge, which aroused promises of the fiercest opposition from the Conservative party, Mr. Bradlaugh consented to defer further action on his part until the fate of the measure was decided. The decision was not long delayed. Before it came Mr. Bradlaugh gained a victory over Mr. Newdegate after two years of litigation. Mr. Newdegate, in the person of his 'man of straw,' named Clarke, had brought an action against Mr. Bradlaugh, to recover penalties for his having sat and voted without taking the oath. Mr. Clarke gained his case, and the verdict was supported by the Court of Appeal, but was reversed by the

House of Lords on the ground that the right of action lay only with the Crown, and not with a common informer. Mr. Bradlaugh's legal success was not ominous of like success in the Commons. The Conservatives kept their promise to offer to the Bill uncompromising opposition. Nor was opposition to the Bill confined to the Tory benches. Within the Liberal ranks some of the angriest opponents of the measure avowed themselves. On April 23 the second reading was moved by the Attorney-General. A bitter debate, prolonged over several days, came to an end on May 3. Shortly after midnight the division was taken, amid a scene of excitement which recalled to many members that wild night in 1866 when Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites defeated a Reform Bill and overthrew a Government. 289 members voted for the Affirmation Bill, 292 against it. The Government were defeated by a majority of 3. Defeat was, indeed, inevitable. The forces allied for the moment against the measure were so strong, that the smallness of the majority was more remarkable than the fact that there was a majority against the Government. But the Government declined to go out. Foreseeing the possibility of defeat from the beginning, they had taken care to make it known that they did not stake their existence on the fortunes of the Bill. They chose to regard it as a matter for the House to decide upon instead of a vital Ministerial measure, and they remained in office. But the defeat was damaging, none the less. Regarded by itself the Government could afford to neglect it, but it was a factor in the sum of troubles which was every day becoming more bewildering to the political arithmetic of the Administration. As soon as the Bill was defeated, Sir Stafford Northcote moved his familiar resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath; and after Mr. Bradlaugh was heard once more from the bar of the House in his own defence, the motion was carried, and the difficulty was shelved for another year.

An attempt was unsuccessfully made to include Mr. Bradlaugh in a remarkable trial for blasphemy which was conducted in February. This was the trial of the editor and publishers of a

periodical called the *Freethinker*, for the publication of a series of pictures described as a 'New Life of Christ,' for which the editor, Mr. George William Foote, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The trial aroused the greatest public interest, and many efforts were made to obtain a remission of the sentence by persons who believed that the law had been strained, and who considered that Mr. Foote, as a man of education and ability, had been harshly treated for what was after all only an exaggerated expression of opinion. But, without entering into the grave religious questions involved, it is surely obvious that human society would become intolerable if it were permissible for any one who pleased to insult publicly and coarsely the religion of the vast majority of his fellows. The illustrations complained of were disgusting and disgraceful; would have been disgusting and disgraceful if the Christians of England were but as ten for every thousand. It is scarcely conceivable that an educated man, as Mr. Foote undoubtedly was, could have believed that he was serving any cause by these monstrous caricatures of what even the bitterest unbelievers have agreed to regard with reverence, the life of Christ. At the expiration of the year Mr. Foote was released, and announced his intention of seeking a seat in Parliament to protest against religious persecution.

On April 2 Lord Randolph Churchill, judging that the time had come for him to take a yet more active part in politics, addressed a manifesto to the City and the world. The manifesto took the form of a letter to the *Times*. 'The position of the Conservative party,' wrote Lord Randolph, 'at present is hopeful and critical.' But, like the angry hive of bees in Warwick's simile, the Conservative party wanted a leader. Three names at once presented themselves to Lord Randolph's mind. 'If the electors are in a negative frame of mind, they may accept Sir Stafford Northcote; if they are in a cautious frame of mind, they may shelter themselves under Lord Cairns; if they are in an English frame of mind, they will rally round Lord Salisbury.' Salisbury was, indeed, the burden of Lord Randolph's letter. 'Honourable rescue and defence' for the

Tory party 'cried out upon the name of Salisbury,' and, like Lewis of France, Lord Randolph appealed to renowned Salisbury to lift up his brow, and with a great heart heave away the inaction of party due to the conduct of the 'Junta' of leaders of Opposition in the House of Commons. Lord Randolph was dismayed at the 'series of neglected opportunities, pusillanimity, combativeness at wrong moments, vacillation, dread of responsibility, repression and discouragement of hard-working followers, collusions with the Government, hankerings after coalitions, jealousies, commonplaces, and want of perception on the part of the former lieutenants of Lord Beaconsfield.' All this was due to the want of real leadership, and to the way in which the opportunities of the party were 'handled by third-rate statesmen, such as were good enough to fill subordinate offices while Lord Beaconsfield was alive.' The Conservative party, Lord Randolph declared, was formed for better ends than 'the short-lived triumph and speedy disgrace of "bourgeois" placemen, "honourable" Tadpoles, hungry Tapers, Irish lawyers.' Lord Salisbury alone could retrieve the party; Lord Salisbury alone could save the country.

The country, it must be admitted, smiled a good deal at Lord Randolph's effort to save it, but it smiled good-humouredly. There was something not displeasing in the cool audacity with which Lord Randolph postured as the Elisha of the mantle of Lord Beaconsfield, as the patron of the House of Cecil, and as the saviour of his country, which disarmed any feeling angrier than amused interest. The immediate followers and allies of Sir Stafford Northcote must be excepted from this sense of amused interest. They were annoyed, indignant, incoherent. Lord Salisbury himself did not appear to be greatly elated by Lord Randolph's homage. In the phraseology of childhood, Lord Randolph had spoken one word for Lord Salisbury, and two for himself. Lately, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury have almost parted company. It was easy to see, even then, that, under all the respectful reverence for the 'English' leadership of Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill cherished the complacent conviction that the Tory

party need not go to the Upper House to find the needed new leader. But the country is always good-humouredly tolerant of youthful ambition, even of youthful audacity. Lord Randolph was evidently playing a part learned from the life of the young Disraeli, and the country perhaps remembered that its merriment over the young Disraeli had not been particularly happy. At any rate, it recognised Lord Randolph's right to prophecy, even while it made merry over his prophecies. Lord Randolph cared very little for the mirth of his opponents or his political allies. 'Laugh, but hear me,' he might have said, paraphrasing the well-worn classic story. He had been steadily advancing more and more into the public view ever since the new Parliament; his letter made him more conspicuous than ever. It provoked a counter-demonstration in favour of Sir Stafford Northcote, in the shape of an address signed by two hundred members of the Conservative party, assuring him of their allegiance. It called down angry letters, which Lord Randolph Churchill took with great composure. In a second letter to the *Times* he expressed himself as 'only too happy to bear the brunt of a little temporary effervescence, and to be the scapegoat on which doomed mediocrities may lay the burden of their exposed incapacity.' If Lord Salisbury declined to follow his advice, then it became his duty to save the party and the country himself; and Lord Randolph promptly assumed for himself, with no timid hesitation, the position of Lord Beaconsfield's successor.

Lord Salisbury made speeches in different parts of the country, attacking the Government; he even went to Birmingham to beard Radicalism by its own hearthstone. Birmingham Radicalism was not disposed to take this Tory invasion patiently. On March 30, 1883, Mr. Chamberlain delivered a counterblast to Lord Salisbury. 'Lord Salisbury surveys the Liberal policy with jaundiced eyes, through glasses which are coloured by temper and by prejudice. He exaggerates failures, he creates defects where he does not find them, he ignores altogether everything which is favourable and satisfactory, and by deepening the shadows and altering the light produces a picture

which is not a portrait, but a gross caricature.' What would Lord Salisbury and his party have done with Ireland? 'No remedial legislation; more bayonets; more police; the Irish leaders in gaol; full rents for Irish landlords; and eviction for Irish tenants. But that is a policy which has been tried for generations, and failed conspicuously. . . . Force is no remedy for discontent. . . . Our task will never be completed until we have succeeded, by just and equal laws, by wise administration, in enlisting on the side of the English Government and the English people the interest and the influence of the bulk of the Irish nation.' Then came the passage which made this speech one of the classics of the administration by its uncompromising presentation of the position of the Radical party. 'Lord Salisbury cares nothing for the bulk of the Irish nation. . . . He has no sympathy . . . . for the poor tenants who for years, under the threat of eviction and the pressure of starvation, have paid the unjust rents levied on their improvements, and extorted from their desperate toil and hopeless poverty. I say that on this matter, as on many others, Lord Salisbury constitutes himself the spokesman of a class—of the class to which he himself belongs, "who toil not, neither do they spin;" whose fortunes, as in his case, have originated in grants made in times long gone by for the services which courtiers rendered kings, and have since grown and increased, while they have slept, by levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part.'

It is no exaggeration to say that this speech roused the greatest excitement throughout the country. Advanced Radicals hailed it as a declaration of war against a profitless and costly aristocracy. Whigs and Conservatives, dubious Liberals and desperate Tories, huddled together in the common union of angry panic. From the shores of the 'tideless, dolorous, midland sea,' from the myrtle groves of Cannes, the Duke of Argyll wrote an indignant protest on behalf of his class against the utterances of the President of the Board of Trade. There was nothing of the rose-scented wind of Provence in the tone and temper of

the Duke's letter. It blew with the angry, acrid breath of the mistral. The Duke of Argyll is nothing if he is not omniscient. He hurled portentous blocks of political economy at the Birmingham Trojan. He quoted Carlyle, he quoted Lord Bacon, he alluded to the career of James Nasmyth, he volunteered the superfluous statement that he was not 'a Communist.' All this was entertaining enough, but it can hardly have impressed Mr. Chamberlain very profoundly, or have caused the Radicals of Birmingham and elsewhere to veil abashed foreheads. It had, indeed, nothing to do with the matter in hand. Every one knew of course that the Duke of Argyll was not likely to consider a wealthy aristocracy a useless feature in a State system. What Mr. Chamberlain complained of was the heartless indifference with which the chief champion of a wealthy and idle body had regarded the sufferings of some millions of less fortunate fellow-men. Nobody had accused, nobody could accuse the Duke of Argyll of idleness. His activity might not be very profitable to the State, but it was undoubted. He was always writing books or letters, and displaying the varied range of his acquirements, prompt at all times to enter the lists against Radicalism, ever ready to break a lance with progress, to defend the old order that was rapidly giving place to the new.

On April 19 a bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield was unveiled in Parliament Square, in the presence of Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and a large number of Lord Beaconsfield's relations, friends, and admirers. Among the friends was Sir John Pope Hennessy, one of Mr. Disraeli's favourite lieutenants in former days. Sir John Pope Hennessy had just come from his old governorship of Hong Kong, and was making a brief stay in London before starting for his new governorship of Mauritius. When Sir John Hennessy was a young man making his way in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli, who always sought the alliance of young men of political promise, manifested the warmest friendship and affection for him, and it was a curiously appropriate chance which allowed him to be present at a ceremony in honour of his old friend and leader.

In the second week of July 1883 the Government found itself in a new difficulty, which threatened at one time to prove the most serious they had yet encountered. The Suez Canal had for some time been proving itself insufficient to meet the increased demands made upon it as a waterway, and various suggestions were made from time to time for affording increased facilities of transit to the East. At one time there was some talk of a canal, founded on British capital, and worked by a British company, being cut by Alexandria and Cairo. Nothing much was heard of this scheme. Then it became known that M. de Lesseps had a plan of his own for increasing the means of communication across the isthmus. M. de Lesseps's position was somewhat peculiar. In 1856, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps came to England with a great project for cutting a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Any one who glances at a map will see at once what immense advantages to the commerce of the world, and especially to the commerce of England, such a canal, if really feasible, offered. The way to our Indian empire, to our Australian colonies, instead of encircling the whole African continent, might be enormously abridged by the proposed canal. Yet in England M. de Lesseps's proposal was received with indifference if not with contempt. It could not be made; if made it could not possibly pay; if it did pay, and proved a success, it would be a serious danger to British interests. M. de Lesseps had an interview with Lord Palmerston, who regarded the scheme with whole-hearted hostility; and Lord Palmerston in his love and hate was always whole-hearted. M. de Lesseps was in no wise discouraged. He appealed to his own countrymen, and found that they were more easily impressed with the feasibility of the scheme than the engineering race of England. French patience, French energy, and French perseverance overcame all obstacles and cut the canal. Then the English people began to discover that they had made a great mistake. Lord Beaconsfield, in 1875, did something to retrieve the mistake by the famous purchase of the shares of the ruined Khedive, amounting in number to nearly half the 400,000 original shares in the canal. The purchase was enthusiastically

praised and wildly condemned; it may now be admitted to have been a clever and successful stroke of policy.

There were three courses open to M. de Lesseps and his energetic son Charles in 1883, when the new canal scheme was talked of. Either the existing canal might be widened and enlarged generally, so as to allow of greater traffic between its banks; or a new canal might be cut alongside through the land already belonging to the company at whose head M. de Lesseps was—a plan, however, which, owing to the limitations of the land actually at the disposal of the company, would entail many disadvantages, among others the necessary junction of the two canals at certain points. The third plan was, to obtain from the Egyptian Government concessions for an entirely new canal on entirely new ground in the isthmus. Such a new canal would undoubtedly be the best of all; and by using one canal for up and the other for down ships, the traffic might be at once greatly increased and greatly accelerated. Why then, it may be asked, should not England, with all her money and her engineering skill, build this second canal for herself? There were many complaints of the way in which the old canal was managed; of the heavy tolls exacted; of the absence of British influence in its management; of the completely French nature of its pilotage and officialdom generally. Why should not England, who had now learned the value of a canal, and regretted her old hostility to it, build this second canal, and pay no heed to the two Lesseps and their demands? M. de Lesseps's answer was simple enough. The company, of which M. de Lesseps is the head, have a monopoly on the isthmus. The original grant, which allowed them to undertake the task of cutting a waterway through the isthmus, and linking together the Mediterranean and Red Seas, gives into their hands all rights of canal-cutting on the isthmus. Either the new canal must be cut by M. de Lesseps and his company, or it cannot be cut at all. On the face of it, it must be admitted that there was a good deal in this way of stating the case. It was hardly conceivable that any man would go to work at such a business without some such monopoly to protect him. What would be the use of his

expending his genius and his life, and all the funds he could raise to the cutting of a canal through the isthmus, if, the moment it was completed, and he had shown that the task could be done, any other nation could step in, and, profiting by his experience and his example, cut another canal by the side of his, and practically render his valueless? No railway company would run a line joining two towns unless they possessed some monopoly which ensured them against any knot of adventurers who pleased, and who could collect money enough, starting a rival line between the same two towns within a week after the first line had been established. It seemed reasonable, therefore, to assume that M. de Lesseps had obtained such a monopoly. Facts, however, and not probabilities, were wanted. People in England wanted to know, not what M. de Lesseps ought for his own security to have done, but what M. de Lesseps really had done. Had he secured from Egypt a monopoly of canal-cutting rights over the Isthmus of Suez to the exclusion of all other competitors? When the question of the second Suez Canal came up, and the English Government began to inquire into the matter, in the hope of obtaining some solid securities for British interest in the new venture, they answered in the affirmative. They at once conceded the claim of M. de Lesseps to an exclusive right to make a second canal through the Isthmus of Suez. They chose to regard themselves as coming to buy from a seller who did not wish to sell, and to whose terms they had practically to agree. In their interpretation of the grant of Said Pasha they were supported by the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, and of the Lord Chancellor himself. In this spirit the British Government went to M. de Lesseps and made certain provisional arrangements with him, subject, of course, to the approval of Parliament. By these arrangements the British Government were to advance M. de Lesseps a sum of eight millions sterling, to assist him in cutting the new canal. In return for this loan M. de Lesseps was to make certain concessions and effect certain alterations in the dues and management of the two canals. On July 10 the heads of a provisional agreement were signed in London by

Sir C. Rivers Wilson and Mr. J. Stokes as representatives of the British Government, and by M. Charles Aimé de Lesseps for the president of the Suez Canal Company. By this agreement England agreed to lend the company, by instalments, a sum of eight millions at three per cent. interest, with a sinking fund, not to commence until after the completion of the works, calculated to repay the capital in fifty years. The Government also pledged themselves to use their good offices to obtain from the Egyptian Government concessions—first, for the land required for the new canal and its approaches; secondly, for a sweet-water canal between Ismailia and Port Said; thirdly, for an extension of the terms of the original concession for so many years as would make a new term of ninety-nine years from the date of completion of the second canal. In consideration of such an extension the company were to pay annually to the Egyptian Treasury from the commencement of this new term of ninety-nine years one per cent. of the total net profits, after the statutory reservation. The Canal company on its side agreed to construct the canal so that its width and depth should satisfy the English directors. A reduction of the transit dues was agreed to on the basis that every increase of profits should be shared with the shipowners. In other words, an increase of profits would always mean a decrease of transit dues down to a minimum of five francs per ton; while, on the other hand, a decrease of profits would mean an increase of transit dues on the same scale. No second increase or decrease of transit dues was to take place in the same year. From January 1, 1884, ships in ballast were to pay twenty-two francs per ton less than ships with cargo. It was hoped that pilotage dues would be got rid of altogether by January 1, 1887. An existing grievance in the use of exclusively foreign pilots was to be got rid of by the employment of a fair proportion of English pilots. The agreement further included the appointment of an English officer, selected by her Majesty's Government, to be called Inspecteur de la Navigation, to whom the captains of English vessels could address themselves in cases of complaint, or of desired communication with the company. Finally, it

was agreed that one of the English directors was always to be a vice-president of the company.

Such were the terms agreed to between the representatives of the British Government and the President of the Suez Canal Company. When they were made known in England they were greeted with almost unanimous disapproval. From the Chambers of Commerce all over the country a chorus of angry discontent was raised. In Parliament Sir Stafford Northcote immediately gave notice of the hostility of the Opposition to the proposed agreement, and it soon became plain that in the Liberal ranks there was no slight dislike to the new plan. The Government suddenly found themselves involved in a serious and unexpected difficulty. They met it by quietly abandoning the whole affair. The arrangement was undertaken, Mr. Gladstone said in effect, for the benefit of the country; if the country did not approve of it—and the country had undoubtedly shown that it did not approve of it—there was nothing for it but to give the business up and leave M. de Lesseps and his son to their own devices. Sir Stafford Northcote very successfully spoilt the really strong position which the agitation had given him by bringing forward a motion which, while ostensibly directed against M. de Lesseps, was of a nature that M. de Lesseps himself would have cordially agreed to. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion combated the assumption which nobody had raised, that M. de Lesseps had a monopoly in the making of canals to join the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. M. de Lesseps's most enthusiastic advocates never claimed such a monopoly for him; his most impassioned antagonists never alleged that he had claimed any such a monopoly. All that M. de Lesseps did claim was the monopoly of piercing the Isthmus of Suez: this point the Government had conceded to him; this claim the Opposition objected to; but this claim was not combated or indeed alluded to in Sir Stafford Northcote's motion. At one time the Opposition seemed to have the game entirely in their own hands; but Sir Stafford Northcote's motion gave it back at once into the hands of the Government. An amendment was brought forward from the Ministerial side of

the House, setting forth the condition of things in a clearer fashion, and was of course carried.

In Ireland things were unquiet. Early in January Mr. Davitt, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Quinn were tried before the Queen's Bench in Dublin, on account of speeches they had delivered, and were ordered to find securities for their good behaviour, or to go to prison for six months. They chose imprisonment, and were accordingly committed to Richmond Prison on the second week of February. In January, also, the Irish executive began an action for libel against Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, for an article which he had written against Lord Spencer. At the time of the action Mr. William O'Brien was standing as a candidate for the town of Mallow, which had become vacant through the acceptance by the Solicitor-General for Ireland of a place of profit under the Crown. Mallow was a constituency which seemed very unlikely to return a National candidate. Once before it had returned a very moderate Home Ruler, Mr. John George MacCarthy, to the great surprise of everybody. But it was generally looked upon as a safe seat for an Irish Government official. This time, however, the condition of things was changed. Mr. William O'Brien, extreme among extreme Nationalists, was returned at the head of the poll by a majority of 72 over the new Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. Naish, On February 9 the new member for Mallow was put upon his trial for the alleged libel, and the next day the trial came to an end, as the jury were unable to agree.

All other causes of public interest in Ireland, however, were destined for some months to sink into comparative insignificance when compared with the excitement aroused by certain inquiries that were going on at Kilmainham Court-house. On January 13 the Dublin police made a sudden raid upon several houses in the town, and arrested seventeen men. Two days later three other arrests were made, and on the 20th the prisoners were brought into the Dublin Court-house, and formally charged with being associated in a conspiracy to murder

Government officials. Most of these men were of the artisan class, stonecutters, compositors, van-men, and masons: one was of better position, James Carey, a well-to-do contractor and builder who had been a suspect, and was recently elected to the Dublin Town Council. Of all the prisoners this man carried himself most coolly, protested the loudest against the injustice of his arrest, and the inconvenience it caused him. On the 20th he stepped out of the prison van, smoking a cigar, carefully dressed to represent a thriving tradesman who was proud of civic honours, ostentatiously, even aggressively, composed in bearing. Offers of bail for any of the prisoners were rigorously refused. The doubts—and they were many—as to the value of the police raid were soon dispelled. One of the arrested men, Farrell, promptly turned informer. He did not know much. Little that Farrell told about the Fenian organisation itself, its Bs and Cs, its subscriptions and distributions of arms and secret drilling, was either new or important. It was when he came to describe the 'inner circle' formed for the purpose of assassinating Government officials that interest began to thicken. Farrell was not himself a member of this inner circle, and its existence has been frequently denied and frequently affirmed since. The 'member of the Fenian brotherhood' who in the February and March of 1884 wrote letters on the subject of the I. R. B. to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, admitted its existence, and described some of its acts. Its existence and its acts were immediately flatly denied by another correspondent of the same journal, who wrote under the signature of 'One who Knows.' Farrell gave minute descriptions of a series of attempts to assassinate Mr. Forster, all of which failed almost in the very moment of execution through some chance which seemed little short of miraculous. He also offered hearsay evidence as to the attack on Mr. Field, in which five men, Brady, Kavanagh, Kelly, Dwyer, and Hanlon were implicated. Later in the month another of the prisoners, Michael Kavanagh, turned informer, and on his evidence Brady, Kelly, James Carey, Michael Fitzharris, Hanlon, Joseph Mullett, James Mullety, Delaney, Edward O'Brien, John Moroney, Peter Carey, Daniel Delaney,

Patrick Whelan, and Michael Fagan were formally accused of taking part in the murders in the Phœnix Park on May 6 in the preceding year. Kavanagh declared that he drove Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Patrick Delaney, and one other who was not in the dock, to the Phœnix Park on the evening of May 6. There they found James Carey waiting. There he saw the victims approaching, saw James Carey give a signal by waving a handkerchief, saw one of the victims fall, and drove off with the four men whom he had brought there. On February 27 he drove Brady and Delaney to the spot where they attacked Mr. Field, and after the attempt drove off with Brady and Kelly. The excitement of such evidence as this was soon surpassed by the appearance on the table of another, a far more remarkable informer, James Carey himself. This man was, on his own showing, a bloody and remorseless villain. He was the guiding spirit of the murder organisation which called itself the Irish Invincibles. He organised the plans of assassination against Mr. Forster; his influence led his fellow-prisoners into the schemes; he planned the murder in the Phœnix Park; he gave the signal for the crime, and composedly witnessed its execution. He afterwards had the almost unparalleled heartlessness to propose a motion of condolence with the widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish. History does not afford many examples of so complete a villain; fewer still of villains composedly giving testimony to their own infamy. Carey's evidence was the practical conclusion of the trials. Some effort was made to compromise the Land League as a body by his evidence, but the attempt failed. Men who were also members of the Land League were criminated by his evidence, but no proof whatever was adduced that the Land League organisation had any connection with the schemes of crime, or that the mysterious Number One, who, according to Carey, was the prompter of the whole business and the finder of funds, was in any way associated with the Land League. Carey declared that the woman who brought over the knives with which the Phœnix Park assassinations were committed from London was Mrs. Frank Byrne, the wife of an official

of the English branch of the Land League; but when she was arrested and confronted with him, he failed to identify her. Another proof, if proof were really needed, of the wide gulf between the leaders of the National party and the members of secret societies was afforded by one of the prisoners. This man kept a diary, which formed part of the evidence that convicted him, and in this diary he put on record his unmitigated contempt for constitutional agitators like Mr. Parnell. Those who really knew Irish affairs were of course aware that the secret societies regard the Parliamentary agitation with unconcealed contempt and dislike. The diary of James Mullett was only one additional piece of evidence towards what might be considered an obvious fact.

Brady, Curley, Michael Fagan, Caffrey, and Timothy Kelly were convicted, sentenced to death, and hanged. Delaney, Fitzharris, and Mullett were sentenced to penal servitude for life; the others to various periods of penal servitude. True bills were found against Walsh and P. J. Sheridan, who had escaped to America, and against a man named Tynan, said to be 'Number One,' who had also got away to America. The fate of James Carey was dramatic. For a time he was kept in Kilmainham, until the authorities should decide what to do with him. He blustered a good deal of his determination to remain in Dublin, and his intention to take his place as usual on the Dublin Town Council. Then he suddenly disappeared. It was assumed that the Government would ensure his removal to some safe place, establish him in some Crown colony, or appoint him warder in some prison, where, under a changed name, he might defy detection, and never be heard of again. Suddenly, in July, came the startling news from the Cape that James Carey had been shot dead on board ship at sea by a man named O'Donnell. The story was disbelieved at first, but it was soon confirmed. O'Donnell was brought to London, tried, found guilty, and hanged. The evidence did not make it certain whether he killed Carey in a sudden fit of indignation at finding himself with the detested informer, or was sent as the special emissary of a secret society to make away with him.

Towards the end of the year the old Orange and Green feud was revived in Ireland with peculiar animosity. It had never, indeed, died out, but of late years its old ferocity seemed to have faded. Ever since 1795, when the first Orange lodge was founded in Armagh, after the 'Battle of the Diamond,' Orangeism had become an important factor in the political situation of Ireland. The Orangemen were the legitimate successors of the old English 'garrison,' of the chivalry of the Pale, of the Cromwellians of the plantations, of the Scotch 'settlers.' The guiding principle of Orangeism was antagonism to Catholicism. It supported the penal laws while they still existed; it struggled hard against their repeal; it represents to-day the spirit which animated and inspired the penal laws. The entertaining inspector of police who has introduced himself to contemporary literature as 'Terence M'Grath,' gives in his 'Pictures from Ireland' a sketch of a typical Orangeman which, coming from such a source, cannot be considered to be biassed by any undue prejudice against the Orange institutions. 'From the time when he was old enough to throw a stone at a Catholic procession on Patrick's Day, the most stirring incidents of McGettigan's life have been connected with the annual commemoration of the two victorious engagements fought by the much-lauded and sorely execrated monarch. . . . The village of Juliansborough is a well-known Protestant stronghold; and though a Roman Catholic chapel stands about half a mile away, no one of that benighted faith would have the audacity to pass through the village to his devotions during the month of July. . . . The principles of the Orange Society are "civil and religious liberty," and McGettigan flatters himself that he adopts them to the fullest extent. . . . But with "Papishers" it is a different thing. That every one of these followers of the Scarlet Woman is destined to eternal perdition is as firm an article of belief with William McGettigan as that the evening and the morning were the first day; and he feels that in doing all that in him lies to obstruct the religious practices of Popery, and otherwise make the lives of the Papishers a burden to them, he is simply doing his duty as a good citizen.

. . . . Patrick's Day passed, McGettigan bears no violent malice against his Catholic neighbours. He has even walked to market on more than one occasion with members of that faith. But with the heat of June his sentiments become less dormant, and with the first of July sets in a period of intolerance that for thirty days at least subverts his reason. During this time a Sister of Mercy with a cup of water in the desert would be an unwelcome sight; and a general inclination to wade knee-deep in Catholic blood is accompanied by a worship of the Orange lily as real as the "idolatry" that he so bitterly condemns. . . . The clergyman of his church has a certain influence with him, but it is in exact opposition to that pastor's attitude towards the Orange Society. The basis of his faith is the warrant and rules of his lodge; and while cursing his Roman Catholic opponents he never imagines that his religion is as much a religion of hatred as the gloomy frenzy of the Puritans or the tribal ferocity of the ancient Jews. . . . In his political principles he is torn by conflicting emotions. . . . He approves of tenant right, fixity of tenure, freedom of sale, and vote by ballot. So far he is Liberal, but he votes with the Conservatives; for is not the extension of the franchise a Liberal proposal that would, in proportion to the lowness of level at which the line is drawn, increase the number of Catholic votes? And did not the Liberals disestablish the Church that seemed to McGettigan an evidence of Protestant ascendency that gratified his vanity, and assented to the principles of the Orange Society, in which all sections of Protestants could meet on common grounds? McGettigan calls himself a thorough Loyalist, but his feelings towards England are exactly identical with his feelings and attitude towards the Church. He is loyal to Protestant England because she represents to him Protestantism *versus* Popery. If she became Roman Catholic he would hate her with all his heart; and if she grants Home Rule he will vote for the removal of the Union Jack from Orange processions.' Such is the picture, drawn in no unfriendly spirit by a writer as bitterly opposed to the National party as McGettigan himself, of the Orange agita-

tion of the north of Ireland, the member of a secret society as fatal in its way to the well-being of the country as the Ribbon Lodges themselves. How little the loyalty of the Orange Society could be depended upon was shown in 1835, when the Orange plot to place the Duke of Cumberland upon the throne instead of Queen Victoria was discovered and defeated.

Towards the end of the year the old Orange and Green feud was revived with peculiar animosity. The direct cause of this revival was a crusade which Sir Stafford Northcote carried on in the north of Ireland against the Government. In one of his national ballads Thomas Davis expresses a belief that Orange and Green will join together. 'William and James are turned to clay,' he says, and it is time for faction and feud to pass away like them. 'The Irish unite, and Orange and Green will carry the day.' But there seemed less prospect than ever of Orange and Green uniting after Sir Stafford Northcote's Ulster campaign. Sir Stafford Northcote was never meant to be an agitator, nor were his crusade speeches in themselves of a very dangerous character. But they succeeded in arousing all the old party passions. The Monaghan election had been a severe blow to the Orange garrison in Ulster, and they were eager to efface its recollection by any means in their power. Orange riots followed Sir Stafford Northcote's progress through the north of Ireland. In one of these a convent in Belfast was attacked, and the lady superior, who was ill, died of the alarm and the excitement. Sir Stafford Northcote and the speakers who accompanied him inflamed the Orange mobs they addressed not merely against the Nationalist party, but against the Government which supported, abetted, and basely yielded to the demands of the National party. The Orange party were inspired by the double purpose of fighting the Nationalists and harassing the Government. Whenever a National meeting was announced to be held in Ulster the Orange party immediately organised a counter-meeting to oppose what they chose to call the invasion of their county. To appreciate properly the situation, it must be remembered that even in Orange Ulster something like half of the population are Catholics, and that

when the new franchise comes into effect the majority of votes will no longer be the privileged possession of the supporters of the Orange lodges. The Nationalist leaders always found in Ulster large audiences of Nationalists; Mr. Healy's election for Monaghan showed that Orangeism could not always turn the scale against the men who had made the land agitation. It was perfectly clear that if National and Orange meetings were held on the same day and in the same locality without precautions, it would be impossible to preserve peace. The Orange leaders wrote and spoke in a way which showed that they were determined to rival the wildest utterances ever made on the National side. A National meeting was announced to be held in Rosslea, in Fermanagh, on October 16, 1883. Lord Rossmore, the Grand Master of the Orangemen of the county Monaghan, and a justice of the peace, signed a proclamation calling upon the Orangemen to oppose the meeting. It was evident that a crisis was at hand, and the Irish executive poured a large force of military and police into the district, who succeeded in keeping the two crowds apart in spite of the attempts of Lord Rossmore to bring about a collision.

The account of the proceedings of the Orange meeting on that day is extraordinary. 'Some pistol-shots were fired into the air in the outskirts of the crowd, and immediately the fire was taken up by several hundred persons throughout that vast assemblage. Pistols and revolvers were produced on all sides, and a continuous fusillade was maintained for nearly fifteen minutes. The leaders endeavoured to stay the deafening discharge, but for some time without effect.' Lord Crichton and other Orange leaders on the platform were obliged to stoop down for fear of being shot by their own adherents. 'When the excitement subsided several Protestant clergymen came to Lord Crichton, and asked him could he prevail on the Orangemen to stop firing. Lord Crichton, spreading out his hands, called out in as loud a voice as he was able to command, "For God's sake, men, will you listen to what I say, and stop the firing?"' Lord Rossmore's speech, which was interrupted at one point for some ten minutes by the firing of hundreds of

revolvers, was specially violent. 'He thought it was a great pity that the so-called Government of England stopped loyal men from assembling to uphold their institutions here, and had sent down a handful of soldiers, whom they could eat up in a second or two if they thought fit.' For Lord Rossmore's conduct he was removed from the commission of the peace by the Government, to the great indignation of the Orange lodges and their leaders. The tenor of Orange talk became more violent. A circular, signed by Captain Charles Alexander, advised the Orangemen in every district to enrol themselves into an armed volunteer force, to provide stores of arms, and to create, in fact, a complete secret military organisation. Lord Enniskillen, the Orange Grand Master, repudiated the circular on the ground that it contained 'proposals of an illegal character;' but the fact that such a circular could have been issued, and such proposals seriously entertained, is in itself sufficiently curious.

Counter-meetings were held at Dromore, in Tyrone, on January 1, 1884. Police and military held the ground to prevent hostilities; but several attacks were made upon the Nationalists by the Orangemen, who had to be driven back by the bayonets of the police and the sabres of the cavalry. In one of these encounters a young Orangeman named Giffen, who had been brought in—like many others—from another district to swell the Orange levées for the occasion, was mortally wounded and died shortly after. The Government then adopted the plan, whenever Orange and Green counter-meetings were announced, of proclaiming both meetings; breaches of the peace were thus prevented, though the Nationalist party strongly protested against a policy which allowed the Orangemen to silence any National meeting by merely announcing opposition, and thus calling down a Government proclamation on both alike.

In April 1883 a measure was introduced and passed into law with almost unrivalled rapidity. This was the Bill for amending the law relating to explosives, which was introduced by Sir William Harcourt on Monday, April 9, passed through all its stages in the Commons in less than two hours, was sent to

the Lords, and received the royal assent the next day. There was reason for this unusual haste. Much had been said and written for some time by a section of Irish Americans in New York about the introduction of dynamite into the political difficulties between England and Ireland. Threats to blow up London buildings were uttered at meetings of the advocates of dynamite, and printed in their journals, but at first little heed was paid to these utterances. On the night of Thursday, March 15, 1883, however, an attempt was made to blow up the offices of the Local Government Board at the corner of Whitehall and Charles Street. No great damage was done, and no lives were lost, but a great many windows were broken. The wall and one room of the Local Government Offices were considerably shattered, and for a time considerable alarm was created. A simultaneous attempt to blow up the *Times* office failed through the fortunate accidental overturning of the infernal machine used, which prevented it from operating. The same attempted explosions by dynamite in Glasgow appeared to be in fulfilment of these threats, but they did not arouse much public excitement. The Government immediately offered the reward of a thousand pounds for the apprehension of the criminals, but no clue was obtained, and no information given.

It was confidently expected that the attempts would be repeated, and every precaution was taken. At all the public offices, important public buildings, and the residences of statesmen, a military guard was placed, or where it existed before was doubled. For some little time after the event London presented an unwontedly military air. The presence of so many soldiers in places where formerly no other guardianship than that of the policeman was required lent London something of the appearance of a Continental city. These precautions, however, were not long maintained, and in a short while London resumed its wonted aspect. The dynamite difficulty was not at an end, unfortunately. In the first week in April 1883 the police succeeded in discovering a conspiracy, in arresting eight men concerned, and in seizing a large quantity of nitro-glycerine, which was manufactured in Birmingham,

and was being secretly conveyed to London. It was impossible to identify the men arrested with the perpetrators of the attempt upon the Local Government Board and the *Times* office. But their connection with the Irish-American advocates of dynamite was clearly established. To meet what seemed like a wide-spread conspiracy the Explosives Bill was hurried through Parliament. Four of the prisoners were sentenced to penal servitude for life; two were acquitted. These sentences and the comprehensive powers of the new measure did not, however, prevent further dynamite crimes. The police made seizures of nitro-glycerine in Leicester, and in Cupar, in Fife. Men were arrested in Glasgow on the charge of being concerned in the outrages of January. Four men were sentenced to penal servitude for life for introducing explosive substances into England at Liverpool. On October 30, 1883, two explosions took place on the Metropolitan Railway; one between Westminster and Charing Cross, the other between Praed Street and Edgware Road. Both occurred almost at the same time, about eight o'clock in the evening; both did considerable damage to property, and many human beings were injured, though no one fatally. No trace of the perpetrators of this outrage was discovered. Towards the end of February in 1884 a yet bolder outrage was attempted, which happily only partially succeeded. At a little after one on the morning of Tuesday, February 26, an explosion took place in the luggage room of Victoria station, which wrecked a large part of the station, and destroyed a considerable amount of property. Though it was at once assumed that this was part of a dynamite plot, the destruction of everything in the luggage room was so great that absolute proof might have been difficult to obtain. The discovery of infernal machines at Charing Cross, Ludgate Hill, and Paddington stations supplied the necessary proofs. In the luggage room of each of these stations a portmanteau was discovered containing a large quantity of dynamite connected with a pistol, and a clock timed to go off at a certain hour. In each of these cases the defective nature of the machinery employed had happily prevented catastrophes which

would in all probability have been far more dangerous than that at Victoria station. An attempt was made later on Blackfriars Bridge. Early in 1885 two explosions took place in Westminster, one in the great hall and one in the chamber of the House, which did great damage and seriously injured two policemen.

No language can be too strong in condemnation of these criminal attempts. The freedom and the future of Ireland are not to be worked out by means abhorrent to all Christian men. Every Nationalist, every one who believes that the hour of Ireland's regeneration is daily, even hourly, drawing nearer, who believes that in the immediate future the Parliament of Ireland will be restored to her, can only feel horror at such deeds. The cause of Ireland is not to be served by the knife of the assassin and the infernal machine of the dynamitard.

In Ireland the Nationalist party had received some important advantages. The Mallow election has already been mentioned. Mr. Harrington was elected for Westmeath in March, while undergoing unjust imprisonment under the Crimes Act. In the same month Mr. John Dillon resigned his seat on account of ill-health, and the vacancy was filled by another Nationalist, Mr. Mayne. A contest for Dublin county resulted in the return of the Conservative candidate, Colonel King Harman, and the election for Portarlington gave a victory to the Opposition. Later on in June Mr. Healy, who with Mr. Davitt and Mr. Quinn had just been released from Richmond Prison, after the three had served the larger part of their term of imprisonment, resigned his seat for Wexford, and came forward as a candidate for Monaghan in the place of Mr. Givan, who had received an appointment from the Government. Monaghan's position as an important Ulster constituency gave a peculiar interest to the struggle which ended in the return of Mr. Healy. A week or two later, Wexford, the seat which Mr. Healy had vacated, was won by the National candidate, Mr. Redmond the younger, against Liberal and Tory opponents.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his Budget on April 5, 1883. Mr. Childers began by explaining that his recent assumption of office did not allow him to attempt any

striking alteration of taxation. The revenue for 1882–83 was over 89,000,000*l.*, or rather more than 4,000,000*l.* more than was originally estimated. The total expenditure, including the cost of the Egyptian war, was a little more than 88,000,000*l.*, so that there was a surplus of some 98,000*l.* The surplus for the current year, 2,691,000*l.*, allowed Mr. Childers to propose the devotion of 135,000*l.* to the abolition of the passenger duty on all railway fares of a penny a mile and under; of 170,000*l.* to the establishment of the sixpenny telegrams; of 2,135,000*l.* towards removing from the income tax the Egyptian three-halfpence.

One of the latest financial efforts of the Ministry in the fading session of 1883 was the introduction of the National Debt Bill. Mr. Childers moved the second reading, and explained the principles of the Bill, on Tuesday, August 7. The Bill proposed to reappropriate—with the exception of some million pounds—all the amounts then devoted to the reduction of debt, and to fix the bulk of it for that purpose until no debt should be left. The Bill provided, first, to convert 40,000,000*l.* of Chancery Stock into twenty-year annuities; secondly, to cancel about 30,000,000*l.* of Savings Bank Stock by the creation of three annuities of five, ten, and fifteen years; and thirdly, to cancel the unpaid balance of most of the existing annuities by the issue of a fresh twenty years' annuity. By these means the Chancellor of the Exchequer hoped to cancel 133,000,000*l.* of stock within the twenty years. As the Bill provided for the creation of fresh annuities as the shorter ones fell in, so as to keep the permanent charge of the debt at about 28,000,000*l.*, as well as maintaining the Sinking Fund established by Sir Stafford Northcote in 1875, Mr. Childers expected that in the same period of twenty years the total cancelment of permanent annuities would exceed 177,000,000*l.*

The new Bill was practically based upon the Act of 1875 introduced by Sir Stafford Northcote. That Bill settled the amount of principal and interest of the National Debt to be paid off annually at 28,000,000*l.*, that figure being selected on the average observed from 1815 to 1860. The Sinking

Fund system which Sir Stafford Northcote then devised, and into which he broke under pressure of financial difficulties in 1880, was expanded and strengthened by Mr. Childers's proposals. For the series of terminable annuities, exceeding 6,000,000*l.*, which were to fall in in 1885, a system of terminable annuities was to be substituted, in which each new annuity would be larger than the old by the amount of the interest on the extinguished annuity; so that the amount of debt paid off would increase year by year. The new system did not offer the same temptations that the Sinking Fund which they superseded offered. Though annuities—that is, fixed annual payments for a limited time, made up of interest and instalment of principal upon the debt which the annuity represents—are, indeed, in themselves a Sinking Fund, successive Governments and Parliaments have abstained from making the depredations on them to which Sir Stafford Northcote's Sinking Fund was exposed, and from which it suffered. The Bill met with some opposition, chiefly, curiously enough, from Sir Stafford Northcote himself. The arguments which he must have thought excellent in 1875 seemed suddenly to have grown unpalatable in 1883. He even urged that the new Government were trying to pay off the National Debt too rapidly. But in spite of the antagonism of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer to a Bill brought in by his successor on the lines of a measure of his own, the second reading of the National Debt Bill was carried by 149 to 95.

The chief measure of the session was Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Bill, which became law towards the end of August. By this Bill official receivers of the Board of Trade were employed to make inquiries into the circumstances of each bankruptcy, and to make reports thereon. Over the Agricultural Holdings Bills for England and Scotland, strife like that over the Land Act of 1881 was revived between the Lords and Commons. The object of the measure was to compel landlords to compensate outgoing tenants for improvements effected by the tenants. After much wrangling the measures passed the Commons, only to meet with the fiercest opposition in the Lords from Lord Salisbury and his party. Had the Bills

embodied every principle of that 'revolution' which is Lord Salisbury's political bugbear, he could not have opposed them with more fervour—a fervour which in the end many of his adherents declined to emulate. Twice was the Bill, mangled out of all meaning, sent back to the Commons, and twice the Commons returned it restored to its original form. Then Lord Salisbury gave way. His colleagues would not support him in further defiance of the Lower House. He held his hand, but not his peace, and with Lord Salisbury's ban upon it the Agricultural Holdings Bill, with its fellow Scottish measure, became law on the last day but one of the session, August 24. Another important measure, the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Bill, was passed in this session, to become law on the 15th of the October following. The measure represented a determined effort on the part of the Government to enforce purity of election. By this Bill any candidate found guilty of corrupt practices was disabled from ever representing the constituency in which the offences were committed, and from becoming a member of the House of Commons, holding any public office, or voting at an election for a term of seven years. If, however, the offences are committed through his agents, the candidate will only be disabled from representing that particular constituency for the term of seven years. A maximum expenditure for legitimate expenses was allowed by the Act, beyond which neither the candidate nor his agent would be allowed to go. The old custom of carrying voters to the poll in conveyances was made illegal. Undue influence, the use of bribery, and treating were made misdemeanours punishable by fine and imprisonment. Personation was declared to be felony, and was punishable by imprisonment with hard labour. Mr. Chamberlain's Patents for Inventions Bill did something towards remedying the unfairness of the existing laws towards patentees. Some measures of what is generally called paternal legislation had their origin in the House of Lords, and became law. One of these measures prohibited the payment of wages in public-houses; another looked after the sanitary condition of workshops and factories. From the Lords, too, came a measure dealing with the grievances of trawlers in

the North Sea. The Government were obliged to abandon their Criminal Appeal Bill and the Criminal Code Bill, the former proposing to establish a Court of Appeal in capital cases, the latter introducing many striking changes into the legal system.

The Tramways and Public Companies Bill was a measure of considerable importance to Ireland, only second in value, according to Mr. Parnell, to the Land Act and the Arrears Act. Its main object was the promotion of tramways in Ireland, but it also aimed at assisting emigration, and at extending some of the provisions of the Land Act to public companies. Emigration was exceedingly unpopular with the Irish party and with the Irish people, and a system of migration from an overcrowded part of Ireland into thinly populated districts was advocated by Mr. Parnell and his followers. Unexpected difficulties, indeed, had arisen against the emigration schemes of the Government. The United States proved to be as unwilling to receive pauper emigrants as the Australian colonies had once been to receive convicts. America simply refused to receive emigrants whose presence would prove a burden on the country; some emigrants were actually sent back, and notifications were addressed to all the steam companies warning them that the landing of paupers was prohibited. In Ireland, too, public opinion was strongly against emigration. The Roman Catholic bishops joined in a resolution protesting against it and warmly advocating migration. In the end the Government agreed to use some portion of the sum set apart for emigration for the furtherance of migration.

The Irish Labourers' Bill, introduced by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, empowered the sanitary authorities in rural districts to provide dwellings for labourers by means of Treasury loans, and with the assistance of the Board of Works. Another measure affecting Ireland, the Sea Fisheries Bill, which proposed to encourage Irish fisheries by building piers and harbours by means of money advanced from the Irish Church Surplus Fund, was passed early in August.

The Indian Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill, better

known as the Ilbert Bill, was wildly agitating Indian and Anglo-Indian society, and the agitation was soon as keen in London as in Calcutta. In the January of 1882 Mr. B. L. Gupta, a distinguished native official of the Bengal Civil Service, pointed out the injustice of the existing law, by which native magistrates and sessions judges were forbidden to try Europeans except in the Presidency towns. The Indian Government, after inquiring into the matter, decided that the law called for alteration, and the result was Mr. Ilbert's Bill. Mr. Ilbert's Bill proposed to extend the power of trying Europeans to all justices of the peace, whether European or native. The Bill aroused the wildest indignation in the Anglo-Indian community. Had Mr. Ilbert's proposal been to revive the East India Company, or to restore the kingdom of Delhi to the last descendant of the Grand Mogul, it could not have aroused a fiercer or more angry opposition. Its supporters came to the rescue of the imperilled measure with equal vehemence; and India and England were alike agitated on public platforms and in the press by the fiercest controversy that had stirred India since the days of the Mutiny.

What the Bill proposed to do was not very daring. Its opponents habitually spoke of it as if it were about to concede for the first time to Indian natives the right to try European settlers, and as if the concession involved with it the ruin of the Indian Empire. As a matter of fact, native judges already possessed, in the Presidency towns, the right of trying European offenders, and the Ilbert Bill only proposed to extend this existing privilege into other portions of the Indian Empire. It is clear that existing civilisation will no longer tolerate the government of an empire like India on the good old-fashioned principle which gave everything into the hands of the white adventurer, and reduced the people of the country to a condition of practical servitude. The opponents of the Bill, however, even when they were willing to concede theoretically the right of the Hindoo to equality with the European, contested that practically the application of the theory would not work at present. In the Presidency towns, perhaps, where all legal proceedings

were carried on in full publicity, and where injustice of any kind could be easily detected, it was allowable to have Europeans tried by native judges. But in distant country districts there could be no such surety against injustice. The Indian mind was not yet, the opponents of the Bill gravely urged, awakened to that fine spirit of equity which is so characteristic of English rule in India, and all sorts of injustice to Europeans might confidently be expected if British subjects in Hindostan were deprived of their time-honoured privilege of trial by British subjects, and handed over to the corrupt mercies of a Hindoo tribunal.

For months the agitation went on, and the clamour against the Bill increased. The Indian Government made a fresh effort to complete the expression of opinion from all the various local authorities. Roughly speaking, all native Indian officials were in favour of the measure; the majority of European officials were opposed to it; a very large proportion were in favour of some modification of its principles. The Bill was then referred to a select committee, which introduced several important amendments as the means of effecting a compromise between the out-and-out supporters of the Bill and the Anglo-Indian Defence Association. The new amendments, while recognising the general principle of the measure, introduced one or two alterations intended as safeguards for European interests. The old European privilege of being judged by Europeans alone was removed, but in its place a new privilege was created, by which a European charged before a district magistrate or before a sessions court would have the right to require a jury, of which not less than one-half should consist of Europeans, or Americans, or both. Although this compromise brought the question of race distinction more prominently forward than ever, and though it invested Europeans with an important privilege not allowed to natives, it was accepted by the Legislative Council, and the measure became law in January 1884. The Maharajah of Durbungah expressed his regret that the new privilege had not been extended to natives; Mr. Evans, on behalf of the opponents of the Bill, declared that they still refused to recognise its so-called

'principle,' and had only accepted a settlement for the sake of peace; Lord Ripon closed the debate, declaring that the natives had lost nothing, and had gained the vindication of a great principle.

Another important Indian measure was the Bengal Tenancy Bill, based on the recommendations of the Bengal Rent Commission appointed in 1879. This Bill was practically the first important attempt to define the relative rights of zemindars and cultivators in the most populous Indian provinces. The struggles between the ryots or labourers and the zemindars or landlords, which occupy so large a space in the history of British India, are practically a repetition on Indian soil of the landlord and tenant difficulty of Ireland, and the Bengal Tenancy Bill is in some measure the fellow of the Irish Land Act of 1880. It proposes on the one hand to give reasonable security to the tenant in the enjoyment and occupation of his land, and on the other hand to afford the landlord reasonable facilities for the settlement and recovery of his rent.

A difficult question in connection with the Australian colonies arose in 1883. This was the formal annexation on the part of the Government of Queensland of the island of New Guinea. For years the Australian colonies had been anxious to secure the authority of England in New Guinea and in the islands of New Britain, New Ireland, and the Solomon and Santa Cruz Islands, which lie eastward of New Guinea, as they urged that the occupation of these islands by any foreign Power would be injurious to themselves and to the trade of Great Britain. The English Government were quite willing to see these annexations carried out in 1875, if the Australian colonies could agree to act together; but this common agreement was wanting, and the scheme for the time fell through. In the March of 1883, however, the Government of Queensland decided to act on its own responsibility, without the assistance of the other Australasian Legislatures. Alarmed by rumours of possible annexation by France or Germany, Queensland took the bold step of sending an agent to New Guinea to hoist the British flag at Fort Moresby. This act was declared null and

void by the Home Government, as one out of the powers of a colonial Government. The disallowment roused a strong display of public feeling in all the Australian colonies. In the words of Administrator Sir A. H. Palmer, of Queensland, it was 'undoubtedly the opinion throughout the whole of the Australian colonies that Great Britain should be supreme, and have no rival in the Southern Pacific.' Mr. Service, the Premier of Victoria, wrote to express the profound regret of his Government at the decision of the Home authorities, 'a regret which I do not hesitate to say is echoed by the Governments and people of Australia. It has been a serious and irreparable error to allow of French intrusion amongst us in New Caledonia.' Mr. Service went on to say, 'For New Caledonia has been constituted a penal settlement, and the expense of our penal establishments is already appreciably swelled by the re-convictions here of escapees and expirees from that colony. . . It has been assumed that Great Britain avoided responsibility by declining possession of these islands. It seems to me that the responsibility lies wholly in the other direction, and that if the united voice of Australia declares that the annexation is a measure essential to our welfare and safety, there is a great responsibility in disregarding that voice.' The South Australian ministers were no less eager in their support of the annexation of New Guinea, of the New Hebrides, and the adjoining islands. The Premier of Queensland, Mr. T. McIlwraith, in a memorandum laid before the Executive Council of Queensland, declared that the action of her Majesty's Government justified 'some decided and concerted action on the part of the Australian colonies. . . . In 1875 Lord Carnarvon, while not discouraging the idea of extensive annexation, assigned as one reason why he could not act on the representations of the Australian colonies, that the British taxpayer could not, and would not, bear the expenditure. Lord Derby advances the same reason now. . . . The expense need not be great, and we now know that the Australian colonies will undertake this expense, or share it with her Majesty's Government if required to do so. . . . If her Majesty's Government does not feel that

the annexation of New Guinea or of the islands adjacent to Australia is of so much importance to the empire at large as it is to the Australian colonies, let some means be devised by which those islands may be held and governed for the benefit of the Australian people. . . . The circumstances of the present case seem to point to a necessity for combination among the Australian colonies—a combination for both legislative and executive purposes.'

While the Australian Premiers and people were agitating on the subject of annexation, an association was being got up in London under the title of 'The New Guinea Exploration and Colonisation Company,' the purpose of which was to organise a company of 'adventurers'—we use the word in its old Elizabethan sense—who would make a descent upon New Guinea and found a colony after the good old fashion of sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century colonisers. The head and front, the promoter and inspirer of this ingenious scheme, was a remarkable man. Brigadier-General H. R. MacIver was an excellent type of the soldier of fortune. He had served in his time—he was now still a comparatively young man—under no less than fourteen flags. He had fought whenever and wherever there was an opportunity for him to lend his sword to any cause that pleased him. He had fought for the Confederates in the American civil war; he had fought for the Greeks against the Turks; he had fought for Don Carlos in Spain. General MacIver was not a revolutionary warrior of the type of General Cluseret. Sprung from an old Scottish family, he inherited all the Highland traditions, and was a firm believer in Divine right. The 'revolution' only inspired him with horror, but the magic words 'the king' could always conjure up in him the spirit of loyalty which gave so many gallant hearts to the cause of the Old and the Young Pretender. But though Captain Mayne Reid or M. Fortuné du Boisgobey might have found an excellent subject for romance in the career of Brigadier-General MacIver, he did not quite commend himself to the Colonial Office as the very man to whom the colonisation of New Guinea might best be entrusted. Lord Derby was

peremptory in his refusal to allow General MacIver to carry out his scheme. 'If an attempt should be made to carry out the project described in your prospectus, her Majesty's Government will be under the necessity of instructing the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and the officer commanding her Majesty's naval forces on the station, to interfere for the protection of the native inhabitants of the islands.'

With all his military experience and love for adventure, General MacIver was not prepared to wage war against the British Government. He promptly informed the Colonial Office that he had converted his organisation into a peaceful trading company. Lord Derby would have none of the trading company, however, and when the general went so far as to hint at floating the company under a foreign flag, he was significantly warned that 'the use of a foreign flag would not exempt the proceedings of the company's managers and promoters from control.' This settled the matter. Nothing more was heard of the organisation, and General MacIver sought occupation for his restless spirit in other pursuits. But the incident was in itself remarkable, and gave a further stimulus to the Australasian desire to obtain the government of New Guinea and the other islands themselves, and no longer leave them open to domestic or foreign enterprise.

In July 1883 it became definitely known that the Government of India had undertaken to pay Abdul Rahman, the Ameer of Cabul, a yearly subsidy of 120,000*l*. The subsidy was to be raised by a tax upon the people of India, and for the first time in the history of our connection with Central Asia, a subsidy to a Central Asian chief became a regular item of Budget expenditure. This was not absolutely a new departure, indeed; only the permanent nature of the proposed subsidy was novel. Ever since England became mixed up with the affairs of Afghanistan, she has found it necessary to make over large sums to the various rulers of the country. All our relations with Afghanistan have been based on the assumption that some sort of alliance with that country is necessary in order to preserve ourselves from the machinations of a foreign foe. Of late years,

and for long enough back, the assumption has of course been that that foreign foe was Russia. But such was not the assumption in 1809, when Elphinstone conducted the first English mission to Cabul. The foreign foe against whose machinations we had to guard ourselves then was France. Elphinstone's treaty with the then Ameer of Cabul was framed to resist a possible invasion of France in co-operation with Persia. But the dread of French arms in Afghanistan soon passed away and was forgotten. Russia in 1828, by the Treaty of Turcomanchai, obtained great influence at Teheran, and from that time forward her influence in Central Asia became the nightmare of English statesmen.

By the death of John Richard Green, in March 1883, England lost one of her foremost historians. He first became famous by his 'Short History of the English People,' 'a history,' in the words of its author, 'not of English kings or English conquests.' The book at once passed into a great number of editions; it was read by everybody; it became adopted as a text-book in schools; it gave new life to the popular appreciation of English history. The fame of its author was established, and for eight years he enjoyed his fame, writing, studying, devoted to his work. Then on the threshold of a great career he suddenly died, at the age of forty-five, leaving behind him an enduring name and an enduring regret. A few days later in the same month another remarkable man died a too early death. Mr. Ashton Wentworth Dilke was only thirty-three years old, but he had already won himself a prominent place amongst the most advanced Radicals, and a distinguished political career seemed ensured to him. He had travelled widely, he knew Central Asia well, he was a varied and accomplished linguist, he knew Russian as few Englishmen know it, and had translated Turguenieff's latest novel into English. He entered Parliament under the new Gladstone Ministry as member for Newcastle, but the pressure of Parliamentary life proved too much for his health, which was never strong. He went to Algiers in the hope of recovery, but the hope was not fulfilled. He was sincerely regretted, in the truest sense of those familiar words,

by all who knew him. Shortly before his death he had resigned his seat in Parliament, and his place was taken by Mr. John Morley, for whose success Mr. Ashton Dilke sent his cordial wishes with what was almost his dying breath, from the pleasant African shore whither he had gone to die.

In June died Henry S. Leigh. His life, also too early shortened, for he was only forty-six years old, must be called in some measure a wasted life. He was a true poet; he had rare ability, but his talents were squandered on work unworthy of his hand, on the librettos of comic operas and the like, and his memory as a poet depends upon a few out of his too few verses. His poetry belonged to that order which has been given the absurd title of Vers de Société, a title which is supposed for want of a better to include such widely different writings as those of Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Leigh's verse was not the refined, urbane, polished society verse of Mr. Locker; it had not the exquisite grace and dainty scholarship of Mr. Dobson's Dresden muse. It was the verse of a Londoner who loved London, and its theatres and its pleasant Bohemian clubs, and many of its men, and some of its women. One can hardly help thinking that if Mr. Leigh had chosen, he might have been such a poet of London itself as London has never yet had. It was said that an early disappointment had made him indifferent of success, and it may be so; certainly there were few men who, with such apparent certainty of success, took so little pains to win it. There is one of his poems, written years and years ago, when he was a very young man, called 'Little What's-her-name,' addressed to some fair priestess of the temple of burlesque. It seems exceedingly light-hearted, and is intensely pathetic. If it had been written in Augustan Latin by a singer of the Sacred Way, or in Parisian *argot* by some haunter of the *Pomme de Pin*, it would have delighted scholars and bookworms who now, perhaps, have never heard of it. 'I would ask no higher honour,' he says at the end, 'I would seek no higher fame, than a corner in the memory of "Little What's-her-name."' It is no concern of ours or of any one's to inquire who 'Little What's-her-name' was or is; but it is to be hoped,

for the sake of her singer's request, that she did keep a corner of her memory for Henry Leigh.

Father Thomas Burke, the great Dominican preacher, the eloquent adversary of Mr. Froude's histories, the man who most of all his time deserved the title of Chrysostom—the new 'Golden-mouth'—died in this year; so did E. B. Eastwick, the Orientalist, dear to so many who have first directed their uncertain steps through the perfumed paths of the rose-garden of Saadi of Shiraz; so did Rawdon Brown, the editor of the 'Calendar of Venetian State Papers,' who went to Venice once for a visit, and loved it so well that he never left it; so did Payne Collier, the Shakespearian critic—not prematurely—ninety-four years old, likely to be remembered especially for his notorious 'Perkin's Folio' and for his spiteful diaries; so did Captain Mayne Reid, beloved by boys. John Brown, the Queen's servant, died in March. The Duke of Marlborough died in July, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Blandford, who occupied in the Upper House the unique position of being the only peer who was an avowed advocate of home rule for Ireland. Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, who died in March, was the first Jew made a judge in England. A promising career was brought to an untimely end by the death of young Mr. Frank Hatton, who was killed out in Borneo by the accidental discharge of his own gun. Though he had not left his majority long behind him, he had already made himself a name, and was like to have gone very far indeed had he lived. Some deaths that were not directly connected with England must not be suffered to pass unchronicled. In Germany died the last of the Goethes, Wolfgang von Goethe, a grandson of the poet. A little later the great musician, Richard Wagner, died. With Karl Marx died the head and front of Socialism, the greatest name in German revolution since Lassalle. France lost Gustave Doré, who was as popular, personally and pictorially, in London as in Paris. The death of the Count de Chambord, the devotee of the White Flag, shattered the hopes of the French Legitimists, and gave new hope to the Orleans party. In his

self-chosen exile in France died Tourguenieff, the greatest of Continental novelists since Balzac. Over in Damascus died Abd-el-Kader, the gallant Emir, whose bright sword had so often held its own against the arms of France, and whose courage and chivalry did so much to save Christian lives during the Lebanon massacres of 1860. In Sir Salar Jung India lost a great statesman, and England one of the most valued of her counsellors in the government of the country. The death of Prince Gortschakoff removed one of the most interesting figures of Continental diplomacy, but England can scarcely be said to have lost a friend.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SOUDAN.

For the hour we were fixed in Egypt. Nominally we were remaining merely to support the Khedive's authority; actually we were temporarily the masters of the country. The Khedivial Government could not have held together without us. The life of the Khedive would not have been worth a handful of paras half an hour after the last British soldier had embarked at Alexandria. We had had our own way in Egypt. After a period of inaction, even of inanition, we had bestirred ourselves, and at the cost of bombardment and a bloodless campaign we had overthrown the ingenious system of the dual control which we had been at such pains to set up some few years earlier. The dual control was an absurdity which it was undoubtedly for the welfare of England to abolish. But in abolishing it we had taken the responsibility of setting Egypt straight, and the responsibility was sufficiently severe. The country was hopelessly disorganised, hopelessly in debt, hopelessly demoralised. It was like some child's puzzle, all the different portions of which were tumbled into bewildering medley, from which it was our task to sort the chaos and to piece together a complete and presentable scheme of government. The task was not im-

possible, nor even appalling. It required time, temper, and trouble; but the desired end did not appear to be distant, and ministers were confidently predicting the hour when the last of the British bayonets should shine in the Egyptian sun, when the machinations of an obscure fanatic in a distant desert disturbed all plans, and succeeded for a time in delaying the long-talked-of regeneration of Egypt.

The region of the new trouble was the Soudan. Out in the Soudan a religious rebellion was simmering. On the maps of Africa the name Soudan is given to a vast tract of undefined desert, stretching across the centre of the upper portion of the continent. It was formerly called Nigritia, the country of the blacks, and included, roughly speaking, all the region from Sahara on the north to the Nyanza Lakes on the south, from the Red Sea on the east to the Atlantic on the west. But the Egyptian Soudan is confined in more narrow limits; it stretches from Egypt on the north to the Nyanza Lakes on the south, from the Red Sea on the east to the western boundary of Darfour on the west. The casual traveller in Egypt who has drifted up the Nile in his dahabieh, or steamed up it in Mr. Cook's steamers, as far only as Assouan, has just touched upon the fringe of the Soudan region. He has approached what was once, and what apparently will be again, one of the greatest slave marts in the world; he has looked with unconcerned eyes over the desert stretches which have lately occupied the attention of all the civilised world. Up to a year ago the Soudan was a vague, unmeaning term in the ears of most men; it has now assumed a very terrible identity. In 1819 the conquering spirit of Mehemet Ali turned itself upon the Soudan, then in a chaotic condition of anarchy and tribal warfare. He sent his son Ismail Pasha with a large army to seize the country. Ismail got to Khartoum, and became for a season lord of the Soudan. We have spoken already of his tragic end. He offended Nemmir, the 'Tiger' King of Shendy, by too imperiously demanding tribute. The story is powerfully told in that book which would stand first on Eastern travel if 'Eothen' had never been written, 'The Crescent and the Cross' of

Warburton. Nemmir invited Ismail Pasha, his officers and friends to a feast, surrounded the tent in which his guests were revelling with wood and straw, set fire to it, and burned them all to death. Ismail was avenged, and the rule of Egypt was set up over Kordofan. A generation came and went, during which such civilisation as Egypt represented made slow progress in its new territory. Then Said Pasha thought of abandoning the country in despair, but was dissuaded by the tribal sheikhs. The history of the Soudan for the next ten years is a monotonous record of unsuccessful attempts at reform, of successive governors-general, of wars with Abyssinia, and internal insurrections. In 1865 a serious mutiny of negro troops at Tokha called forth all the energies of the Egyptian Government to suppress it. It was suppressed, and the Soudan was garrisoned with Egyptian troops. In 1870 Sir Samuel Baker conquered for Egypt the equatorial provinces, and ruled as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. In 1874 Sir Samuel Baker was succeeded by Colonel Gordon—'Chinese' Gordon—and a new departure in the history of the Soudan began.

Chinese Gordon is one of the most remarkable men of our age. If one imagines a combination of a fifteenth century *condottiere* with a fourth century Father of the Church, one gets perhaps the nearest approach to a description of Chinese Gordon. He is Sir John Hawkwood, but he is also Jerome; he is in the noblest sense of the word an adventurer, but his 'pure soul' has always served 'beneath the colours' of 'his captain, Christ,' like Shakespeare's Norfolk. Charles Gordon was born on January 28, 1833, of a good old Scottish family. The Gordons were a race of soldiers; two of the same kin fought on opposite sides at Preston Pans. Charles Gordon's grandfather fought in the North American war, and served under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. 'For a century and a half,' says Mr. Hake in his 'Story of the Life of Chinese Gordon,' 'the family has been a family of soldiers, and that without threatening extinction, for there is a new generation in the service.' Charles Gordon fought in the Crimean war. In 1860 he was ordered to China, and was present during the assault of Pekin and the

destruction of the Summer Palace. The Tai-Ping rebellion broke out. The Chinese authorities asked for a British officer to command the imperial forces; Gordon was nominated. Under his command the forces which were called the 'ever-victorious' army deserved their title. He carried all before him, annihilated the rebellion, and left China as poor as when he had entered it, richer alone by the titles which the Emperor insisted upon giving him, and by that name of 'Chinese Gordon,' by which he is best known to his fellow-countrymen. For six happy years he stayed in England working at Gravesend on the construction of the Thames defences. 'To the world,' says Mr. Hake, 'his life at Gravesend was a life of self-suppression and self-denial; to himself it was one of happiness and pure peace. He lived wholly for others. His house was school and hospital and almshouse in turn, and was more like the abode of a missionary than of a colonel of engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike; the poor, the sick, the unfortunate were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door.' In 1874, as we have said, he succeeded Sir Samuel Baker in the government of the Soudan, after a couple of years of work as English commissioner on the Danube.

General Gordon is a man of strong and peculiar religious views; with a fervid Christianity is blended a curiously Oriental fatalism, and a fixed belief in the pre-existence of the soul. 'I think,' he once wrote, 'that this life is only one of a series of lives which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having pre-existed; and that also in the time of our pre-existence we were actively employed.' Everything is pre-ordained, but Heaven is still willing to give some sign to those who seek for guidance. It seems that sometimes General Gordon finds this sign in the toss of a coin, and accepts the decision thus arrived at with absolute fidelity. Whenever, by the cast of a coin or otherwise, his mind is made up as to the course he is to follow, he will follow that course though it led him to his death. General Gordon's Christianity is tenderly tolerant of other faiths. He is said to have replied to John of Abyssinia's question, 'You are an Englishman and a Christian?'

with the answer, 'I am an Egyptian and a Mussulman.' If General Gordon ever made this answer, it is obvious that he only meant what he wrote once in another place: 'I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe that he is in any peril.' One of his favourite books is the 'Imitation of Christ.' He finds consolation and comfort in the lofty teachings, the abnegation and self-contempt of the founder of the brotherhood of common life. How little really Oriental is in his nature may be found in his words upon the future life: 'It must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent upon activity.' There is no sympathy in this mind with Buddhist Nirvana or Mahommedan Paradise.

Sir Samuel Baker had worked hard to suppress the slave trade: this task was now the duty of General Gordon. Europeans first, and Arabs after them, had made the teeming regions of the Nile one huge slave mart. Chief of all the Arab slave-drivers was Zebehr, who came to be called 'the scourge of Central Africa.' When the Khedive Ismail tried to put him down he defeated the Khedive's army. For a while the Khedive accepted defeat, and even took Zebehr as his ally in his invasion of Darfour. Once again the Khedive grew alarmed at Zebehr's strength, and resolved to put down him and his slavers. For this purpose he had sent out Baker; for this purpose he now sent out Gordon. For three years Gordon worked in the Soudan, opening up the country from Cairo to the Lakes, and crushing out the slave trade with an iron hand wherever he could. He came back to England in 1876, only to go out again with greater powers to the Soudan in 1877. For more than two years Gordon toiled, fighting with the prince of the power of the air almost alone. He worked with the strength of ten; he was here, there, and everywhere, sweeping across the desert on his fleet camel, breaking alone and unprotected into robber camps, and extorting submission from hostile chiefs, upon whose cut-throat mercy he was entirely dependent. He seemed to bear what old beliefs would have called a charmed life. While disease and battle and privation thinned his following, he alone went on his way, apparently unconquer-

able. Zebehr's son rose in desperate revolt, was defeated, captured, and shot by Gordon's orders. Zebehr himself was tried in Cairo, and sentenced to death, but the sentence was never carried out. On the contrary, he received a pension of one hundred pounds a month, and was suffered to live in honourable semi-captivity in Cairo. When the European Powers deposed Ismail Pasha, Gordon left the Soudan. He summed up his own work in a few words: 'I am neither a Napoleon nor a Colbert; I do not profess either to have been a great ruler or a great financier; but I can say this, I have cut off the slave dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me.' What governor could desire a finer record?

On his return Gordon accepted an appointment as secretary to Lord Ripon, the new Viceroy of India. While people were wondering, grumbling, or rejoicing, according to their mood, news came that General Gordon had resigned his appointment immediately upon his arrival in India. Naturally people wondered still more, but Gordon had made a mistake in accepting the post, and he acted wisely in throwing it up the moment he discovered that he had made a mistake. He went straight to China, then almost on the eve of a war with Russia, and gave her some counsels for her future guidance in war in a letter which has become historical. Ten months were passed in Mauritius as commanding Royal Engineer; five months were wasted in 1882 in South Africa, striving to settle questions, while all his plans were hampered by the petty policies of inferior men. Then at last came a term of rest. He went to the East, to Jerusalem, to study the story of the Bible on its own ground, happy and peaceful in his own way for a while.

After Gordon left the Soudan, the comparative order and rule he had introduced soon fell to pieces. He left behind him able officers to cope with the slave dealers, Gessi Pasha, the conqueror of Zebehr's son, Emin Bey, Lupton Bey, an Englishman, and others. But Gessi Bey died in the French hospital in Suez in 1881, of fever caught on the Bahr Gazelle River, and the slave dealers began to hold their heads high again. The new Egyptian Government reversed Gordon's policy, disallowed his

subsidies to the religious teachers in the Soudan, frowned upon his old officials; Turks, Circassians, and Bashi-Bazouks were let slip upon the unhappy Soudanese. The condition of the country was so disgraceful, that the outraged inhabitants were perfectly justified in rising against the iniquitous rule of Cairo. All they wanted was a leader, and suddenly that leader appeared amongst them. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart in his report has drawn a grim picture of the way in which the Soudan was harried. The administration of what was called justice was fantastically corrupt. Tax-gathering was entrusted to Bashi-Bazouks, compared to whom Cossacks are courteous, and Trenck's Pandours men of light and leading. These taxes were so heavy, that famine and ruin followed upon their infliction.

Early in 1881 it was known that a man who proclaimed himself as the Mahdi foretold by Mahommed had made his appearance in the Soudan, and was declaring a religious war against the Egyptian Government, and against all who opposed him. Such a proclamation was not in itself very surprising. The Mussulman world is always ready for the coming of Al-Mahdi, announced by Mahommed, who will avenge the blood of slain Mahommedans, and restore the reign of righteousness. There have been claimants to the position of Al-Mahdi before. There probably will be again. It is said that the Sheikh Mahommed-as-Sanusy is waiting in Tripoli till he has attained his thirty-ninth year to declare himself Al-Mahdi, thirty-nine being the age of Mahommed when he began his mission. The Mussulman belief in the coming of Al-Mahdi is based, not upon the Koran, but upon sayings attributed to the Prophet and to his immediate descendants, according to which Al-Mahdi must be a descendant of Mahommed, and must accomplish various vague and obscure predictions. According to some eminent authorities, the true Mahdi was born in the year of the Hegira 255, Anno Domini 869, and was shut up in a cave by his mother, who still watches over him until the appointed time, when he shall reappear again to overthrow Antichrist, and to join the Christians and Moslems in one true faith.

The new claimant to the authority of Al-Mahdi was a native of Dongola, the son of a carpenter, by name Mahommed Achmet. He had received religious education at Khartoum and Berber, and after 1870 set up as a faki on his own account. He lived in a cave for a long time in the island of Abba, on the White Nile, and soon became famous for his piety. By well-arranged marriages he contrived to ingratiate himself with all the principal tribes, and to amass considerable wealth. In May 1881 he announced himself to his brother fakis as Al-Mahdi. The title was at once recognised by a large number of chiefs, and his position was considered sufficiently important to arouse considerable alarm at Cairo in the minds of the Egyptian Government. The Ulemas of Cairo and Khartoum pronounced against him, and an army was despatched to put him down. Not unnaturally the Soudanese recognised the Mahdi as their champion against the oppression of Egypt, and rallied round his standard in great numbers to oppose the unwilling Egyptian levies, raised by proscription. In his first engagements with the Egyptian troops the Mahdi was defeated in the south of Sennaar, and retreated up the Blue Nile; but he soon rallied, raised fresh forces, crossed the White Nile, and invaded the Bahr Gazelle. In July 1882 he defeated and massacred six thousand Egyptian soldiers under Yussuf Pasha. For some months more the Mahdi held his course with varying fortunes, now winning victories and massacring his opponents, now being defeated by the Egyptian General Abd-el-Kader. In January the town of El Obeid in Kordofan capitulated to the Mahdi, who took up his residence there, and after one or two defeats from Abd-el-Kader it seemed as if his influence was entirely limited to Kordofan beyond the White Nile. Here it seemed the wisest policy to allow him to remain.

Early in April 1883 Lord Dufferin, at that time England's representative in Cairo, gave serious advice to Ibrahim Bey, the chief of the Bureau appointed by the Egyptian Government for superintending the affairs of the Soudan. He counselled him to recommend the Egyptian Government to confine itself to establishing its authority over Sennaar, and not to attempt to

extend the dominion in the Soudan beyond the White Nile. This modest policy would, Lord Dufferin urged, greatly diminish the drain on the Egyptian treasury, while the substitution of a beneficent and humane administration for the cruel misgovernment that had prevailed in Dongola, Khartoum, and Sennaar, would, no doubt, lead in time to the easy recovery of so much of the abandoned territories as it might be desirable later to reannex. The Egyptian official listened politely, with that bland appearance of acquiescence with which Oriental statesmen are so skilful in masking their determination to do exactly the opposite of what they are being advised to do. Lord Dufferin left Egypt in the firm conviction that his policy was being acted upon, and that the Egyptian Government would content itself for the time with the re-establishment of its authority over Sennaar.

The Egyptian Government, however, had no thought of so contenting itself. They had in their service an English officer, General Hicks, who had been successful so far in the Soudan operations. They now decided to send him to invade Kordofan. England's representative in Egypt at this juncture was Sir Edward Malet, who carried the principle of English non-interference in the affairs of Egypt to its utmost possible limit. It is truly pitiable to read the despatches and telegrams addressed by Hicks Pasha to Sir Edward Malet, whom he very naturally regarded as a power in Egypt, imploring again and again for more authority, more soldiers, or for permission to withdraw from the business altogether. All these communications Sir Edward Malet solemnly handed over, one after another, to Cherif Pasha, with the same unvarying assurances to the Egyptian minister that General Hicks's action or appeals were in no sense whatever endorsed by the British Government. General Hicks might write as often as he liked to the English representative in Cairo: that functionary would do nothing more than hand the letters over to the head of the Egyptian Ministry, 'without any comment or expression of opinion' upon their contents. It must be admitted, however, that Sir Edward Malet was only the mouthpiece of Lord Granville in this policy of abject irresponsibility

and ludicrous non-interference. The Foreign Secretary warned our representative again and again that he was to 'offer no advice' to the Egyptian Government on the question of the Soudan. In other words, though England had interfered in Egypt by force of arms to keep the Khedive on his throne, though Cairo was occupied by English soldiers, though it was clearly in England's power and in her right to counsel the Egyptian Ministry as to the course they should pursue in the most difficult of all Egyptian questions, the Ministry still affected to keep up the absurd pretence of exercising no influence upon the councils of Egypt.

Hicks Pasha had to obey his orders. With a wretched army, insufficient in numbers, deficient in stamina, half conquered beforehand by dread of the Soudan and superstitious fear of Al-Mahdi, he crossed the White Nile, and marched upon El Obeid. With his army there was, as correspondent for the *Daily News*, Mr. Edmund O'Donovan, one of the most remarkable travellers then living. Mr. O'Donovan was one of those men who, like Mr. Archibald Forbes, or Mr. MacGahan, are specially made for the trade of war correspondent; men whose love of the adventurous is combined with a marvellous capacity for carrying their adventure through successfully, of going whithersoever they want to go, seeing whatever they want to see, and coming back in triumph. But Mr. O'Donovan had what Mr. Forbes had not—a gift of acquiring foreign tongues, and especially Oriental tongues, akin to that of Burton of Mecca, of E. H. Palmer, and of Floyer of Beloochistan. He was the son of a distinguished Irish scholar and author. In his early youth he had taken part in the Fenian organisation. He became a journalist, then a special correspondent. He first became famous for his expedition to Merv, and for the brilliant letters which he wrote to the *Daily News* from that strange Central Asian city. The people of Merv made a hero of him: when he at last left them, he went away as their accredited representative to all the kingdoms of the world, and they only suffered him to go on the solemn assurance that he would return, and soon. O'Donovan made his way to Europe; created a sensation in Constantinople

by delivering his first lecture on Merv there, and by being imprisoned for speaking treason against the Sultan in a Pera *café*, and so came to London, where he was for a time the lion of the season. He stayed in London until he brought out his book on Merv. But he soon wearied of civic life, and longed to be wandering. When the Soudan trouble grew prominent, he offered to go and accompany Hicks Pasha's army for the *Daily News*. His letters home were read with the greatest interest. The sufferings, the difficulties, the privations, the dangers of the route of the ill-fated army were brought vividly before London, before England, before the world. Gradually the letters grew gloomier, more desponding in tone. One of his very last letters, dated from the camp of El Duem on September 23, was written to a private friend, and was not published until after the catastrophe. It is a curiously pathetic letter; the shadow of coming death is upon it. He writes of a friend whose death he had just learned, 'I shall sadly miss him when I return to London, if ever I do. I am writing this under circumstances which bring me as near to death as it is possible to be without being under absolute sentence of execution, or in the throes of some deadly malady, and yet I speak of poor —— as if I were going to live for ever. It would be odd if the next intelligence from this part of the world told that I, too, had gone the way of all flesh. However, to die even out here, with a lancehead as big as a shovel through me, will meet my views better than the slow, gradual sinking into the grave which is the lot of so many. . . . You know I am by this time, after an experience of many years, pretty well accustomed to dangers of most kinds, even some *extra*. Yet I assure you I feel it terrible to face deadly peril far away from civilised ideas, and where no mercy is to be met with, in company with cravens that you expect to see run at every moment, and who will leave you behind to face the worst. I send you a flower plucked from a shrub growing at my tent door.'

The present writer met Mr. O'Donovan for the first time in Constantinople at the time when he first arrived as 'ambassador from Merv,' from the Central Asian desert. To know him at

all was to love him, for O'Donovan's was a singularly lovable nature, and there could be few whose affections could resist his bright, boyish manner, his kindly, sympathetic spirit, and the strong fascination of his brilliant varied talk, and his animated descriptions of his wandering life. He had faults, indeed, which stood sometimes in his way, which he might have conquered as he grew older; but of him we may say in the noble, pathetic words of Johnson upon Goldsmith, 'He was wild, but he is no more.' The collecting of personal relics is, perhaps, one of the weakest of human weaknesses, and yet we may well be permitted to envy the possessor of the faded flower which the hands of a brave man gathered for his friend in the desert, in the valley of the shadow of death.

Hicks Pasha's army never got within sight of the minarets of El Obeid. On November 5, 1883, a battle took place at Kashgate, and Hicks Pasha's army was literally annihilated. The General himself fell fighting bravely. Mr. O'Donovan was killed near him. No European seems to have escaped except a Prussian sergeant, who had deserted to the enemy some days before the fight. All the Egyptians were massacred. The news was brought to Khartoum by a Coptic official, disguised as a dervish, more than a fortnight after the event, and was telegraphed on, to cause dismay in Cairo and London. The inevitable had come to pass, and the Soudan appeared to be irreparably lost.

The position of the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan was now perilous in the extreme. At Khartoum, where the White and Blue Niles branch asunder, Colonel de Coetlogen, an English officer, was left with 4,000 Egyptians to hold a town which would require, in ordinary conditions, a far larger force to man its ramparts. Now the conditions were not ordinary, for the large black population of the town were expected at any moment to turn upon their nominal defenders, and destroy them. At Sinkat, in the Eastern Soudan, Tewfik Pasha and a small force were shut up. Tokha was besieged, and on the very day after the defeat at Kashgate a force of Egyptians, commanded by Captain Moncrieff, was surrounded by the rebels while attempting to relieve it, and cut to pieces. At Berber and Dongola, at Kassala

and Amandel, at Fashoda and Sennaar, there were garrisons, not as yet beleaguered, not as yet in immediate danger, but which might at almost any moment be put into immediate danger. What was to be done? The Egyptian Government appeared to be paralysed: so for a moment did the English Government. Sir Evelyn Baring was now England's representative in Cairo. While the fate of Hicks Pasha's army was still uncertain he wrote home for instructions. Lord Granville telegraphed that the Government could not lend either English or Indian troops to assist the Egyptian Government, and advised Sir Evelyn Baring, 'if consulted,' to recommend the abandonment of the Soudan within certain limits. 'If consulted!' The absurd pretence was still being kept up that the presence of England in Egypt meant nothing, that her influence in the councils of Egypt was merely nominal; that counsel was never to be volunteered, only given if by any chance an independent Egyptian Government might ask for it. Even when the news of the defeat of Hicks Pasha was certain; even when Coetlogen was telegraphing in desperation from Khartoum that he could not hold the place against a hostile population and a victorious rebel with a small army, mostly old and blind, nothing was done. Lord Granville could only iterate that 'her Majesty's Government could do nothing in the matter which would throw upon them the responsibility of operations in the Soudan.' The Government which had not hesitated to interfere to put down one set of rebels against the Khedive, were now displaying a ludicrous delicacy about interfering to put down another set of rebels. Yet the danger to the safety of Egypt was at least as great from a victorious Mahdi as from a victorious Arabi. Days drifted by. The Egyptian Government did nothing; the English Government did nothing. Coetlogen could not evacuate Khartoum because the route to Berber was not open, and his appeals to have that route opened by a movement from Berber and Suakim were not answered. Had he attempted to do so with the forces at his disposal, he would have merely ensured a massacre on the road. Suakim on the Red Sea was only safe because it was protected by the

presence of British gunboats in the harbour. After a while the Egyptian Government seemed to make up its mind to attempt to hold Khartoum, to open the road to Berber, and to call in the aid of Turkish troops. The English Government saw no objection, as they—this was December 13—had 'no intention of employing British or Indian troops in the Soudan.' But they recommended the abandonment of all territory south of Assouan, or at least of Wady Halfa, and they announced that they would be prepared to assist in maintaining order in Egypt proper, in defending it, as well as the ports of the Red Sea. At last, in the beginning of 1884, the Government took a decided tone with the Egyptian Ministry. 'It is indispensable,' wrote Lord Granville, 'that her Majesty's Government should, as long as the provisional occupation of the country by English troops continues, be assured that the advice which, after full consideration of the Egyptian Government, they may feel it their duty to tender to the Khedive should be followed. It should be made clear to the Egyptian ministers and governors of provinces, that the responsibility which, for the time, rests on England, obliges her Majesty's Government to insist on the adoption of the policy which they recommend; and that it will be necessary that those ministers and governors who do not follow this course should cease to hold their offices.' Here was English interference with a vengeance. In a moment the graceful theories about the independence of Egypt were cast to the winds, and a policy of the directest dictation adopted. The English Government announced that the Soudan must be abandoned, and that some English officer of high authority should be sent to Khartoum with full powers to make arrangement for the future government of the country, and to withdraw all the garrisons. Cherif Pasha's Ministry resigned rather than follow out this policy, and a new and more supple Ministry was immediately formed under Nubar Pasha. Then came the question who was to be sent out to Khartoum.

This point was decided not so much by the Government as by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That enterprising journal had decided that General Gordon was the man for Khartoum. He

was passing through London on his way from Jerusalem to Belgium to take charge of an anti-slavery expedition of the head-waters of the Congo. A representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewed him, and elicited his views on the situation. Then, day after day, the *Pall Mall* insisted that General Gordon should be sent to settle the affairs of the Soudan. The idea was taken up by every one, even by the Government, and in the end the Government decided to send him out. He was actually on his way to Belgium to arrange about the Congo expedition, when he was recalled and ordered to the Soudan. With the promptness which has always characterised him he set off at once. The mission he was sent on was in direct opposition to his own ideas. He was not in favour of the abandonment of the Soudan or the evacuation of Khartoum. He was sent out to facilitate the evacuation of Khartoum and the abandonment of the Soudan. In his own expressive phrase, he was sent to cut the dog's tail off.' There are few events in contemporary history more thrilling than this expedition of General Gordon's. He hastened to Egypt in company with Colonel Stewart, an English officer with great knowledge of the East whom he had chosen as his companion. He appeared for a moment in Cairo, where he had an angry interview with his old enemy Zebehr, who refused to be reconciled. Then he disappeared into the desert. For a time he was absolutely lost to sight. He would only go with an army or go alone; and as there was no army to give him, he went practically alone upon his terribly dangerous mission. The eyes of the world may be said to have been fixed upon the desert tract which General Gordon was crossing on his swift dromedary. At last it was known that he had arrived in safety at Khartoum, and that so far all was well. Gordon was received by the population of Khartoum with the greatest enthusiasm. They hailed him as Sultan, Father, and Saviour of Kordofan. He at once proceeded to simplify the situation in his prompt, imperious manner. All the Government books recording the debts of the overtaxed people, all the whips and other instruments of oppression, were solemnly burned before the palace. The prison was

visited, the different cases examined into, and most of the prisoners released. Colonel de Coetlogen was thanked for his services, and told that there was no further need of his presence. 'Rest assured you leave this place as safe as Kensington Park,' wrote Gordon to him.

Gordon immediately issued a series of proclamations, each perhaps more surprising than the others. He began by proclaiming the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, an act of conciliation which did not have the immediate effect of bringing the warlike prophet to terms. Another proclamation directly and emphatically sanctioned slavery in the Soudan. Gordon was exceedingly anxious to appoint Zebehr as ruler of Khartoum and the country around, but the Home Government would not consent to the appointment. It was bad enough to be compelled to recognise slavery in the Soudan after all the heroic, helpless efforts that had been made to put it down, but to consent to the appointment of the very head and front of the slave-drivers as ruler of the country was more than they could stomach. People began to ask themselves if General Gordon had taken leave of his senses in sanctioning slavery, and seeking a ruler for Khartoum in the 'scourge of Central Africa.' He had not taken leave of his senses: he was sent out to perform a certain task, and he at once recognised the only conditions on which that task could be performed. It was useless to prohibit slavery if we did not intend to enforce the prohibition. If we would not govern the Soudan, we ought to entrust it to some one who could; and of all men Zebehr seemed to Gordon the most capable for the purpose. Gordon did not like Zebehr; he had described him often enough as one of the curses of the country; but neither did Gordon like evacuating the Soudan. If the one dislike had to be swallowed, there was no use in making a wry face over the other. Zebehr was said to be delighted at the proposal. He had a blood feud with Gordon—over this they had quarrelled during the Cairo interview. But with the prospect of becoming ruler of Khartoum he forgot all about the blood feud. Gordon was his brother; he himself was a much-injured and shamefully maligned man. In terms

that would be grotesquely comic if the situation had not been so serious, Zebehr declared that he hated slavery, that he never had anything whatever to do with the slave trade. It seemed that Gordon and the world in general had been much mistaken about Zebehr all this while; that he was in reality a sort of Central African Wilberforce, the very man whom Mr. Chesson and the Aboriginal Society ought to hold in special regard. However, the Government were not convinced, and they declined to sanction the appointment of Zebehr. The refusal was curious. If they were willing to lend themselves to any juggling with the slave trade, if their one aim on earth was to get out of the Soudan at any cost, and with any sacrifice of principle, it is difficult to see why they were so resolute in opposition to Zebehr. Gordon's chances of success in his task depended, too, very largely upon his having a free hand; and if he advised the appointment of Zebehr, he undoubtedly did so after due consideration of the difficulty of the situation. However, the Government would have none of Zebehr, and Gordon's difficulties began to thicken. The insurgent tribes did not display that eagerness to rally round him which was at first expected. We hear of another proclamation of Gordon's, this time somewhat angry in tone, threatening the recusants with prompt punishment if they do not make peace; and there is talk of sending for British forces. Shortly after this proclamation telegraphic communication with Khartoum is cut off, and for a time General Gordon and his doings are involved in complete darkness. At intervals the veil lifts. Messengers succeed in making their way out with the news that General Gordon has been engaged in conflict with the rebels, has been victorious; but that more rebels remain unconquered—that, in fact, Khartoum is surrounded. Then the veil drops again. Colonel de Coetlogen arrived in Cairo on March 24, having made his way from Khartoum, after Gordon's 'Kensington Park' assurance, without any difficulty. We considered that the place could be easily taken by the enemy, but doubted whether there was any immediate danger. General Gordon's plan was to get the garrison away, hand over his own

to the best native authority available, and withdraw. The southern garrisons were supposed to be making for the coast. Colonel de Coetlogen's news was not very reassuring, but it was all that was to be had. Nothing was to be done but to remember Gordon's own words before leaving London, 'No panic,' and wait upon events. According to Colonel de Coetlogen it would be impossible to send a relieving army to Khartoum even if Gordon wished it, and Gordon did not wish it.

In the meantime the condition of the beleaguered garrisons at Tokha and Sinkat was growing desperate. Messages came from Tewfik telling piteous tales of the distress to which his gallant little garrison was reduced by privation. The Egyptian Government sent Baker Pasha, with what they were pleased to call an army, to Suakim, in order to attempt the relief of the garrisons. His force was composed chiefly of fellahcen, raised by conscription, many of them brought into Cairo in chains—these were called volunteers—all unwilling to go into the dreaded Soudan. With such men as these—as feeble as, nay, far more feeble than the levies of Tel-el-Kebir—Baker Pasha was expected to set free the imprisoned garrisons, and defeat the Mahdi's fierce lieutenant in the eastern Soudan, Osman Digna. On February 4 General Baker advanced from Trinkitat to relieve Tokha. His force numbered in all 3,000 men, most of them Egyptians, though some were black troops. A handful of English officers accompanied him. Colonel Burnaby—Burnaby of Khiva—was with him, utilising his leave by hurrying to the spot where there was promise of excitement, of danger. The war correspondents of the chief London papers of course rode with the relieving force. In the present day the position of the war correspondent is scarcely less perilous than that of the soldier in the van. The enemy came soon in sight; there was some skirmishing with the advanced cavalry; then a wild attack was made by the Arabs upon the Egyptians. An attempt had been made by the officers to make the square formation, but the ill-drilled, untrained, timorous Egyptians were unable to keep their ranks. In sheer panic they broke and fled. From that

moment the fortune of the fight was settled. The Arabs carried everything before them, and swept furiously after the flying Egyptians, stabbing and spearing the fugitives without mercy. The miserable fellaheen could not even fight for their lives; when they were overtaken by their fleet pursuers they would fall on their knees and receive the *coup de grâce* meekly, with clasped hands. Baker Pasha, Colonel Burnaby, and his staff made a desperate effort to save the day, trying to rally their men, and even shooting some of the nearest fugitives. It was all in vain. Before the savage fury of the Arabs, the manhood, such as it was, of the Egyptians literally withered away, and the prophet himself could not have rallied them then had he appeared amongst them. They fled and fell all along the way back to Trinkitat. Some European officers who stood by the guns were cut down after fighting desperately. When it was certain that there was no hope General Baker, Colonel Burnaby, and their companions rode right through the surrounding Arabs unharmed, and made their way to Trinkitat, where they exerted themselves heroically to pacify the panic-stricken runaways, and to get the troops on board—a task in which they received no assistance from the unfortunate Egyptian officers. Luckily for the remnant who escaped the rout, the Arabs did not push their victory to Trinkitat, deterred no doubt by the fear of the British gun-boats, or probably not one man would have escaped from that day's business. Many gallant deeds were done, many thrilling tales are told of acts of individual bravery, in that wild flight. One officer, Major Harvey, put his wounded servant upon his own horse and brought him out of danger, holding the horse by the bridle and running alongside of it.

The defeat at Teb practically settled the question of English interference in the Soudan. General Baker was, indeed, only an English officer in the Egyptian service, but it was impossible to expect that the insurgent Arabs would understand this important distinction. All that they would consider was that now for the third time the armies of the Mahdi or his lieutenant had met a hostile army arrayed under the leadership of English officers, and defeated them hopelessly. In every bazaar

in the East, from Constantinople to Smyrna, in every Nilotic mud town between Assouan and Cairo, in every Mussulman community in Hindostan, in every Central Asian Khanate, the news would fly that the arms of England were falling into the dust before the green banner of Islam. England had fought Arabi before on the ground that she must preserve her road to India; if she wished to preserve her *prestige* in those Mahommedan countries which she ruled, she must fight and conquer Osman Digna now. At home in England the greatest excitement prevailed. The news of Baker Pasha's defeat had arrived on the very day that Parliament met. The following day came the news that Tewfik Pasha, the gallant defender of Sinkat, had been cut to pieces with his valiant garrison, in an attempt to force their way through the besiegers' lines. The story was doubted at first, but it was soon verified. Logically the fate of the Soudan garrisons entailed no responsibility on England. She had not put them there; their blood would not be upon her head. But England had chosen to interfere in the affairs of Egypt; nay, more, she had insisted that the Soudan should be abandoned; it was her duty to see that the unhappy garrisons were not left to perish in obedience to that dictation. She had compelled the Egyptian ruler, sorely against his will, to give up the Soudan; it was her mission to ensure the accomplishment of the task without the sacrifice of lives perilled in obedience to another policy and another principle. It was clear that the feeling of the vast bulk of public opinion in England was in favour of doing something to settle the Soudan question, to rescue the imperilled garrisons, and to retrieve the shaken *prestige* of England. The time for inaction had gone by; it never had had any logical excuse from the day when Admiral Beauchamp Seymour opened fire upon the Alexandria forts. In defiance of all the principles and all the traditions of Liberalism, a Liberal Government had intervened between a foreign ruler and a foreign rebel. They had lent the arms and the influence of England to crush the National movement in Egypt, and for the moment they had crushed it. It was a blunder, and like most blunders it entailed other blunders to follow it. It

was impossible for the Government to sit any longer with folded hands and watch Egypt falling to pieces before their eyes. The memory of Tel-el-Kebir forbade them to regard El Teb as an Egyptian matter to be settled by Egyptian measures and an Egyptian Ministry.

On Sunday, February 10, it was proclaimed at Suakim that Admiral Hewett, with the consent of England and at the request of the Khedive, had assumed the supreme control, and that England had undertaken to defend Suakim. On Monday, the 18th, the 'Jumna' steamed through the reefs of Suakim harbour, the largest ship that had ever entered its waters, with the 10th Hussars (Baker Pasha's old regiment) on board, and the Irish Fusiliers. On Friday, the 24th, General Graham himself arrived, just in time to hear the news that Tokha, after long holding out, had surrendered to the enemy, and that the garrison and rebels had fraternised. Osman Digna's star seemed to be in the ascendant. An Austrian merchant of Suakim, Mr. Levi, who got into Osman's camp under the pretence of becoming a Mussulman, and who only escaped with difficulty with his life from his perilous adventure, described the Mahdi's lieutenant as a common-looking man, dressed in a dirty shirt and straw hat, who spent most of his time in exciting his followers by reading to them religious books about the Mahdi, with comments of his own. Undoubtedly Osman possessed the power of inspiring his followers with an implicit belief in him and his cause. He scornfully rejected all overtures of truce, and announced that he was determined to sweep Suakim into the Red Sea, with every soul it contained, whether Egyptian or English. This was the man whom it was General Graham's duty to put down, now that it was too late to do anything for Sinkat or Tokha.

On the last day of February General Graham's force, some four thousand strong, began its march from Trinkitat. Five hundred yards to the windward side of the spot where the decomposing corpses of Baker Pasha's Egyptians lay in hideous confusion by hundreds, the Arabs attacked the British, opening fire upon them with the Krupp guns they had captured at

El Teb. A splinter from one of the shells wounded Baker Pasha badly in the face, but he insisted on going on as soon as his wound was bound up. About three miles from Fort Baker the enemy had set up some kind of earthwork, on which guns were mounted, over which their flags were flying. On these earthworks the British advanced steadily, the Gordon Highlanders leading the way to the shrill tune of their bagpipes, and marching as coolly as if on parade. There was a short artillery duel, and then the British charged the earthworks and carried all before them. Colonel Burnaby was one of the first over the parapet, firing at the Arabs with a double-barrelled gun, and receiving some ugly wounds. The Arabs fought heroically, flinging themselves again and again upon the British line, falling in hundreds before the rain of bullets and the bayonet charge. Even when defeat was inevitable they would not acknowledge it, but retired sullenly, fighting to the last, often making wild charges upon certain death with undaunted heroism. The next day General Graham continued his march and took possession of Tokha.

Though the ostensible purpose of the expedition had been accomplished by the relief—too late, indeed—of Tokha, military operations were not suspended. Osman Digna's followers were called upon to abandon him and disperse. Osman Digna had retired to his encampment at Tamanieb, and as his followers still held by him, and he himself was still defiant, it was determined to advance against him. On the early morning of Thursday, March 13, General Graham's army marched out against Osman Digna's encampment, in the military formation of two squares. The ground was thick with bush, and afforded every opportunity for the concealment of the enemy, who undoubtedly succeeded in drawing the first square into what was very like an ambuscade. The wild Arab attack was for the moment irresistible, the order of the advancing square was broken, a sea of Arabs broke in upon it, stabbing and spearing. The British fired and retreated, fighting desperately, and leaving their guns in the enemy's hands. For a moment it seemed as if the day was lost, as if the massacre of the

first battle of Teb would be repeated, with British instead of Egyptian soldiers for victims. Only for a moment, however. The second square had preserved its formation perfectly, and came to the rescue of the first, which was already rallying from its first fatal shock. A few minutes more of desperate fighting, and the day so nearly lost was won, the Arabs were in full retreat, the captured guns retaken. General Graham pushed on to Osman Digna's encampment and destroyed it.

After this second victory Admiral Hewett issued a proclamation offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture of Osman Digna, dead or alive. This extraordinary manifesto, based upon principles of war that had been abandoned for centuries, aroused the utmost surprise in England. At first the Government refused to believe in its authenticity; the moment it was confirmed orders were telegraphed for its immediate withdrawal. Osman Digna was as much the undoubted commander of the insurgent Arabs as Admiral Hewett was commander at Suakim. He had shown himself, up to this time, a brave, resolute, and dauntless soldier, fighting for a cause which had commanded a very large amount of sympathy in England and all over the civilised world. Even his alleged execution of two messengers sent to him by Admiral Hewett did not justify the Admiral in offering what was practically a reward for his assassination. Admiral Hewett no doubt believed himself to be acting within his right; it is one of the unfortunate necessities of savage warfare that it seems to deaden the moral sense and warp the conduct of the bravest men, till they begin to act against their opponents upon the principles of savage, not of civilised, morality. The issue of the proclamation was most unfortunate, and even its immediate withdrawal could not efface its recollection or prevent it from doing harm to the British cause.

One further advance finally dispersed Osman Digna's remaining adherents, and then, to the surprise of every one and to the dismay of most, General Graham was ordered to retire, to embark his troops with all speed, and, in fact, to get out of the country as quickly as possible. General Gordon had asked

for two squadrons of cavalry to be sent to Berber to open a way of escape for two thousand women and children sent down from Khartoum. This request was not granted; Sir Evelyn Baring angered Gordon by talking of negotiations with Arabs to open the road. To the outer world, not learned in the secrets of Ministerial policy, it looked grimly like leaving General Gordon to his fate. Just then, too, General Gordon's position was peculiarly critical. The veil that hid the doings at Khartoum had again lifted, and the world had to learn another lesson of defeat. General Gordon had sallied out from Khartoum on March 16 to attack the followers of the Mahdi who had assembled on the opposite bank of the river, opposite to the windows of the palace. After a short conflict Gordon's troops, Egyptians of the kind who fled from Baker at the first battle of Teb, broke and ran in helpless panic, almost without firing a shot. The successful Arabs seem to have been some sixty in number; Gordon's army more than a thousand. Gordon's force lost some two hundred men in their mad flight; about four of the victorious Arabs are said to have been killed. It is only fair to say that the panic was partly due to the treachery of two black pashas under Gordon's command, Hassan and Said, whom Colonel de Coetlogen had formerly suspected of treachery. They gave the signal for flight by galloping back from the enemy, they broke up the square of their own men, and they with their own hands killed some of their own artillerymen. When the troops routed got back to Khartoum General Gordon had the two pashas arrested, tried by court-martial, and shot. To add to Gordon's difficulties, the Mahdi wholly refused to be mollified by Gordon's offer of the Sultanship of Kordofan. Three dervishes arrived in Khartoum, bearing back the robes of honour sent by Gordon. With their hands upon their swords they delivered their message, and called upon Gordon in the Mahdi's name to become a Mussulman, and to put on the robe of a dervish. With Gordon in this position, defeat outside Khartoum, and treason within the walls, the Government ordered the withdrawal of the British troops from Suakim. To the looker-on at the political game the order appears an act of inexplicable folly. Was it worth

while to send out an army to the Red Sea littoral, merely to slaughter a few thousand Arabs and then come back again? Did the Government think that a couple of inevitable defeats of Osman Digna settled the Soudan difficulty? Not to have gone to the Soudan at all would have been intelligible enough; but to complicate the matter still further by going, by having a *battue* of Arabs, and then hurriedly coming away again, seemed a policy only worthy of the Duke of York in the nursery rhyme, and not of a serious and responsible Ministry.

Just at the moment when the Ministry were most perplexed by the difficulties in Egypt, most harassed by the pertinacity of the attacks of the Opposition, a new element of trouble was introduced into their situation. Late in February it was made known that Merv had become a part of the ever-increasing Russian dominion in Central Asia. The news was absolutely unexpected. Russia had given a sort of vague understanding that she would not go to Merv, which had quieted even the most suspicious of Central Asian alarmists. But Russia had in no sense pawned her future conduct in the case of Merv coming to her—and Merv had come to her. Of their own accord, so the account ran, with no prompting, no instigation, the people of Merv had voluntarily desired to be enrolled in the long list of foreign races who recognise the Czar as their father. Russia had accepted the trust thus offered her, and Merv was henceforward part and parcel of the Russian Empire. The news aroused the fiercest indignation against Russia the deceiver, and the deceived English Ministry, in the minds of all those who saw in Russia's action in Central Asia part of a plot with our Indian Empire for its object.

What is generally called the Central Asian question means, when translated, the relative positions of Russia and England in those districts of Central Asia that lie between Russia and the English Empire in India. It may be very happily expressed in a quotation from Mr. Mackenzie Wallace: 'It is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers in Central Asia will some day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish our rival to overstep a certain line, we must

ourselves advance to that line.' As to the point where the two frontiers are to meet, there are two distinct schools of politicians. The one school maintains that it is not for us to concern ourselves with the advance of Russia. If she chooses to aggrandise her empire among the petty khanates of Central Asia, that is her affair, not ours; nor need we stir ourselves to meet an imaginary danger on our Indian frontier until Russia makes some distinctly overt act of aggression. The other school upholds a directly contrary doctrine. It sees in Russia's steady advance a distinct threat against the integrity of our Indian Empire, a steady, measured accomplishment of the will of Peter the Great, which, whether authentic or not, represents excellently the purposes of the Russian people, and the ambitions of Russian statesmen. It is not, therefore, for England to wait, this school urges, until Russia, having accomplished her aims and undermined our strength, abandons her stealthy encroachment and avowedly menaces our power in India. Some of the arguments on this side are thus put by Mr. Marvin:—

'The Central Asian question as it at present stands resolves itself into this: In a very short space of time the empires of England and Russia in Central Asia will touch each other; query, where shall the frontier line be drawn? . . . Should Russia succeed in establishing a regular waterway between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and thence, by means of the Oxus, across the desert to Bokhara and Afghanistan, it is obvious that the river Oxus will acquire immense commercial importance: because it will tap the trade of Central Asia. . . . We said for years that Russia should never annex Khiva; she has got it. We said she should never domineer over Kashgar; her troops to-day not only occupy passes a few marches from the city, but, by the treaty signed by Tchoon Kow in 1879, Russia has the right to establish agents throughout Eastern Turkestan, from which we ourselves are excluded. We said that Persia should always be preserved from encroachment; the Shah to-day wears a Cossack's uniform, and the Atrek region is becoming a second Turkestan. We said that Russia should never re-possess

Bessarabia and the mouth of the Danube. We said that Batoum, the best port on the Caucasian coast, should never become a Russian prize. We said that Kars, the key of Asia Minor, should never fall into the hands of the Muscovite. Yet these three great possessions were secretly signed away to Russia by Lord Salisbury.'

Undoubtedly, too, a great many English statesmen had always been saying, a great many English politicians always been urging, that Russia should never get Merv, and now undoubtedly she had got it too. Any one who takes up the sketch map of the advances of Russia in Central Asia in 'Captain Burnaby's ride to Khiva' has practically the Central Asian question before him. He will see what the Russian frontier was in 1836, and how steadily it has been advancing lustre by lustre, and decade by decade, absorbing into its huge empire the wealthy states and independent provinces of Central Asia. Early in the present century Russia had extended her realm far out into Western Siberia, till the whole of that vast country came into the Russian power. On the other side she reached down from Orenburg to Orsk, and the north of the Sea of Aral to Fort Perovsky. The cession of some of the best pasture lands of the Kirghiz of the Little Horde to Cossacks roused retaliation on the part of the Central Asian nomads, and these acts of retaliation were made the excuse for fresh advances on the part of conquering Russia. Khokhand and Khiva took the alarm, and prepared to meet the advancing Muscovite with arms. They made frequent raids upon the newly acquired Russian territory, and the Russians in return occupied their stronghold of Ak-Mechet, which was thenceforward called Fort Perovsky from the successful general. At Kasala, and on the sites of two other Khokhand forts, were built the Russian forts, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

The Crimean war which broke out interrupted for a season the advance of Russia. But only for a season. With the proclamation of peace Russia's ambition again asserted itself, and the preparations for the conquests of Khokhand and Bokhara were resumed. In 1864, General Tchernaieff took possession

of Chemkent, and a little later conquered with some difficulty the large town of Tashkent, quite in defiance of Prince Gortchakoff's famous despatch, which pointed out to the Central Asian states that 'Russia is not their enemy, that she entertains towards them no ideas of conquest, and that peaceful and commercial relations will be more profitable than reprisals and permanent warfare.' It was explained that Russia was serving the interests of civilisation and humanity, and had the right to count on an equitable and loyal appreciation of the steps which it took, and the principles by which it was guided. In pursuance of this policy, the next step of General Tchernaieff was to capture Fort Niazbek, and further to storm, and finally capture, Tashkent on July 14, 1865.

The ambitious General then turned his thoughts to the conduct of the Ameer of Bokhara, who had the audacity to act upon Russian principles, and occupy the town of Hodjent. General Tchernaieff ordered all the Bokharans in the district he governed to be arrested. The Ameer retaliated by arresting all the Russian merchants who happened to be in his city; but he did not so far gratify Tchernaieff's purposes as to declare war. On the contrary, he sent a mission to St. Petersburg to remonstrate against the action of the Russian Governor. The mission was met at Fort No. 1 by General Kryzhanovsky, who refused to allow the mission to go to St. Petersburg, and detained the embassy. Then General Tchernaieff sent a Russian mission to Bokhara The Ameer thought it would be only appropriate to retaliate by arresting the Russian agent. What Russia might do to Bokhara, Russia was not prepared to allow Bokhara to do to her, and Tchernaieff promptly marched against the Ameer. A battle ensued, in which the Russian General had distinctly the worst of it. He was recalled, and his place taken by General Romonovsky, through whose fairer fortunes the army of the Ameer was cut to pieces, and the Ameer himself had to fly for safety to Samarcand. The Ameer proposed peace, but Russia demanded an immense indemnity. Bokhara refused to pay, and General Kauffmann, who had replaced Romonovsky in 1867, invaded

the country, and after a fierce struggle Bokhara passed under Russian rule. Kauffmann, who died on May 12, 1882, without accomplishing his ambition of seeing all Central Asia, including Afghanistan, under Russian rule, was the most enterprising of all the Central Asian invaders, with the exception of Skobeleff, who only survived him by not quite two months. The next step was to annex Khokhand. Khokhand was perfectly friendly to Russia; but, nevertheless, to the far-seeing Russian mind it wanted Russianising. Some sixty natives of the place were induced to petition for annexation to Russia, and their request was promptly acceded to. In 1873 Russia had made her preparations for an expedition to Kashgar, then held by Yakoob Beg, but the despatch of an English embassy to his State interfered with the Russian plans, and the expedition was countermanded. Since then the Chinese have re-conquered Kashgar. Yakoob Beg has died, and Eastern Turkestan has practically become again a Chinese province. Then came Kauffmann's expedition, which brought Khiva under Russian authority. Merv was the next step in the logical completeness of Russian advance, and that step has now been taken.

What Russia thinks of the Central Asian question has been told us—and very frankly told us—by Madame Olga de Novikoff, in a communication to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—everyone communicates with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. 'Our position is clear,' says Madame de Novikoff. 'North of the Oxus, outside the boundaries of Afghanistan, Russia has a free hand. She will advance or retreat, establish garrisons, or agents, or residents, annex or protect, or do whatever she pleases, according to the dictates of her own interests and the interests of her Asiatic subjects. We shall do our duty without asking anybody's leave, and we shall as soon think of making explanations about the occupation of Merv as England did about the occupation of Candahar.' 'Russia, I hope,' Madame de Novikoff goes on to say, 'has definitely broken with the foolish habit of giving assurances whenever the English get into a fidget about our advances. A rising tide can as soon be controlled by Canute as the Russian advance, even by imperial

declarations. Autocrats are not almighty, and circumstances are stronger than emperors. The most imperative orders have been issued in vain. The same law that forced England from Calcutta to the Khyber has driven us from Orenburg to Merv.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu,

as Heine says on some other occasion, not referring exactly to the Oxus.' Here we have an exposition of Russian policy in Central Asia, freely and frankly put forward by one who has every right to speak with authority. The argument is clear enough: 'We Russians have done once for all with explanations and assurances. We are going to do as we like with the Central Asian states, with the exception of Afghanistan. There we recognise England's right to exert her influence. But elsewhere, whether at Bokhara or Samarcand, or Khiva, or Merv, from the fairest city of the proudest khan to the humblest aoul of the Akkal Tekkes, we intend to act as we choose, responsible to ourselves, and to ourselves alone.' Taken as it was, it was an honest and open declaration, and as such it was well worth having. Henceforward, any reproaches addressed to Russia would not be merely vain—they would be ridiculous.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REFORM BILL.

THE session opened on Tuesday, February 5, 1884. The Queen's speech spoke of harmonious relations with foreign Powers, of the settlement of the Madagascar difficulty, of the Congo question, of commercial treaties or revision of treaties with Turkey, Spain, Japan, and Corea. The condition of Egypt was described without comment; a favourable issue to the Transvaal question was hoped for. Ireland was said to continue to exhibit features of substantial improvement. The address in reply to the speech from the Throne was moved and seconded

by Lord Tweeddale and Lord Vernon in the Lords, and Mr. Eliot and Mr. Samuel Smith in the Commons. These speeches of ceremony, chiefly remarkable for the hopeful view they expressed of the Egyptian question, were still going on in the Lords, and had not begun in the Commons, when the news arrived that Baker Pasha's miserable little army for the relief of Tokha had been fallen upon by the hostile chief Osman Digna and cut to pieces.

The reception of this news produced very different effects in the two Houses. In the Upper House Lord Salisbury was inspired by the 'sinister news' to make a fierce and comprehensive attack upon the complacent optimism of the Queen's speech. The attack was too comprehensive. Pindar said of the fair poetess Erinna, that she sowed with the sack, and not with the hand; that she showered the mythological allusions, of which Pindar himself was so profligate, with needless prodigality. Lord Salisbury sowed his charges against the Ministry with the sack rather than the hand. There was, as Lord Granville said afterwards, a want of chiaroscuro in Lord Salisbury's picture of the depravity of the Government. On the Egyptian question, undoubtedly, Lord Salisbury had a fine theme for attack. The Egyptian policy of the Government was almost defenceless, but the attack came with exceptionally bad grace from the lips of Lord Salisbury. Many of the Government's misfortunes were due to the lamentable weakness which had prevented them from breaking away at once from the foreign policy of their predecessors. For that policy Lord Salisbury and his party were responsible, and what they attacked the Ministry for doing was the miserable but legitimate conclusion of their own principles and their own practice.

But Lord Salisbury ignored all such responsibility. His method was like that of the theatrical manager in the story who divided the history of the world into two parts, the period of sandals and the period of buff boots. Everything went well in Egypt in the epoch of sandals—in the time, that is, of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. Everything went ill with Egypt in the age of buff boots—that is. in the time of Mr. Gladstone's

administration. Lord Granville had no great difficulty in answering such a speech with cool, good-humoured, slightly contemptuous argument. But it would have taken an abler man than Lord Granville to make the Egyptian policy of the Government appear a presentable and creditable policy just then.

The news of the Soudan disaster produced what may be called a political catastrophe in the Lower House. The speeches moving the address in the Commons were characterised by the same complacent optimism with regard to Egypt, which undoubtedly did seem ludicrous, if not horrible, in the face of the news that had just come in. But speeches in support of an address are more or less set performances, rehearsed beforehand, and quite too unwieldy to be adapted to unexpected emergencies. The Government, in the person of the mover and seconder of the address, congratulated itself upon a speedy solution of Egyptian troubles, while every man in the House who was listening to the debate knew that one of the most important events of the whole disastrous campaign had just taken place, and that the blow which had been dealt at English prestige in Egypt by the defeat of Baker Pasha had no less surely struck a heavy blow at the very existence of the Government. When the seconder of the address had sat down, Mr. Bourke rose to move an amendment, condemning the Egyptian policy of the Ministry. In a speech quite as telling as Lord Salisbury's, Mr. Bourke made his long series of charges against the Government, from the occupation of Egypt to the moment when Baker Pasha's hopeless, helpless army was cut to pieces. The attack was bitter, forcible, and, from the Tory point of view, complete. Mr. Bourke sat down amid the cheers of his party, to await the apparently inevitable Ministerial reply. To the surprise of almost every one, no one rose from the Treasury bench. The House had not been very full when Mr. Bourke began his speech, for the number of private bills introduced, and the length of the speeches on the address, had driven him into that fatal epoch of the House for an important speech—the dinner-hour. The men who thought of dining while Edmund Burke was speaking have always successors in the House of Commons.

Not all the vigour of Mr. Bourke's attack, not all the tragic importance lent to it by the tidings from the Soudan, could keep a full House at the dinner-hour. When Mr. Bourke sat down, the benches on both sides of the House were very thinly peopled. Mr. Gladstone had quitted the Treasury bench, Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice remained, and Sir Charles Dilke had been taking notes of the speech, so that it was confidently expected that he would rise in reply. But Sir Charles Dilke made no sign. There was an awkward pause; the Speaker had actually risen to put the question, when Baron de Worms flung himself heroically into the debate with a lively attack upon the Government for their reticence, the 'conscious silence of guilt.' But Baron de Worms could not hold out long. By the time he had concluded, Sir Charles Dilke too had taken up his notes and gone away; Mr. Gladstone had come in and interjected a reply to some of Baron de Worms' remarks, and had gone away again. The sole occupant of the Treasury bench was Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice showed no intention of saying anything. By this time Sir Stafford Northcote had perceived the importance of allowing the Government, if they liked, to take a division without answering the charges of the Opposition. Word was rapidly passed round the Conservative ranks to let the division be taken immediately. The order was immediately obeyed, though with great reluctance by some of the younger and wilder adherents of the party. These chose to believe that Sir Stafford Northcote was making a lamentable display of weakness in the face of the enemy; they did not see till afterwards that Sir Stafford Northcote had shown himself an abler general and better leader by that single stroke than by any other act of his since the fall of Lord Beaconsfield.

It was in vain next day that the Prime Minister tried—on a motion of Lord Randolph Churchill's for the adjournment of the House—to explain the occurrence away. It was in vain that he assured the House that the Ministerial silence was absolutely unintentional and regrettable; that it was owing entirely to a mistaken impression that the Conservative party intended to

keep the debate going for some time, and that it would be better for the Government reply to come after all the charges had been made. The mischief was done; the Government had placed itself in a painfully false position. It really seemed as if the news of the calamity at Teb had stricken them into silence. No explanations could get over the fact that charges of the most serious kind had been brought against the Government, and that not merely prudence but conventional courtesy had been set aside by the extraordinary reticence of the Treasury bench. The Conservatives were so much encouraged that they now announced their intention not to content themselves with an attempt to revive the question upon the report to the address, but to bring forward a solemn vote of censure upon the Government in both Houses. The terms of the vote were curious; both Houses were invited to declare their opinion that 'the recent lamentable events in the Soudan are due in a great measure to the vacillating and inconsistent policy pursued by her Majesty's Government.' It is, to put it mildly, not often that a vote of censure is moved on so comparatively light a charge as vacillation and inconsistency. The serious opponents of the Government undoubtedly thought that the conduct of the Ministry had been something more than merely vacillating and inconsistent. A man, Lord Granville had said in the debate on the address, might perhaps be accused of inconsistency if he opened his umbrella when it was raining, closed it when the rain stopped, and reopened it when the shower began again. The course of a vessel compelled to tack might be called vacillating. It is presumable that the Opposition worded their vote of censure in so guarded a manner in the hope of entangling Liberal malcontents who could hardly be expected to endorse by vote, or by abstention from voting, any more pronounced expression of Tory hostility. For the same reason, presumably, they limited the subject of their censure to affairs in the Soudan. They knew that many Liberals who were heartily with the conduct of the Government in Egypt up to a certain point were exceedingly dissatisfied with the way in which the Soudan question had been bungled. The vote of censure may be taken, therefore,

as cunningly addressed to the sweet voices of all the discontented and all the distressed on the Ministerial side of the House. Of course it came to nothing. It was carried in the Lords and rejected in the Commons in the middle of February. Its fiercest supporters were well aware that the Government majority would prove faithful, but it served to harass the Ministry well enough. In Egypt they were most vulnerable, and on Egypt then the Opposition unceasingly assailed them. Unluckily for the Government, they never did anything in Egypt until it was almost too late, until it appeared as if they had only been driven into it by the clamours of an indignant and patriotic Opposition. The Opposition were simply making use of Egypt as they would have used any other weapon which fate offered them wherewith to wound the party in power. But the unhappy policy of the party in power sharpened the weapon that was directed against themselves. All through the early months of the new session the Opposition brought forward Egypt whenever they could, and demanded incessant explanations of the Government policy.

On Monday, February 11, Mr. Bradlaugh made his reappearance. He had consented to wait so long after the opening of the session in order not to harass the Government by interference with the progress of the debate on the Queen's speech. The junior member for Northampton had every reason to believe that the interest aroused by his case was in no way abated. The House was crowded as it only is crowded on great occasions. Members packed themselves into the seats under the gallery which are not technically within the precincts of the House. They crouched uncomfortably on the steps of the gangway. They overflowed into the galleries above. They thronged about the bar. They grouped themselves behind the Speaker's chair. Wherever there was room to sit, squat, or stand, members huddled together. Naturally enough on an occasion when every one was anxious to come to the expected event as soon as possible, the questions occupied a longer time than usual. There were forty-four questions on the paper, and these must have been increased at least a third by additional

questions arising out of unsatisfactory Ministerial answers. The two final questions brought up the difficulties in Egypt. A shower of interrogations were at once hurled from all parts of the House upon the Prime Minister. Mr. Forster, with the ill-concealed malice of a defeated statesman, who seizes eagerly upon every opportunity of injuring his former colleagues, was anxious to know if the Government were, or were not, going to leave the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokha to their fate. Mr. Forster's cue was promptly taken up by the Opposition, always delighted to assist Mr. Forster in damaging the leader of his party. For a quarter of an hour Mr. Gladstone was baited by the Opposition with questions which he refused to answer respecting the intentions of the Government with regard to the beleaguered garrisons. But the final question was put at last. Then Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been waiting below the bar for some time in company with Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Burt, advanced solemnly to the table. While the Speaker rose to his feet and the air shook with shouts of 'Order,' Mr. Bradlaugh produced a written document and a gilt-edged Testament, read the oath himself, kissed the book, and signed his paper. Then, gravely bowing to the Speaker, Mr. Bradlaugh withdrew to the bar. The Speaker thereupon, with some hesitation, as if he were not quite certain how to proceed, or as if the preparation which had undoubtedly been made by most parties to that day's business had been but imperfectly mastered by him, called upon Mr. Bradlaugh to withdraw while the House considered upon his conduct. Mr. Bradlaugh immediately retired to the seat below the bar of the House which he had occupied all through question time. An awkward pause was interrupted by Sir Stafford Northcote, who rose and proposed the familiar resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to go through the form of repeating the oath. Upon this resolution, which appeared somewhat lame and ludicrous after Mr. Bradlaugh had, in a measure, taken the oath, a very acrimonious debate, or rather wrangle, rose. Mr. Gladstone defended the inaction of the Ministry, and announced that as the courts decided that a friendly action could not be brought against Mr. Bradlaugh to determine the legality of his

voting, the Government had resolved that they would apply the test themselves through the law officers of the Crown. Mr. Labouchere defended Mr. Bradlaugh in a speech which, by its contemptuous treatment of the whole question of the oath, roused the angriest interruption from the Opposition, and a repudiation by Mr. Forster of any sympathy with the opinions of Mr. Labouchere, though he intended to vote on his side. Many Irish members rose on points of order to know whether Mr. Bradlaugh, in seating himself below the bar of the House, had fully obeyed the Speaker's order to withdraw. The Speaker ruled that he had. Mr. Sexton proposed an amendment to the motion, which by its terms would prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from voting. But as it was shown that Mr. Bradlaugh could vote on this very amendment, it was withdrawn. The division was taken, but before the numbers were reported Mr. Healy moved that Mr. Bradlaugh's vote be expunged from the records of the House. Although the Attorney-General pointed out that this would have no bearing on the legal aspect of the case, as the very fact of the vote being disallowed would show that it had been given, the Opposition insisted upon dividing, and carried the motion by 258 to 161 : majority 97. The numbers for the original motion were then read, with the correction ordered by Mr. Healy's motion. They were 280 for, 167 against Sir Stafford Northcote's motion : majority 113. Sir Stafford Northcote then moved a resolution 'that the serjeant-at-arms do exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from the precincts of the House until he shall engage not further to disturb the proceedings of the House.' After some further debate the resolution was carried by 228 to 120 : majority 108. Mr. Bradlaugh, having voted once more in this division, then left the House, driving away amidst the cheers of the crowd, who had waited outside to learn the result of the business. He immediately applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, stood again for Northampton, and was re-elected by a larger majority than before. As soon as the writ was returned to the House Sir Stafford Northcote moved his usual notice, excluding Mr. Bradlaugh from the House, which was as usual carried by a large majority.

As soon as the debate on the address came to an end, a change took place in the government of the House of Commons. Sir Henry Brand resigned the Speakership, and his place was taken by Mr. Arthur Peel. It had been known for some time that Sir Henry Brand was anxious to abdicate his office. He was no longer young, and the duties of a Speaker, always onerous, were made heavier than ever by the new conditions of Parliamentary life and the introduction of the new rules. On Monday, February 25, Sir Henry Brand said farewell to the House over which he had presided for twelve years. Mr. Parnell, on behalf of his party, explained that they could not support the vote of thanks, in consequence of the unconstitutional action of the Speaker on the night of the *coup d'état*, but that they would not press their objection so far as to take a division. The leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition vied with each other in tributes to the retiring official. Sir Henry Brand acknowledged the vote of thanks in a simple and affecting speech. In alluding to the protest of the Irish party he expressed his belief that they were acting from a sense of duty, and trusted that they believed him to have acted under a similar impulse in that part of his career which brought him into contest with them. He shortly after retired from the Commons, and went to the Upper House as Lord Hampden.

Mr. Arthur Peel, the new Speaker, succeeded in surprising the House very agreeably on the day of his nomination. Mr. Peel was a younger son of Mr. Gladstone's master and Mr. Disraeli's old enemy, Sir Robert Peel. He had been in the House nearly twenty years when he was chosen to succeed Sir Henry Brand, and during all that period he had spoken so seldom as to be fairly counted among the most resolute of the House's silent members. There were many members of the House who had never heard him speak, who might very well have doubted whether the son of one of the greatest of Parliamentary orators had it in his power to make a speech. To what may fairly be called the unanimous surprise of the House, however, he made a speech on the acceptation of his new dignity, which, without exaggeration, might well be counted

as one of the most remarkable that had been delivered in St. Stephen's in the present Parliament. In firm, dignified, expressive, really eloquent words the hitherto silent member expressed to a bewildered and delighted House his conception of the duties of a Speaker, and his own earnest aspirations in some measure to fulfil them. Crœsus saved from the pyre by the miracle-stirred voice of the dumb child could hardly have been more amazed than the majority of the House of Commons were on that evening late in February when they discovered for the first time that the man who seemed as silent as Athelstane was almost a Windham, and that they had made the discovery just as he was assuming an office which would practically render it impossible for him to make any further use of his unexpectedly displayed ability.

At half-past six on Thursday, February 28, 1884, Mr. Gladstone rose to introduce the new Reform Bill. The Bill, Mr. Gladstone explained, might be regarded under any one, and indeed under all of three distinct and several aspects. In the first place, it was the redemption of a pledge long made by the Liberal party that they regarded Parliamentary reform as a vital part of the mission of the present Parliament. In the second place, it was intended to satisfy the general desire of the country for the extension of the franchise. In the third place, and above all, it was a proposal to add strength to the State. 'I take my stand,' said Mr. Gladstone, on the broad principle that the enfranchisement of capable citizens, be they few or be they many—and if they be many, so much the better—gives an addition of strength to the State.' The Bill thus introduced was as simple and straightforward a measure as any measure dealing with a highly complicated franchise system, which it did not completely alter, could possibly be. Mr. Gladstone did not propose to 'reform it altogether.' He had no desire to abolish the old existing systems; and speaking roughly, the new Reform Bill left them undisturbed. Only roughly speaking, for in certain special instances modifications were introduced by the new measure into the principles of existing franchises. But in general, rather than in particular language, the Prime Minister's

Bill introduced a variety of new franchises, and left the old ones unchanged. The existing borough franchise—leaving certain ancient rights which the Bill did not touch out of the question —was of three kinds. These were, first, the ten-pound occupation franchise established by the Reform Act of 1832. Secondly, the household franchise, created by the Reform Bill of 1867. Thirdly, the lodger franchise. The household franchise and the lodger franchise in boroughs remained practically unaltered. The ten pounds clear yearly franchise was extended to the occupation of land without buildings.

One of the main features of the new measure was the introduction into the borough franchise of a right of voting which Mr. Gladstone christened 'Service Franchise.' This franchise conferred a vote upon persons who, under certain conditions, occupy premises without being either the owners or the tenants of them. This franchise, said Mr. Gladstone, was a far-reaching franchise. It included on the one hand men of high class, inhabiting valuable houses as the officers of great institutions, and on the other hand men of humble class, servants of gentry, servants of farmers or other employers of labour, who, without being themselves tenants, fully fulfilled the ideal of responsible inhabitants of houses. In the counties the existing franchise was also of three kinds. There was the fifty-pound rental franchise, created by the Chandos clause of the Reform Bill of 1832. There was the twelve-pound occupation franchise of the Reform Bill of 1867. There was the property franchise, including freehold, copyhold, and leasehold. The fifty-pound franchise was to be abolished, as any one with that holding would obtain the franchise in other ways. The rating franchise was to be reduced from twelve pounds rateable value to ten pounds clear yearly value. All the borough franchises, household, lodger, and 'service,' were to be 'imported' into the counties. The property franchise remained untouched. Precautions were taken in order to prevent the multiplication of fictitious votes. 'There are fagots and fagots,' says the woodcutter in Molière's famous comedy. 'There are places,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'where one of the staple manufacturers was

a manufacturer of fagot votes.' 'I have in my possession,' said the Prime Minister, amidst the laughter of the House, 'a photograph of an hereditament, a certain structure not very imposing in itself, occupied by a single person and conferring one occupation franchise, but held by forty-five owners, every one of whom stands on the register in virtue of his forty-fifth part of this building which qualifies only a single occupier.' Re-distribution was not touched upon in the present Bill. That question Mr. Gladstone proposed to deal with in another measure at another time.

One of the most important passages in Mr. Gladstone's speech was that in which he assured the House and the country that it was a vital and essential part of the measure that England, Ireland, and Scotland should be treated on a principle of absolute equality. In words of special and earnest emphasis, Mr. Gladstone announced that nothing would induce the Government to depart from its determination to keep their measure complete in area. 'All the three countries have a case for enfranchisement arising out of the insufficiency of the present constituencies as compared with what they might be; but of the three the strongest is that of Ireland.' The Government had taken up their position with regard to Ireland, and would not recede from it. They would make no compromise, attempt no half-measures. 'I could bear no part in the responsibility of passing, perhaps, a Reform Bill for England and for Scotland, and then leaving a Reform Bill for Ireland to take its chance.' These words were addressed to the House of Commons, but they were levelled at the House of Lords. The Prime Minister made it clear to the Upper Chamber that the Government had taken its stand on the inclusion of Ireland in the new measure, and that they were prepared to champion that principle to the uttermost. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Gladstone turned to the crowded Liberal benches. In words unusually powerful and eloquent even for him, he asked them to put to themselves the question whether the Bill as a whole was worth having; and if it was worth having, to ignore all minor differences in the one great and united purpose of bringing it to success. 'What we

want to carry the Bill is union, and union only. What will defeat it is disunion, and disunion only.' The cheers that rose from the Liberal party as Mr. Gladstone concluded were a sufficient answer as to the union in their ranks; while the unwonted sight of spectators in the gallery joining in the applause that is only the privilege of members, seemed to answer for the unity of the vast majority outside the House.

The Egyptian difficulty and the necessity for obtaining Supply prevented the second reading from being moved until Monday, March 24. Mr. Gladstone was not able to attend the House in order to move the second reading. He had been absent from the House for some days, suffering from a violent cold, which he had caught one evening when leaving a reception at Lady Hayter's house. The cold proved more serious than had been expected; the Prime Minister lost his voice for a time completely, so that even conversation had to be forbidden; a term of absolute rest was insisted upon by the doctors, and even Cabinet Councils had to be held without his presence. Of course the wildest rumours flew abroad. It was confidently asserted by members of the Opposition and by the organs of the Opposition that sickness of body was a mere pretence, and that sickness of heart and soul was the real cause of the Prime Minister's absence from his duties. Anger and mortification at the failure of his purposes and the thwarting of his plans were the reasons for his retirement alleged by one section; despair at the turn things had taken in Egypt, and at having to yield to his colleagues in sanctioning the war in the Soudan, were the reasons adduced by others: there were not even wanting some to hint that the causes of his absence were of the same nature as those which, according to rumour, caused for a time the retirement of Chatham and, in later days, of Lord Brougham for a season from public life.

In the absence of the Prime Minister it fell to Lord Hartington to move the second reading, which he did in silence, simply raising his hat when the measure was called from the chair. Lord John Manners immediately moved an amendment, declaring that the House refused to proceed further with a

measure 'having for its object the addition of two million voters to the electoral body of the United Kingdom,' until it had before it the entire Ministerial scheme, re-distribution and all. Lord John Manners' speech was almost entirely founded upon a speech made by Lord Derby when he was Lord Stanley and a Conservative, against the Reform Bill of 1866. Lord John Manners was replied to by Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright had not spoken very often in the new Parliament, and even when he had his speeches were not of a kind to give those who had not heard him of old any idea of the marvellous eloquence which had once made him famous. His reply to Lord John Manners in this instance was not at first very promising. He seemed but the shadow of his former self; his words came slowly; his thoughts seemed vague and colourless. He warmed up, however, when he came to that part of the new measure which treated of Ireland. At one time Mr. Bright had been looked upon in Ireland as the especial champion of the grievances of the Irish people. He had lost that character of late; his action on Coercion had made him extremely unpopular; now once more for the moment he was resuming his old part. Mr. Bright eloquently protested against any principle of re-distribution which should materially alter the proportion of seats in Ireland. The Act of Union specially provided that Ireland should be allowed 100 members, at a time when the population was, roughly speaking, much the same as it is at the present time, when she is represented by 103 members. Mr. Bright earnestly protested against any interference with the Act of Union to Ireland's injury. It had, indeed, been interfered with when the disestablishment of the Church took place, but the principle which governed the one interference did not apply to the other. Mr. Bright went on to show that as the Act of Union was forced by a strong upon a weak country, the strong country had a right to relax any hard condition, but had no right to abolish a condition specially introduced in the interests of the weaker nation.

Perhaps the most important of all the speeches on the Bill was that of Mr. Chamberlain, on Thursday, March 27. Ever

since the new Ministry had entered into office Mr. Chamberlain had been steadily growing in power in the country. It had seemed something of a daring step to include Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet when it was first formed; now it was obvious that any Liberal Cabinet which not merely did not include Mr. Chamberlain, but did not fully recognise his great importance and authority, would be an absurdity. Mr. Henry George, in one of his speeches, had said that if the English republic came soon Mr. Chamberlain would be its first President; and the remark showed acute political insight. Mr. Chamberlain was as much the representative of the Radical as Mr. Gladstone was of the Liberal party; and the Radical party are clearly destined to be the ruling force in English politics. Perhaps one of the greatest tributes to Mr. Chamberlain's success and to his influence is paid him by the unconcealed dislike that the Whigs and the so-called Liberals cherish against him. One morning the political world was surprised and amused by a curious expression of this dislike. Mr. Marriott, the member for Brighton, had rushed into print in a pamphlet form, after the fashion of eighteenth-century politicians, to vilipend and denounce Mr. Chamberlain. The pamphlet, as a mode of political warfare, is almost as antiquated as the Brown Besses of Ramillies and Blenheim; but Mr. Marriott's pamphlet had almost as much success as 'The White Staff,' or some unusually bitter number of the *Craftsman*. It assailed Mr. Chamberlain with unmitigated and it must be added unmeaning abuse. The world was told a great deal about the orchids which Mr. Chamberlain chooses to wear in his button-hole, and it was held up as a terrible example of the inconsistency of politicians that a Radical should have a liking for flowers. Shortly after this eccentric display of private and political pique Mr. Marriott went over to the Conservative party, to whom he by right belonged, resigned his seat, stood again, and was successfully re-elected. There was nothing at all wonderful in the re-election. Brighton never was a town of advanced political ideas. It was generally Liberal, as Lady Tippins's husband was knighted, by mistake. No one ever looked upon Brighton

as a stronghold of Liberal opinion, a sort of Birmingham Baiæ; and when the electors of Brighton expressed their hostility to the Radical party by returning Mr. Marriott, nobody was or ought to have been in the least surprised. Yet if the Brighton election had heralded the fall of the Ministry, the Conservative party could not have displayed a noisier delight.

The point of Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the second reading of the Franchise Bill was a comparison between the position of the country in 1867 and the position of the country now. 'The old order has given place to the new.' That was the text of Mr. Chamberlain's homily; those were Mr. Chamberlain's words. With remarkable force and power Mr. Chamberlain put forward the case of the agricultural labourer, in the face of the most persistent interruption on the part of the Opposition. 'They have been robbed of their lands; they have been robbed of their rights in the commons; they have been robbed of their open spaces. . . . The agricultural labourers are still being robbed. You cannot go into a single country lane in which you won't find that the landowners on each side have enclosed, or are enclosing, land which for centuries belonged to the people.' Mr. Chamberlain went on to speak of the abuse of endowments for the poor. 'I am not,' he said, 'bringing any charge against any party in this House with regard either to the robbery of land or the robbery of endowments. I take shame to the Liberal party quite as much as to the Conservative party. What I argue is that these wrongs would never have been committed if the agricultural labourers could have spoken for themselves in this House.' With regard to the inclusion of Ireland, Mr. Chamberlain replied to Lord John Manners' statement that the Bill would make Mr. Parnell the grand elector for four-fifths of Ireland, and declared that that rather happily described Mr. Parnell's present position. 'I am not by any means certain that this Bill will make any change in his great influence; but whether it does or not, unless this House is prepared to abandon all idea of constitutional treatment of the Irish question, unless it is prepared to abandon all idea of a representative system in Ireland, it should take care that the

representative system there is a reality and not a sham, not a mere fraud and imposition. We may or may not like the opinions held by the majority of the Irish people, but we cannot suppress them; and it is to our interest, it is in accord with statesmanship and good policy, that those opinions, however unpopular, should be represented—that we should tempt the people of Ireland to bring their grievances to a constitutional test, and not drive them to secret conspiracy.'

Mr. Gladstone made a reappearance in the House for a brief time on Monday, March 31. The occasion was a melancholy one. On the previous Friday the Queen's youngest son, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, had died at Cannes, quite suddenly, in an epileptic fit. The popular voice is always predisposed to the praise of princes; but in the case of the Duke of Albany the praise and the regret appear to have been unusually genuine and unusually deserved. Dr. Johnson once said to Burke, who had praised a man for having gentle manners, 'Sir, you need say no more; when you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough.' The Duke of Albany appears to have been pre-eminently a prince of gentle manners. His physical health had been feeble from his youth, and had debarred him from the custom of many exercises in which Englishmen especially delight, and in which his brothers distinguished themselves. But he found compensation in studious and literary tastes. In Miss Grace Greenwood's 'Life of Queen Victoria' she says that Dr. James Martineau once described the Duke of Albany to her as 'a young man of very thoughtful mind, high aims, and quite remarkable acquirements.' The words might fitly serve as the young Prince's epitaph. Not quite two years before, in April 1882, he had been married to the Princess Helen Frederika Augusta, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, to whom he appears to have been tenderly attached.

The address of condolence to the Queen, and message of sympathy to the Duchess of Albany, were moved in the Lords by Lord Granville, and seconded by Lord Salisbury; the address in the House of Commons was moved by Mr. Gladstone, and

seconded by Sir Stafford Northcote. The condition of the House was peculiar. It might be said to have met for the discharge of a melancholy duty under exceptionally distressing conditions. Mr. Gladstone, as we have said, had come back to the House after a serious illness, had almost risen from his sick bed, to be at his place to move the address. The Speaker was so ill that it was quite impossible for him to leave his room. The Deputy-Speaker, Sir Arthur Otway, was in almost the same condition, and under ordinary circumstances would not have attended the House. But it is one of the beauties of our Parliamentary system that it is assumed that the Speaker and the Deputy-Speaker never could both be ill at the same time. No provision has been made to meet the contingency, and in consequence the House, if deprived of its Speaker and his deputy, would be compelled to adjourn. In this emergency Sir Arthur Otway literally rose from a sick bed to assist the perplexed Commons. To add one further complication to the difficulties of the situation, Sir Erskine May, the clerk of the House, was almost as ill as Sir Arthur Otway, and like Sir Arthur Otway was so weak and hoarse that he could hardly make his voice be heard. For the first time within the memory of man members of the House, to spare their Chairman's voice, rose and put their questions without being called upon by name.

Affairs in Egypt kept on drifting from bad to worse. The Opposition peppered the Ministry with unsuccessful votes of censure on their Egyptian policy. This policy, a policy of ruling and not ruling Egypt, soon set them at odds with Nubar Pasha. The Government set great store by the appointment of Nubar Pasha, and Nubar Pasha was now only increasing their difficulties by threatening to resign if he did not have everything his own way. The financial situation of Egypt too was gloomy. The law of liquidation as it stood forbade any further borrowing by Egypt. But Egypt's liabilities were pressing. Some four and a-half millions were owing for the Alexandrian indemnities alone; and, if these indemnities were to be paid, the law of liquidation would have to be modified. The Government accordingly invited the Great Powers to con-

sider the expediency of summoning a Conference in order to induce the signatories of the treaty of liquidation to consent to a modification of the law. Important as this proposal was, it was almost lost sight of in the far greater public interest taken in the fortunes of General Gordon. Gordon was surrounded in Khartoum. 'I can only feel trust in God's mercy,' he wrote to a friend, 'for there is nothing else.' Indeed there did seem to be nothing else. The policy of the Government appeared to be one of masterly inaction. The *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* received incessant letters from all quarters and all classes, urging the setting on foot of some subscription in order to form an expedition for the relief of General Gordon. In the midst of the excitement the Government, in justification of its policy, published the Egyptian correspondence relating to Gordon. It can hardly be said that the correspondence proved a very satisfactory justification of the Government policy, but as a collection of historical documents it was of almost unrivalled interest. The communications from Gordon at Khartoum are the most important part of the correspondence. It must be admitted that Gordon's policy occasionally appears somewhat erratic. Again and again he makes urgent appeals for assistance, and curious suggestions about sending Turkish troops to relieve Khartoum. We hear of his sending out scouts to see if some army of relief is coming. 'He evidently thinks he is to be abandoned,' telegraphs Sir Evelyn Baring on April 18 to Earl Granville, 'and is very indignant.' There is an unconscious satire in those few words of Sir Evelyn Baring's which really deserves immortality. Gordon was in a place of peril, where he was attempting, almost alone, to accomplish a well-nigh impossible task. He thought, perhaps unreasonably, that his suggestions were disregarded and his appeals for help neglected. Yet it appears surprising to the official mind that under these conditions he should consider himself abandoned, and be indignant at the abandonment.

There was plenty to occupy men's thoughts at home as well as abroad. In London society much sympathy was felt for

Mr. Edmund Yates, in his undergoing a sentence of four months' imprisonment for a libel which had found its way into the *World* without his knowledge. The returns of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry from their unrivalled successes in America, had about them something of the dignity of international episodes. Every Londoner took sides and fought fiercely over Sir William Harcourt's long-talked-of London Government Bill. The Bill proposed to put an end to the anomalous and divided methods by which the huge city, or rather collection of cities, which is called London is administrated. Roughly speaking, Sir William Harcourt's measure proposed to extend the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London, which at present only rules over what is technically termed 'the City,' to the whole of the metropolis. All the powers of the Metropolitan Board of Works were to be transferred to the Corporation. The Corporation itself underwent no small alterations. Every householder was to become a citizen under the same qualifications that regulate citizenship in other municipalities. The Common Council elected by the votes of the citizens was to have its authority expanded from the City wards to the whole area of London, and to have everything connected with the metropolis under its control except the poor laws, the police, and education. The Mayor and Sheriffs were to be elected by the Common Council, and a comprehensive system of district councils was proposed for carrying out the work. One startling reformation the Home Secretary's measure meant to accomplish. It proposed to annihilate the time-honoured, long-satirised, much laughed-at office of London Alderman.

On Thursday, April 24, Mr. Childers brought forward his Budget. It contained no striking remissions of taxation; no very fascinating and original financial readjustments. Mr. Childers only counted upon a surplus of 268,000*l.*, out of which he proposed to give some slight relief to the taxation on carriages for hire. In order to deal with the perplexing question of light gold, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the issue of a ten-shilling gold piece, containing only nine shillings' worth of gold and being, therefore, a token coin, like the

crown and half-crown. The profit on the issue of this piece would allow of the withdrawal of all the existing light gold coinage, without inconvenience to the public or expense to the taxpayer. The new token would be only legal tender for a limited amount. Mr. Childers also proposed to create a two and three-quarters per cent. stock with quarterly dividends, liable to redemption in the fifth year of the next century, and a two and a-half per cent. stock with no such liability. He proposed to effect the conversion of the existing Consols and Reduced Three Per Cents. into one or other of these newly created stocks, the profit of the reduction thus effected to be devoted to the relief of taxation. The way had, it was thought, been sufficiently prepared for this operation by the great rise in the prices of the Three Per Cents., and the existing Two-and-a-Half Per Cents., that had taken place during the previous two years.

On the last day of April the Government made a concession to Ireland. Mr. Dickson had brought in a measure to amend the purchase clauses of the Land Act of 1881. Mr. Parnell did not consider Mr. Dickson's bill strong enough, and to the surprise of the majority at least of the House, Mr. Trevelyan appeared to agree with Mr. Parnell. The Irish Secretary announced that the Government had for some time been maturing a more comprehensive scheme for dealing with the purchase clauses of the Land Act, and could not therefore accept Mr. Dickson's slighter measure.

Early in the year the *Times* lost its editor, and Oriental scholarship one of its most remarkable members, by the death of Mr. Thomas Chenery. Mr. Chenery was succeeded in the editorship of the *Times* by Mr. Buckle. Mr. Milner Gibson at the time of his death had passed almost entirely out of public view. At one time he played a prominent part in politics as an ally of Cobden and Bright. He was defeated at the General Election of 1868, and retired into private life. Music lost Mr. Hullah, mathematics Dr. Isaac Todhunter, law Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., and literature Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Douglas Jerrold's son. In the beginning of March R. H.

Horne died, at a very advanced age, at Margate. At one time he seemed likely to make himself a great name as a poet, but somehow or other he never quite made it, and of late years both he and his work might be said to be practically forgotten. Few people ever read now, few people ever did read, the famous 'Farthing Epic,' the 'Orion,' which Edgar Allan Poe admired so much. Mr. Horne lived a curious, wandering, lonely life; he died a lonely death. His was not a very lovable nature, but he found people to love and befriend him to the end, and much of his later life was brightened by the affectionate kindness of one of the youngest of our young poets, Mr. Baddeley. Horne's one wish was to be laid by the side of Charles Lamb at Edmonton, but for some reason or other the wish was not carried out and he was buried at Margate, where he died. Of all that he wrote, and he wrote much, his 'Death of Marlowe' best deserves to be remembered. There is a grim power and passion in this one-act tragedy, which is not unworthy of the poet it celebrates. Marlowe's dying words—

> Oh, full and orbed heart,
> Flee to thy kindred sun, rolling on high.
> Or let the hoary and eternal sea
> Sweep me away and swallow body and soul!

have in them some echo of the mighty music of 'Faustus.'

On April 24 Madame Taglioni died in Marseilles. Though she was not indeed English her name was once so famous in England, and she had lived in England so long after her fame had passed away, that her death deserves at least a passing mention. She made her first appearance in London in 1829, and at once became the rage. People raved about her, wrote about her, almost worshipped her. Forty years later a quiet old woman was to be met in certain London houses who was poor, and who maintained herself by giving dancing lessons. This quiet old woman was all that was left of Taglioni. 'Here's a sermon,' as Madame de Berstein said when she showed Harry Warrington what her face was like in the days when she was called Beatrix Castlewood. Taglioni is said not to have been so beautiful as Cherito, nor so dramatic as Fanny Essler whom

Théophile Gautier idolised, whom the second Napoleon adored, and who loved Frederick von Gentz. But in her own way she was without a peer.

On April 11 Mr. Charles Reade died. If Mr. Reade was not quite in the front rank of the novelists of the Victorian age, he was undoubtedly not very far removed from the front rank. If his name cannot be written with those of Thackeray, of Dickens, or even of George Eliot, it undoubtedly must be written immediately after them. Mr. Charles Reade has been very truly said to have developed for himself an entirely new branch of the art of novel-writing, the special gift of which was to convert a Parliamentary blue-book into a work of fiction. But although Mr. Reade rendered sterling service alike to literature and humanity by these glorified blue-books, his greatest works did not come under that head. The tender charm of 'Christie Johnstone' fascinates without inculcating any theory. 'Peg Woffington' almost deserves to stand as an exquisite recreation of the last century by the side of 'Esmond.' 'The Cloister and the Hearth' is the most masterly historical novel that has been written since Scott. The character of Denys of Burgundy is worthy of the creator of Dugald Dalgetty. His cheery watch-cry of '*Courage, camarade, le diable est mort*,' rings in our ears like the speech of a friend. How many, by the way, we wonder, of Mr. Charles Reade's admirers are aware that the original of this very watch-cry is to be found, in Italian, notin French, in one of Dryden's plays, from whose recesses Mr. Reade disentombed it and gave it a chance of immortality.

In the same month died Henry J. Byron, dramatist and actor, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, wife of one of the foremost actors of light comedy, as she was herself one of the foremost actresses in the same style, of what may almost be called a past generation. Many changes have come over the stage and all connected with it since the days when Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan were at the height of their success. We are in a new dramatic epoch, and they belonged to the old. To the younger school of playgoers they are little more than a memory. The

death of Mr. Michael Thomas Bass should not pass uncommemorated, for his was a name, like that of Dr. Guillotin, 'like to outlive Cæsar's.' Sir Michael Costa, who died at the end of April, took from the world of music one of its most remarkable figures. 'Ten thousand eyes,' says Mr. Haweis, writing of him, 'for half a century at every great festival have been riveted upon that figure. We shall see him no more; but he leaves to art an open secret, a bright achievement, and an unsullied name.'

In Sir Bartle Frere the country lost a statesman whose successes as an Indian official are pleasanter to dwell on than his failures in South Africa. Law lost Sir Watkin Williams; literature Mr. Mark Pattison, a scholar of a curious type, who left behind him some disagreeable memoirs. In Mr. Alexander Martin Sullivan, Ireland lost a true Nationalist, a gifted writer and a brilliant orator. On November 6 Mr. Fawcett died. His illness was sudden; many hardly knew that he was ill till they heard of his death.

The effect of the news of the death of Mr. Fawcett was very marked in the House of Commons. The sad tidings did not arrive until after question-time, and were only known at first to a few members of the Government; but they soon spread, and within half an hour were known to every member. It is not too much to say that the reception of the news of the calamity wrought a distinct change in the outward appearance of the House and the bearing and demeanour of its occupants. In lobbies and corridors, in tea-room and dining-room and smoking-rooms, voices were lower than their wont, and the almost schoolboyish merriment which is at all times characteristic of the House of Commons, even during the most serious political crises, was hushed indeed. It was difficult at first to realise that the stalwart form, with the kindly face and the cheery voice, would never again make its appearance on the arm of his secretary or of some familiar friend in the place with which he had been so long and so honourably associated. Every one recognised that in the whole course of his public career he was an honourable, upright, and gifted gentleman, whose life,

darkened as it was by the terrible privation of blindness, presented to the public view the example of an antique fortitude, and to his private friends a dignified and lovable resignation. It may indeed be said of him, as of Milton's Lycidas, that in his own way of life he 'hath not left his peer.' He was succeeded in the office of Postmaster-General by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALL OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE year 1884 faded into 1885, and found the Government getting deeper and deeper into difficulties. The Irish question was as vexed as ever. Mr. William O'Brien had succeeded in the face of many difficulties in bringing to light the offences of certain officials of Dublin Castle. A little later Mr. Trevelyan, weary of a post in which there was no honour to be gained, became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Mr. Campbell Bannerman was made Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant in his stead. But the chief difficulty of the Government was in Egypt, where the Mahdi was still defiant, and where Gordon was still shut up in Khartoum. For a long time the Government seemed disposed to take no steps to aid him in his sore need. In the end, however, a relief expedition was fitted out under the command of Lord Wolseley. Lord Wolseley had been so often successful that he came to be regarded in the English mind as a general who must always be successful. But the difficulties which lay in Lord Wolseley's path in relieving Khartoum were such as in all probability, under the conditions in which he acted, would have baffled a Cæsar or an Alexander. The expedition moved its slow way along by the Nile route. The eyes of the world may be said, without exaggeration, to have been fixed upon that comparatively small body of men making their way through the desert to relieve Khartoum and to save Gordon. Evil fortune attended upon

the expedition. Bad news trod on the heels of bad news. There were many desperate battles with the Arabs and much bloodshed, and many gallant lives lost on both sides. One of the most conspicuous names amongst the dead was that of Colonel Burnaby. Colonel Burnaby occupied a remarkable position in the eyes of his country. He had done a great many daring and desperate things. He was famous for that kind of reckless courage whose delight in attempting any desperate adventure increases in direct ratio with the danger it incurs. He seemed to bear acharmed life, for he had carried it safely away from so many perils. Among the Khanates of Central Asia, in his wild ballooning expeditions, in his wanderings in all parts of the world, and, last of all, in his battles in the desert beyond Suakim, he had braved death many times in many ways and had escaped the danger. His turn had come, however, and he fell fighting bravely at Abû Klea, and sleeps beneath the yellow sand of the desert. He could hardly have wished for a more appropriate end to the fiery, fitful life. We are told that his health was such that he might at any time have fallen dead without any warning. He, at least, would have judged it better to die a soldier's death far out in Egypt than to drop dead suddenly on the steps of a London club or on the pavement of a London street.

There were deaths in the expedition, and deaths among those whom the expedition was sent to save. There came a rumour that Stewart, Gordon's chosen companion on his eventful ride to Khartoum, and Frank Power, the gallant, reckless Irishman who acted as the *Times* correspondent at Khartoum, had been killed away from the city by treachery. The rumour was soon confirmed. Gordon was left alone in the city, which he was defending so well against such odds. At last one day came the final and fateful news. The advanced part of the expedition had pushed its way through many dangers within sight of Khartoum, only to find the banners of the Mahdi flying over the conquered city, and to be hailed by the fire of the Mahdi's followers. The advance expedition had to beat back in imminent peril; and in a few hours the whole world knew

that one of the most remarkable sieges in history was over at last, that Khartoum had fallen, that Gordon was no more. Seldom within the memory of living man has London shown more distinct marks of public excitement than on the afternoon when the posters of the evening papers announced the news of the fall of Khartoum and the probable death of Gordon.

Many persons had confidently predicted that the death of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum would bring with it the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. These prophets were not justified. Although the certainty of Gordon's death, in spite of occasionally conflicting rumours, soon became established beyond any reasonable doubt, although Khartoum had fallen, the Ministry still held firm. They were able not merely to endure the fall of Khartoum, but to announce the abandonment of the Soudan Expedition, and the withdrawal of the troops from Upper Egypt—not, indeed, without bitter opposition and hostile criticism, but without Ministerial reverse. This decision left the Mahdi practically the master of the situation. It told England's Mohammedan subjects everywhere that a Mohammedan prophet had proved victorious over the armies of England, had killed one of her chiefest soldiers, and had planted the green banner of Islam on the walls of the beleaguered city whose siege had been followed by so many myriads of eyes in every Eastern bazaar. It told them that the English army which had been sent to smash the Mahdi was rapidly retiring from the dominions over which the Mahdi held sway. All these facts stirred the Mohammedan world to its centre, but did not shake—or did not appear to shake—the strength of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Even the fierce wrangle over Penjdeh, which seemed for one exciting week destined to fling England and Russia into a war the end of which must be difficult to predict, but the result of which must certainly have been disastrous to all concerned, did not obviously impair the strength of the Government. Vote of censure after vote of censure was showered by a furious and despairing Opposition upon the Ministry without the slightest effect. Appeal after appeal to the certain test of the division-lobbies only recorded

successive victories for the Government, successive assurances of the confidence of the House of Commons in the conduct of its leaders. Suddenly, almost startlingly, there came a change. The great scheme of reform had come almost to a conclusion. The Redistribution Bill—establishing something like electoral districts with a single member for each electoral division, except in a very few cases, where the old form was preserved—had only to receive the final consent of the Lords, Then the Government that had accomplished this great task, and successively braved so many dangers, met its fate. Mr. Childers's Budget was the ostensible cause of the fall of the Gladstone Ministry. Exception was strongly taken in the House of Commons, and outside it, to the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to increase the beer and spirit duties. The opposition was strong; the Chancellor of the Exchequer made some concessions, but not enough, and the opposition was kept up. It did not seem to be a matter in which the fate of the Ministry was likely to be involved; but whisky was destined to prove as deadly to Mr. Gladstone's Government as water had proved to the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield. On Monday, June 8, a crowded House had listened to the long-drawn conclusion of the debate on the disputed point. To the general surprise of the House, two speeches—one by Sir Charles Dilke, and one by Mr. Gladstone—converted the debatable matter into a Cabinet question. Even then, at that eleventh hour, the House had no idea of what was about to happen.

The present Parliament has been fruitful in scenes of all kinds, but it has never witnessed a more striking or more startling scene than that which hailed the fall of the Gladstone Government. Curiously enough, up to the last moment there was practically no impression in the House that the Government were going to be defeated. Sanguine members of the Opposition showed by ingenious tabulation of figures that the Government would only have a majority of some five or six, and would therefore suffer a moral defeat. Hopeful Ministerialists, on the other hand, demonstrated that the Government could count upon a safe majority of twenty-seven to thirty. It

was only when the division was well-nigh over, and the benches had pretty well filled, that any inkling of what was about to happen dawned upon the Senate. The keen eye of one well-known Conservative suddenly discovered that the men from the "Aye" lobby were almost all in, while the "No" lobby was still pouring a steady stream of members into the House. On the Treasury bench one or two of the younger and less experienced members were observed casting anxious glances towards the door through which the followers of the Ministry were making their way back to their places. Rumour ran rapidly along the Conservative benches that the Government would have next to no majority—would have no majority at all—would be in a minority. Lord Kensington came in hurriedly, with a face set into determined absence of expression, and sat down by Mr. Gladstone. A few moments more, and the paper was handed to Mr. Winn amid the loudest outbreak of cheering that the House of Commons has heard for more than a generation. Wild with delight, Lord Randolph Churchill actually leapt on to the bench, waving his hat with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. His friends clustered round him, caught at him, drew him down, but could not restrain him from the vehement expression of his delight. The example was contagious. The whole House to the left of Mr. Speaker roared and shouted, and thundered, and waved its hats, and clapped its hands in a frenzy of genuine delight. Their hour at last had come, and the fate of the Ministry was sealed.

Mr. Gladstone immediately rose. For some seconds it was useless for him to attempt to speak, so long and loud were the triumphant cheers and cries of his opponents. When at length he was suffered to speak, he announced that in consequence of the vote that had just been given it would be necessary for the Ministry to consider their position, and he accordingly moved the adjournment of the House. The next day he informed the House that he had placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen. Then followed an interregnum of odd uncertainty. Mr. Gladstone had gone out, but it was by no means certain that the Conservatives would come in. There were many

among the Opposition who strongly disliked the idea of their party coming into office under such conditions. The Queen sent for Lord Salisbury. For a few days it seemed uncertain whether Lord Salisbury would accept the difficult trust. There were troubles to contend with in his own party as well as outside it. Lord Randolph Churchill was known to have a strong objection to the 'old gang,' as he irreverently styled the time-honoured and somewhat slow-going politicians of the Opposition front bench. Lord Randolph desired to see younger men of the party given some opportunity of distinguishing themselves. This was one difficulty. Another was the question of coercion. That was a question Mr. Gladstone's Government would have had to deal with almost immediately if they had remained in office. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were known to be strongly opposed to any further coercive legislation, and it is probable that the Ministry would have gone to pieces over coercion if it had not tripped over the Budget. Among the Conservatives, too, opinions differed on the coercion question. Lord Randolph Churchill was not an advocate of coercive legislation. These and the obvious discomfort of accepting office with a minority for a time disturbed the Conservative councils. For some days all was suspense. Active negotiations were carried on between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. The situation was epigrammatically expressed by Mr. Gibson. 'For a fortnight,' Mr. Gibson declared, 'the Liberals were in a state of suspended animation and the Conservatives in a state of animated suspense.' At last a definite conclusion was arrived at. Lord Salisbury accepted office, after allowing Lord Randolph Churchill to have well-nigh his own way in the composition of the new Cabinet. On Wednesday, June 24, 1885, the two parties changed sides in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone addressed the chamber from the front Opposition bench. Mr. Rowland Winn moved for most of the new writs for the re-election of the new Ministers. After a stormy existence of a little more than five years, the Gladstone Administration had come to an end.

INDEX.

ABB

Abbas Pasha, 225
Abd-el-Kader, 296
Abdurrahman Khan, 62–63; 67; subsidy to, 292–293
Adam, Mr., 13–14; death of, 172
Afghanistan, 3; war in, 61–68; 292–293
Agrarian Crimes, Forster's return of, 118–119
Agricultural Holdings Bill, 285
Ainsworth, Harrison, death of, 248
Albania and Dulcigno, 56–58
Albany, Duke of, *see* Leopold
Albert, Prince, 9
Alexander II., assassinated, 160
Alexander, Captain, and Orange circular, 279
Alexandria, riots, 238; bombarded, 239–240; fired, 241
Anstruthers, Colonel, at Bronkhurst Spruit, 75–76; death, 77
Appropriation Bill, 183
Arabi Pasha, 232–245
Argyll, Duke of, 13; career of, 34; Affirmation Bill, 178; and Mr. Chamberlain, 265
Arms Bill, 132
Army Discipline Bill, 135
Army Regulations Bill, 154
Arrears Bill, 193–195; 218–219
Ashley, Evelyn, 207
Auchinleck, Captain, at Rustenberg, 81
Australasian Colonies and New Guinea, 289–291
Austria and Gladstone, 51–55; naval demonstration, 57; and Danubian Conference, 252–256
Ayoob Khan, 64–67

Baker Pasha, 244; at El Teb, 313–316; at second battle of Teb, 317, 326

BOY

Baker, Sir S., in Soudan, 298, 300
Balfour, A. J., and Fourth Party, 48; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 214
Balfour, Y. M., death of, 248
Ballot Act, 87
Bankruptcy Bill, 284
Bannerman, C., 207; Chief Secretary, 349
Baring, Sir E., and Gordon, 343
Barrère, Camille, and Danubian Conference, 254
Barry, John, 101
Barttelot, Sir W., 106
Bass, Mr., death of, 348
Basutos, disarmament of, 73
Beaconsfield, Lord, letter to Duke of Marlborough, 1; and Ireland, 7–8; and Dilke, 22; and Lytton, 60; and Gladstone, 115; death of, 136–141; statue to, 263
Beer, Paul de, at Bronkhurst Spruit, 76–77
Bellairs, Colonel, at Pretoria, 77–80
Bengal Tenancy Bill, 289
Benjamin, Mr., death of, 347
Bessborough Commission, 143
Bezhuidenot and Boer war, 73–74
Bibesco, Prince George, and Roumania, 255
Biggar, J. G., 100, 114, 120, 125, 163
Bills of Exchange Act, 219
Blake, Mr., murdered, 222
Blandford, Lord, only Home Rule Peer, 295
Blignières, M., and Egypt, 230–231, 237
Blunt, W. S., and Arabi, 232
Boer War, 68–82
Bok, E., and Boer war, 75
Borrow, George, death of, 170–171
Bourke, Mr., murder of, 222
Bourke, R., and Egypt, 328
Boycotting, 110–112

BRA

Brabourne, Lord, 15
Bradlaugh, C., 38; in 1880, 39–44; and coercion, 119; in 1881, 147–154; in 1882, 174–178; in 1883, 259–261; in 1884, 331–333
Brand, Sir H., resigns speakership, 333–334
Brennan, T., 114, 164
Briggs, Mr., and tablet to Prince Imperial, 87
Bright, J., and new ministry, 10, 11, 13, 17; and radicalism, 19; politics of, 25; and John Dillon the Elder, 106; Coercion, 120–123; Reform Bill, 338–339
Broadley, Mr., defends Arabi, 244
Bronkhurst Spruit, fight at, 75–76
Brooke, Captain, at Marabastadt, 81
Brougham, Lord, 9; 337
Brown, Dr. J., death of, 248
Brown, John, death of, 295
Brown, Rawdon, death of, 295
Browne, H. K., death of, 248
Buckland, F., death of, 90
Buckshot, nickname for Mr. Forster, 108
Budget, Northcote's, 1880, 4–5; 1880, 83; 1881, 135; 1882, 219; 1883, 283; 1884, 344–345
Bulgaria & Danubian Conference, 254
Burial Bill, 84
Burke, Father, death of, 295
Burke, Mr., murder of, 202–205; trial of murderers, 271–274
Burnaby, Colonel, in Soudan, 313–314, 317; Central Asia, 322; death of, 350
Burrows, General, at Maiwand, 64–66
Burton, Captain, 305
Burton, J. H., death of, 171
Busk, Hans, death of, 250
Butt, Isaac, 96–97
Byron, H. J., death of, 347

CAIRNS, LORD, and Randolph Churchill, 262
Cairo, Europeans in, in 1881, 233–234; surrenders, 244
Carey, James, 272–274
Carlyle, death of, 166–169
Carnarvon and South African Confederation, 71; opposes Affirmation Bill, 178
Carter, Mr. T. F., on Boers, 69
Cavagnari, Sir Louis, murder of, 3, 62

COM

Cave, Mr., in Egypt, 228
Cavendish, Lord Frederick, and Bradlaugh Committee, 39; murder of, 202–205; trial of murderers, 271–274
Census Bills, 87
Central Asia, 321–325
Cetewayo, 3, 250
Chamberlain, Joseph, and New Ministry, 11–13; character, 19–22; and Mr. Marriott, 181; Irish Secretaryship, 205; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 211–215; Electric Lighting, 219; attacks Salisbury, 264–265; Bankruptcy Bill, 284; Patents for Inventions, 286; Reform Bill, 339; and Mr. Marriott, 340; and Reform, 341
Chambord, Count De, death of, 296
Chaplin, Mr., and Fourth Party, 49
Charrington, Lieutenant, death of, 246
Chenery, Thomas, death of, 345
Cherif Pasha resigns, 236; New Ministry, 244
Childers, Mr., 11, 13, 31; Chancellor of Exchequer, 207; Budget, 1883, 283; National Debt Bill, 283–284; Budget, 1884, 344–345 Budget, 1885, 352
Churchill, Lord Randolph, forms Fourth Party, 44–48; and Bradlaugh, 176; New Rules, 183–184; Conservative Party, 261–263, 329; Ministerial defeat, 353–354
Clarke, Major, at Potchefstrom, 80–81
Closure, 131–132, 181–184
Cobden, Richard, 121, 137; on Mehemet Ali, 224–225
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, death of, 90
Coercion abandoned, 102; Forster on, 103; Revived, 114, 117–118; Debates, 119–120; Bright and, 120–123; Gladstone and, 123; obstruction of, 124–127; carried, 132; New Crimes Bill, 208–209, 215–218
Coetlogen, Captain de, at Khartoum, 308–309; leaves Khartoum, 311
Cole, Sir Henry, death of, 250
Colley, Sir George, and Boer War, 77; death of, 78
Collier, Payne, death of, 295
Collings, Jesse, and Irish arrests, 168
Colvin, Mr., in Egypt, 231
Commins, Dr., 101

Compensation for Disturbance Bill, 103–104; rejected by Lords, 105
Conveyancing and Law of Property Bill, 154
Cookson, Consul, injured in Alexandria, 238
Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Bill, 285
Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, 5
Costa, Sir M., death of, 348
Courtney, Leonard, 11, 115, 207
Cowen, Joseph, and Irish Question, 155–157; and Irish arrests, 163; opposes Crimes Act, 209; censure on Mr. Playfair, 217
Crichton, Lord, and Orangism, 278
Croke, Archbishop, defends Ladies' Land League, 133–134; condemns No Rent Manifesto, 165
Cronje, Commandant, and Siege of Pochefstrom, 81
Cross, Sir Richard, Water Bill, 3–4, 49

Danubian Conference, 252–256
Darwin, C., death of, 247–248
Davitt, Michael, 97–98; opposes intimidation, 112; arrest of, 127; and No Rent Manifesto, 164; released, 197; address on Phœnix Park murders, 204; imprisoned, 271; released, 282
Dawson, C., 101, 165
Debate, Rules of, 131–132, 180–185
Derby, Lord, career, 35–36; Transvaal Convention, 81; Colonial Office, 207; and General MacIver, 292
Dervish Pasha and Dulcigno, 58; in Egypt, 238–239, 241
Despard, Lieutenant, at Rustenberg, 81
Dicey, Mr., and Suez Canal Shares, 227; and Khedivial lands, 229; and bankrupt Khedive, 231; France in Egpyt, 235
Dickson, Mr., elected Tyrone, 160; and Purchase Clauses, 345
Dilke, Ashton, and Bradlaugh case, 154; death of, 293–294
Dilke, Sir Charles, and New Ministry, 11–13, 19; career, 22–25; Irish Secretaryship, 205; in Cabinet, 207; speech on Budget, 1885, 352
Dillon, John, the elder, 106
Dillon, John, the younger, 100; speech at Kildare, 106; speech in Commons, 107; prosecuted, 114; arrest of Davitt, 127; suspended, 128; arrested, 134; praised by Gladstone, 162; arrested, 163; No Rent Manifesto, 164; Freedom of Dublin, 165–166; released, 194–195; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 198–199, 201; address on Phœnix Park murders, 204; Freedom of Dublin, 221; resigns, 282
Dobson, Austin, 294
Dodson, Mr., 13, 31–32; Vaccination Bill, 84; Employers' Liability Bill, 85, 207
Donoughmore, Lord, and Land Act, 186
Doré, Gustave, death of, 296
Dorris, Mr., arrested, 165
Duff, Mr. Grant, 13, 35–33
Duff, R. W., 207
Dufferin, Lord, at Cairo, 304
Duffy, Sir C. G., 162
Dulcigno, Cession of, 55–58
Du-Val, Charles, at Pretoria, 80
Dynamite outrages, 280–282

Eastwick, E. B., death of, 295
Education Code, 219
Egan, P., 114, 164
Egan, Pierce, the younger, death of, 90
Egerton, Conductor, at Bronkhurst Spruit, 76
Egypt, Sketch of Modern, 223–232; Arabi, 232–239; the war, 240–245; Suez Canal difficulty, 266–270; Soudan, 296–320; debates on in House, 327–330, 342–344
Electric Lighting Bill, 219
Elliott, Sir Henry, and Austria, 51–52
Eliot, George, death of, 88–89
Elliott, Captain, murder of, 77
Emerson, R. W., death of, 248
Emigration, hostility to, in Ireland, 286
Employers' Liability Bill, 85
Enniskillen, Lord, and Orange circular, 279
Expiring Laws Continuance Act, 87
Explosives Act, 279–280

Factories and Workshops Bill, 97
Fawcett, Mr., 11, 13; career, 25–27; postal reforms, 86, 219; death of, 348–349
Fenian organisation, 272

FIE

Field, Mr., attempt to assassinate, 223, 273
Finigan, J. L., 130
Fitzmaurice, Lord E., 11; and obstruction, 118
Floyer, E. A., 305
Foote, Mr., and Blasphemy Trial, 261
Forbes, Archibald, 171, 305
Forster, W. E., 11, 13, 17; character, 28–30; and Irish party, 102; on coercion, 103; evictions, 105; does not consult Irish members, 105; attacks Dillon, 106–107; nicknamed 'Buckshot,' 108; contrasted with Chinese Gordon, 113; unpopular, 114; revives coercion, 117–119; all night sitting, 124; attributes wrong speech to Parnell, 126; Freedom of City, 166; policy arraigned, 186; arrests, 188–189; seldom consults Irish members, 191–192; resigns, 196–197; explains resignation, 199–200; and 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 210–215; and Mazzini, 258–259; plots against life of, 272; and Egypt, 331
Fottrell, George, pamphlet of, 187–188
Fourth Party, 44–51
France and Egypt, 223–224, 229–232, 235–239; Danubian Conference, 252–256
Frere, Sir Bartle, 71–72, 77; death of, 348
Freycinet, M., and Egypt, 236
Froude, J. A., and Carlyle, 166–169

GAMBETTA and Egypt, 236; death of, 251–252
Garfield, death of, 160–161
Garnett, Richard, 172
Germany and Naval Demonstration, 57
Gibson, E., and 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 214; and Mr. Plunket, 257–258; and Ministerial defeat, 354
Gibson, Milner, death of, 345
Gildea, Colonel, and colours of 94th, 77
Gill, Captain, death of, 246
Gladstone, Herbert, 207; speech at Leeds, 257
Gladstone, W. E., length of Parliaments, 2; Northcote Budget, 5; Midlothian speeches, 6–7; said to be unpopular at Court, 8; hostile politicians, 11; First Lord of Treasury and Chancellor of

GRA

Exchequer, 13; and Lord Brabourne, 15; retires from leadership, 16; Midlothian campaign, 18; and Dilke, 23; Bradlaugh question, 43; and Northcote, 49; and Austria, 51–55; Boers, 72–73, 79; Budget, 1880, 83; and O'Donnell, 87; illness, 87–88; and Beaconsfield, 115; and Government policy, 116–117; coercion, 123; attributes wrong speech to Parnell, 126; arrest of Davitt, 127; suspension of Irish members, 128–129; accident, 132; Budget, 1881, 135; Land Act, 142–147; attacks Parnell, 161–162; at Guildhall, 164; Bradlaugh, 175, 177; and Lords Zetland and Grey, 178; new rules, 179; Appropriation Bill, 183; Home Rule, 186; Lords' Committee, 188; Arrears Bill, 195; change of Irish policy, 195–196; Forster's resignation, 200–201; resigns Chancellorship of Exchequer, 207; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 213; Ministerial defeat, 217; and Salisbury, 218; Budgets, 1882, 219; Suez Canal, 270; Ministerial silence on Egypt, 329; Reform Bill, 334–337; illness, 337; and Duke of Albany's death, 341; defeat, 352; resignation, 353; in opposition, 354
Goethe, W. von, death of, 295
Gordon, Chinese, on Ireland, 112; career, 298–302; sent to Khartoum, 309–13; defeat by Mahdi—refusal of Madhi to submit, 319; at Khartoum, indignant at abandonment, 343–344; 349; death of, 350–351
Gorst, Mr., and Fourth Party, 48
Gortschakoff, Prince, death of, 296; Central Asia, 323
Goschen, Mr., at Constantinople, 56; in Egypt, 228
Gosse, E. W., 172
Graham, General, defeats Osman Digna, 316–318
Grain Cargoes Bill, 87
Grand Committees, 185
Granville, Lord, 9–10, 11, 13; and Dulcigno, 56; Irish policy, 195; Danubian Conference, 255; Soudan, 308–309; and death of Duke of Albany, 341; and Gordon, 343

GRA

Gray, E. D., famine fund, 98; and Irish party, 100; Freedom of City, 165; imprisonment of members, 185; arrested, 221
Greece and Turkey, 55, 58–59
Green, J. R., death of, 293
Greenwood, Mr., and Suez Canal Shares, 227
Greg, W. R., death of, 171
Gregory, Sir W., and Arabi, 232
Grey, Lord, abandons Mr. Gladstone, 178–179
Grey, Sir George, death of, 249
Griffith's valuation, 109–110
Grosvenor, Lord R., and Bradlaugh Committee, 39
Ground Game Bill, 85
Guiteau executed, 161
Gupta, Mr., and Ilbert Bill, 287

Hake, A. E., on Chinese Gordon, 298–299
Hall, Mrs. S. C., death of, 171
Hampton, Lord, death of, 89
Hansom, J. A., death of, 250
Harcourt, Sir William, 10, 13; character, 27–28; Ground Game Bill, 85; arrest of Davitt, 127; Arms Bill, 132; Irish policy, 201; New Crimes Act, 208; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 214; London Government Bill, 344
Harrington, T., 282
Hartington, Lord, 8–10, 13; leadership, 16–18; and Chamberlain, 21; India Budget, 84; Vaccination Bill, 85; leader, 88; obstruction, 118; all night sitting, 124; 132; Closure, 181; Irish policy, 201; War Office, 207; Reform Bill, 338
Hatton, Mr. Frank, death of, 295
Haweis, H. R., on death of Costa, 348
Hayter, Sir A., 207
Healy, T. M., 99–100; suspended, 132; Land Act, 145; warrant out for, 163; imprisoned, 271; elected for Monaghan, 277, 282; and Bradlaugh case, 332
Hennessy, Sir John Pope, 265
Herbert, Auberon, 24
Herschell, Sir Farrer, 14
Hewett, Admiral, at Suakim, 316; proclaims Osman Digna, 318
Hibbert, Mr., 36–37
Hicks Pasha, 304–305; killed, 307

LAB

Hill, F. H., author of 'Political Portraits,' on Mr. Forster, 28
Holker, Sir J., death of, 249
Home Rule Movement, 96; Gladstone and, 186
Horne, R. H., death of, 345
Huddys, murder of, 222
Hugessen, Mr. Knatchbull, *see* Brabourne, Lord
Hugo, Victor, and Ireland, 133
Hullah, Mr., death of, 345

Ibrahim Pasha, 225
Ilbert Bill, 287-289
Ingogo Fight, 78–79
Irish Labourers Bill, 286
Irish University Bill, 16
Irving, Mr. Henry, 344
Ismael Pasha, 226–231; his Parliament, 235
Italy and Naval Demonstration, 57; and Danubian Conference, 252–256

James, Edwin, death of, 249
James, Sir Henry, 13, 32
Jerrold, Blanchard, death of, 345
Jessel, Sir George, death of, 295
Jevons, death of, 248
Jorrissen, E. F., and Boer War, 75
Joubert, M., and Egypt, 228
Joubert, P., and Boer War, 74
Joyces, murder of, 222
Jung, Sir Salar, death of, 296

Karolyi, Count, and Gladstone, 53
Kauffmann and Central Asia, 324
Kenealy, Dr., death of, 90–91
'Kilmainham Treaty,' 197–199, 209–215, 257
Kimberley, Lord, 13; character, 34–35; India Office, 207
Kingston, W. H. G., death of, 90
Knatchbull-Hugessen, *see* Brabourne, Lord
Kruger, Paul, and Boer War, 74

Labouchere, H., elected for Northampton, 38; character, 41–42; and Forster's Agrarian Crimes Return, 118; Bradlaugh case, 150, 154; Irish arrests, 163; Bradlaugh case, 175, 176; New Rules, 184, 259, 331

LAC

Lacour, Challemel, and Mr. O'Donnell, 87
Ladies' Land League, 133, 164
Lambart, Captain, and Boers, 77
Land Act, 142, 147; Purchase Clauses, 345
Land League founded, 98; suppressed, 165; and trials, 273
Lang's Nek, 78–79
Lanyon, Sir Owen, and Boers, 72–74
Lawson, Cecil, death of, 248
Lawson, Justice, 221, 223
Layard, Sir Henry, 56
Leamy, E., 101
Lefevre, Shaw, 14
Leigh, H. S., death of, 294
Leopold, Prince, marriage of, 173, 182; death, 341–342
Lesseps, F. de, 266–270
Linnell, J., death of, 248
Lloyd, Clifford, 190, 193
Locker, Frederick, 294
London Government Bill, 344
Long, Lieutenant, at Leydenberg, 81
Longfellow, death of, 248
Lords reject Compensation for Disturbance Bill, 105; and Land Act, 145–147; Committee on Land Act, 186–188; Arrears Bill, 218–219; and Agricultural Holdings Bill, 284–285; and Trawlers in North Sea, 285
Lowe, Mr., 14, 17
Lowther, James, in Parliament again, 160; attacks Gladstone, 186
Lucy, H. W., sees Arabi at Ceylon, 245
Lytton, Lord, in India, 59–61

MacIver, Brigadier-General, and New Guinea, 291–292
Mackenzie, Mr., at Bechuanaland, 82
Mahdi, The, 302–303; defeats Hicks, 307–308; and Gordon, 311; defeats Gordon, 319; refuses to submit, 319; 349–51
Mahmoud Samy El Baroudi, 236–237
Mahon, the O'Gorman, 101
Maiwand Battle, 64–66
Majuba Hill, 78–79
Malet, Sir Edward, 237; and Hicks Pasha, 304
Manners, Lord John, 47, 49, 338
Marlborough, Duchess of, Famine Fund, 98

NOR

Marlborough, Duke of, 1; death of, 295
Married Women's Property Bill, 219
Marriott, Mr., and New Rules, 179–181; and Mr. Chamberlain, 340
Martineau, James, on Duke of Albany, 342
Marum, M., 100
Marvin, Mr., and Central Asia, 321–322
Marx, Karl, death of, 295
Marzials, Theophile, 172
M'Cabe, Archbishop, 133
M'Carthy, D. F., death of, 248
M'Carthy, Justin, 185, 217
M'Hale, John, Archbishop of Tuam, death of, 170
Mehemet Ali, 223–225
Merv, O'Donovan at, 305–306; taken by Russia, 320
Midlothian Speeches, 6–7, 18; and Austria, 51–55; and Boers, 72–73
Mill, J. S., and Oath of Allegiance, 44
Milbank, Sir F., and Mr. Biggar, 125
Mohammed Jan, 62
Monaghan Election, 277, 282
Moncrieffe, Captain, killed in Soudan, 307
Montague, Major, at Standerton, 81
Moonlight, Captain, 222
Morgan, Mr. G. O., 37, 84
Mundella, Mr., 14, 30–31
Municipal Corporation Act, 219
Murray, Grenville, death of, 171
Mutiny Bills, 97

Napoleon, Prince Louis, tablet to, 87
National Debt Bill, 283–284
Naval Discipline Amendment Bill, 154
Newdegate and Bradlaugh, 260
New Guinea, Annexation of, 289–292
Newman, Cardinal, and Mr. Gladstone, 16
Newspaper Libel Bill, 154
Nolan, Colonel, 101, 105
No Rent Manifesto, 164–165
Northbrook, Lord, 11
Northcote, Sir Stafford, 2; Budget, 4–5; Bradlaugh Case, 39, 43; Fourth Party, 49–51; and Bradlaugh, 174–177; protection, 182;

NOR

Irish Policy, 201; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 213; and Lord R. Churchill, 261–262; Suez Canal, 270; Ulster Campaign, 277; National Debt, 283–284; 329; 333; death of Duke of Albany, 342
Novikoff, Madame de, on Central Asia, 324–325
Nubar Pasha, 226, 230, 342

O'Brien, W., 163, 271, 349
O'Connor, Arthur, 100, 163
O'Connor, T. P., 99, 286
O'Donnell, F. H., 87, 131, 217
O'Donnell kills James Carey, 274
O'Donoghue, The, and Coercion, 121
O'Donovan E., 171; death, 305–307
O'Kelly, James, 100, 131, 132, 163, 194, 198, 201, 258
'Old Whip,' The, and Lord Brabourne, 15
Orange Disturbances, 275–279
Osborne, Bernal, death of, 249
O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, death of, 172
O'Shea, Captain, and 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 209–215
Osman Digna, 313–318
Otway, Mr. Arthur, illness of, 342

Pall Mall Gazette, 272, 309–310, 324–325
Palmer, E., death of, 245–246, 305
Parcels Post, 219
Parliament, meeting of, 115, 173, 256, 325
Parnell, C. S., 96–101, 105; Home Rule motion, 108; speech attributed to by Mr. Forster, 126; and arrest of Michael Davitt, 127–129; in Paris, 132–133; in Dublin, 159; attacked by Gladstone, 161–162; arrested, 163–165; Arrears Bill, 193–194; 201; address on Phœnix Park murders, 204; 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 209–215; freedom of Dublin, 221; Tramways Bill, 286; purchase clauses, 345
Parnell, Miss Anna, 133
Patents for Invention Bill, 285
Pattison, Mark, death of, 348
Peel, Mr. Arthur, 334, 342
Penjdeh dispute, 351
Planché, J. R., death of, 90
Playfair, Lyon, 124–125, 216–217
Plunket, Mr., 257

SAL

Postal notes, 86
Postal Savings' Bank Bill, 86
Power, Frank, death of, 350
Power, O'Connor, 103, 191
Power, Richard, 100, 131
Pretorius, M. W., and Boer War, 74
Price, Mr. Bonamy, and Irish Land Question, 143
Primrose, General, at Candahar, 63–64, 67, 80
Prison Code, 97
'Privilege,' cry of, revived, 126
Punch and Mr. Gladstone, 15–16
Pusey, Dr., death of, 248

Queen's Speech, 1881, 115; 1882, 173; 1883, 256; 1884, 326
Quinn, J. P., 163, 271, 282

Ragheb Pasha, 239
Rands, W. B., death of, 248
Reade, Charles, death of, 347
Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, death of, 89
Redesdale's, Lord, measure against Atheists, 178
Redmond, J., 100, 191
Redmond, W., 282
Reform Bill, 334–341
Reid, Mayne, death of, 295
Rice, J., death of, 248
Ripon, Lord, in India, 61; and Ilbert Bill, 289; and Gordon, 301
Ritchie, Mr., revives protection, 182
Roberts, General, relieves Candahar, 67
Robinson, Sir Hercules, and Transvaal Convention, 81
Rogers, Thorold, and obstruction, 118
Rossetti, D. G., death of, 246–247
Rossmore, Lord, and Orangeism, 278–279
Roumania and Danubian Conference, 253–256
Russell, Charles, and Land Act, 145
Russia and naval demonstration, 57; and Danubian Conference, 252–256; takes Merv, 320

Said Pasha, 225–226
Salisbury, Lord, 1–2; and Lord Derby, 36; Land Act, 145–147; Gladstone and Parnell, 162; Land Act, 189; Irish policy, 195; Arrears Bill, 218; and Randolph Churchill, 261–263; attacked by

SAU

Mr. Chamberlain, 263–264; 265; Agricultural Holdings Bill, 285; Central Asia, 322; battle of Teb, 326; death of Duke of Albany, 341; accepts office, 354
Saunders, Captain, at Wakkerstrom, 81
Scobeleff and Central Asia, 324
Sea Fisheries Bill, 286
Selborne, Lord, 11, 13, 33–34
Servia and Danubian Conference, 254
Settled Lands Bill, 219
Sexton, T., 99, 114, 135, 159, 163, 164, 198, 332
Seymour, Sir Beauchamp, 57–58, 239–241
Shaftesbury, Lord, 178
Sharpe, S., death of, 171
Shaw, Mr., 97–98, 102, 105, 143, 191–192
Sheehy, Father, 159
Shepstone, Sir T., 71
Smith, W. H., 189
Smythe, Mrs., murder of, 222
Solicitors' Remuneration Bill, 154
Sothern, G. A., death of, 171
Soudan, 296–320, 326–331, 342–344
South Africa Bill, 97
Spedding, J., death of, 171
Spencer, Lord, 13, 195
Stanley, Dean, Swinburne on, 87; death of, 169–170
Stansfeldt, Mr., 14
Stewart, Lieutenant-Colonel, 302, 310; death of, 350
Storey, Mr., 163
Strachey, Sir J., 84
Suez Canal, 266–271
Sullivan, A. M., 133; death of, 348
Sullivan, T. D., 99, 114
Swinburne, A. C., and Dean Stanley, 87

Taglioni, Mme., death of, 346–347
Tamanieb, battle of, 317
Taylor, Tom, death of, 90
Tchnernaieff, and Central Asia, 323–324
Teb, battle of, 313–315, 317, 326
Tel-el-Kebir, battle of, 243
Terry, Miss Ellen, 344
Tewfik Pasha, Khedive, 231–244
Tewfik Pasha at Sinkat, 307; killed, 315

ZET

Thompson, Mr., 163, 209
Thomson, James, 153
Todhunter, J., death of, 345
Toulbah Pasha, 240
Tourguenieff, J., death of, 296
Traill, Major, 192–193
Tramways and Public Companies Bill, 286
Transvaal, war in, 68–82; Convention, 82
Trelawney, E. J., death of, 171
Trevelyan, G. O., 206–207; purchase clauses, 347; resigns, 349
Tricoupis, 59
Trollope, Anthony, death of, 248–249
Truth, 42
Turkey and Dulcigno, 55–58; and Greece, 58–59; and Danubian Conference, 252–256; and Egypt, 223, 239

United Ireland suppressed, 165
Urgency rules, 131–132

Vaccination Bill, 84

Wagner, R., death of, 295
Wallace, Mackenzie, and Central Asia, 320
Ward, Mrs., death of, 171
Water Bill, 3–4
Webster, death of, 248
Wigan, Mrs. A., death of, 347
Williams, Sir Watkin, death of, 348
Wilson, Sir Rivers, 228–230, 269
Winslow, Colonel, at Potchefstrom, 81
Wolff, Dr., 49
Wolff, Sir Henry, 39–40; and Fourth Party, 48–49; and 'Kilmainham Treaty,' 197
Wolseley, Lord, and Boers, 71–72; in Egypt, 243–244; Khartoum Expedition, 349–351
Wood, Sir Evelyn, and Boer War, 78, 80
World, 42; libel case, 344
Worms, Baron de, 328

Yakoob Bey and Kashgar, 324
Yates, Mr. Edmund, 344

Zebehr Pasha, 300–301, 312
Zetland, Lord, and Mr. Gladstone, 178

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